Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1980 $2.50
Joni Flynn
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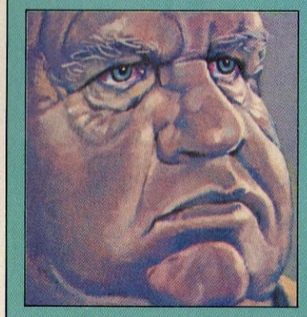
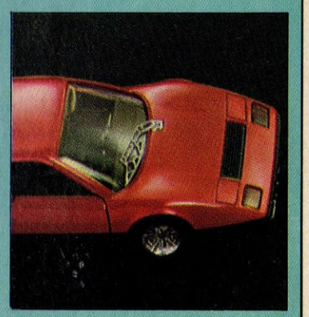

Hinze, The Man

More Filthy Beasts

Pet of the Month


Stereo To Go

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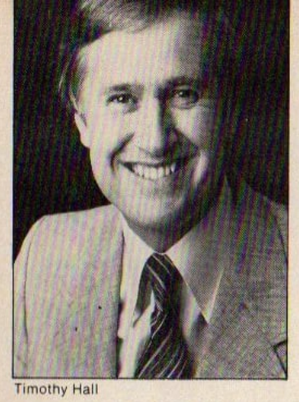
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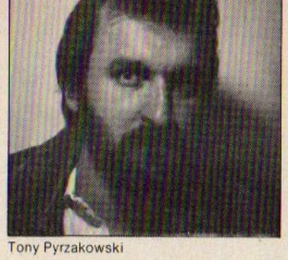
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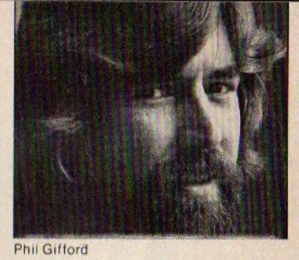
Phil Gifford

Wendy Adnam

Adrian Tame

Darryl Kirby

Tom Robbins

HOUSECALL

It's almost summer, and we had that season very much in mind when we decided on the delectable **Joni Flynn** for this month's cover. Joni, who starred in Australia's top R-rated movie, *Felicity*, seemed to embody the spirit of summer and she was a logical choice for Pet of the Month, in which role you'll see more — much more — of her in our pictorial starting on page 85. **Donald H. Milne** took the sun-drenched photos.

Twenty-four years after the event, the alarming facts about British A-bomb tests in this country are only now beginning to surface. Regular contributor **Adrian Tame** has been ferreting for months to find out exactly what happened at Maralinga in the South Australian desert back in 1956. Why did the Brits have to come halfway round the world to unveil their deadly mushroom cloud? Were adequate safety precautions taken? And if they were, why are so many of the people — servicemen and Aboriginals — who were in the blast area now dead or dying? Tame's chilling report on Britain's atomic legacy begins on page 34. The striking art is by **Tony Pyrzakowski.**

Writer **Timothy Hall** looks at radiation dangers somewhat closer to home — as close as your kitchen in fact — in The Invisible Killers (page 78), his probe into the use of microwaves. Hall claims there is mounting evidence that microwave technology is responsible for an array of disorders from heart attacks to genetic disease. It's a fascinating and controversial report which is sure to win the flak-happy author as many new enemies as did his Asbestos Cover-up (*Australian Penthouse*, August). For more on that, see this month's Feedback.

Equally certain to cause something of a stir is **Frank Robson's** candid profile of Queensland Police Minister Russ Hinze, the man freely tipped as successor to Premier Joh. Robson, our Brisbane correspondent, has been following the career of the jovial Hinze since he first achieved national notoriety by advocating castration for rapists. And although Robson has been driven to private fits of rage by Hinze's television appearances, he says he can't bring himself to hate a man who, by his own admission "doesn't give a rat's arse".

Authors who inspire cultish followings on the strength of one book often find it difficult to live up to the expectations of their disciples with the next. Not so **Tom Robbins**, who followed up the weird and wonderful *Another Roadside Attraction* with the equally weird and wonderful *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*. When you've read our exclusive preview of his third book, *Still Life With Woodpecker*, (page 108) we think you'll agree his reputation is secure. In the words of the author, the book "reveals the purpose of the moon . . . and paints a portrait of contemporary society that includes powerful Arabs, exiled royalty and pregnant cheerleaders." Oh.

We've had some unusual and fascinating women featured in the pages of *Australian Penthouse*, but this month we present a lady who really takes the cake — or the banana, or anything she can get her paws around, for that matter. Koko is unique. She's the first gorilla to have learned how to "talk", and in The World According To Koko (which begins on page 46) she gives writer **Gary Hanauer** her views on love, life and death. We didn't plan this as a special animal issue by the way, but a little bit further along you'll also find the return of our crazy cartoonists **Phil Gifford** and **Darryl Kirby**, with More Filthy Beasts.

The Melbourne Cup is almost upon us again and the jockey most anxious to boot home the winner this year is Sydney's Malcolm Johnston. Arguably Australia's top hoop, Johnston has never won the prestigious Cup, but this year on Kingston Town he must be rated a big chance. Senior Editor **Owen Thomson** profiles the pint-sized, chain-smoking three-time Australian Sportsman of the Year in an absorbing article which begins on page 118. Meanwhile, in motor racing the big news is that Australian's international champion Alan Jones is coming home to drive in the Australian Grand Prix. Motoring writer **Dev Dvoretsky** tracked Jones down in Europe for *Penthouse*, and the result starts on page 161.

Elsewhere we have a rare and absorbing interview with Lang Hancock, the king of the Pilbara; **Glenn A. Baker's** Guide to Conspiracy Theories (essential reading for paranoids); a revealing look at The Big Business of Drug Rehabilitation; a backstage peek at rough and ready Cold Chisel, the most exciting concert band in the land; and six pages of cool gear for the hot weather ahead prepared by our fashion expert, **Wendy Adnam**.

Last but by no means least we present Pets **Nona Batey** (photographed by **Rennie Ellis**) and **Ursula Obermoser** (photographed in the US by **Stan Malinowski**), and, as a gentle reminder that our own Pet Of The Year will be announced next month, we give you US finalists **Kate Simmons**, **Concetta Ardigo**, **Dusty Jackson**, and **Lynda Clark**. In the words of the song, "everyone's a winner baby, that's for sure". Happy viewing — and reading.

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Extramarital impotence

I can get erections with my wife but no one else. Is this a very rare problem, or have you heard of similar cases? Why should I have difficulty becoming aroused with other women? And what can I do about it? I am desperate for your answer. — *J.L., Queensland.*

First, see if you can put aside your desperation and put things in perspective. Sexual problems cannot be dealt with in a state of desperation. Trying "desperately" to get an erection is hopeless.

You ask if others have the same problem. We have no statistics, but we know many do. Sex therapists report that a striking number of people who suffer very minor and commonplace sexual problems feel that they are "abnormal" and inadequate because of them. Their exaggerated anxiety results from our tendency to measure sexual "adequacy" by comparing our performance with others.

Few of us know the truth about the sexual activities (or lack of sexual activity) of even our closest friends and relatives. Few people talk openly or honestly about sex. To put it bluntly, most people lie about their sexual performance. The result is everyone measures himself against inflated yardsticks.

The sexual revolution has inflated the yardsticks even more. It has greatly increased sexual options, but at the same time it has created new social pressures, pushing people into pursuing sexual paths that they may not authentically desire. It has left in its wake a good many people who, like yourself, discover that their body simply won't take them where their mind thinks it wants to go.

Just what is behind your body's decision to say "no" to your extramarital activities? Your impotence could be caused by the fear of sexual humiliation that often accompanies sex with an unfamiliar partner. The best way to deal with this kind of anxiety is to confide your fears to your partner.

Few women will fail to help when their partner puts aside his macho image and tells them he is worried about sexual failure. It can take away a good deal of pressure to know that you are not expected to be a super stud.

Guilt is an even more common cause for the kind of impotence that is bothering you. You should consider carefully whether you may not be guilty about extramarital sex. If such activities are truly against your moral or religious code, it would be wise to acknowledge these values and not try to act as if they were of no concern to you. You might even decide that affairs simply are not for you.

Conservative medical wife

I'm not sure that there is a solution to my problem, given the restraints my own inhibitions have placed on the situation, but I'd like your comments.

My wife is 48 and I am 53. My parents provided a somewhat Victorian upbringing. I'm not sure that they believed all that they espoused, but they apparently felt obligated to teach it. To compound the situation, I was comfortable in this environment, rather compliant, and willing to do what would please them. I was their fifth, next-to-youngest child, 12 years younger than the next oldest.

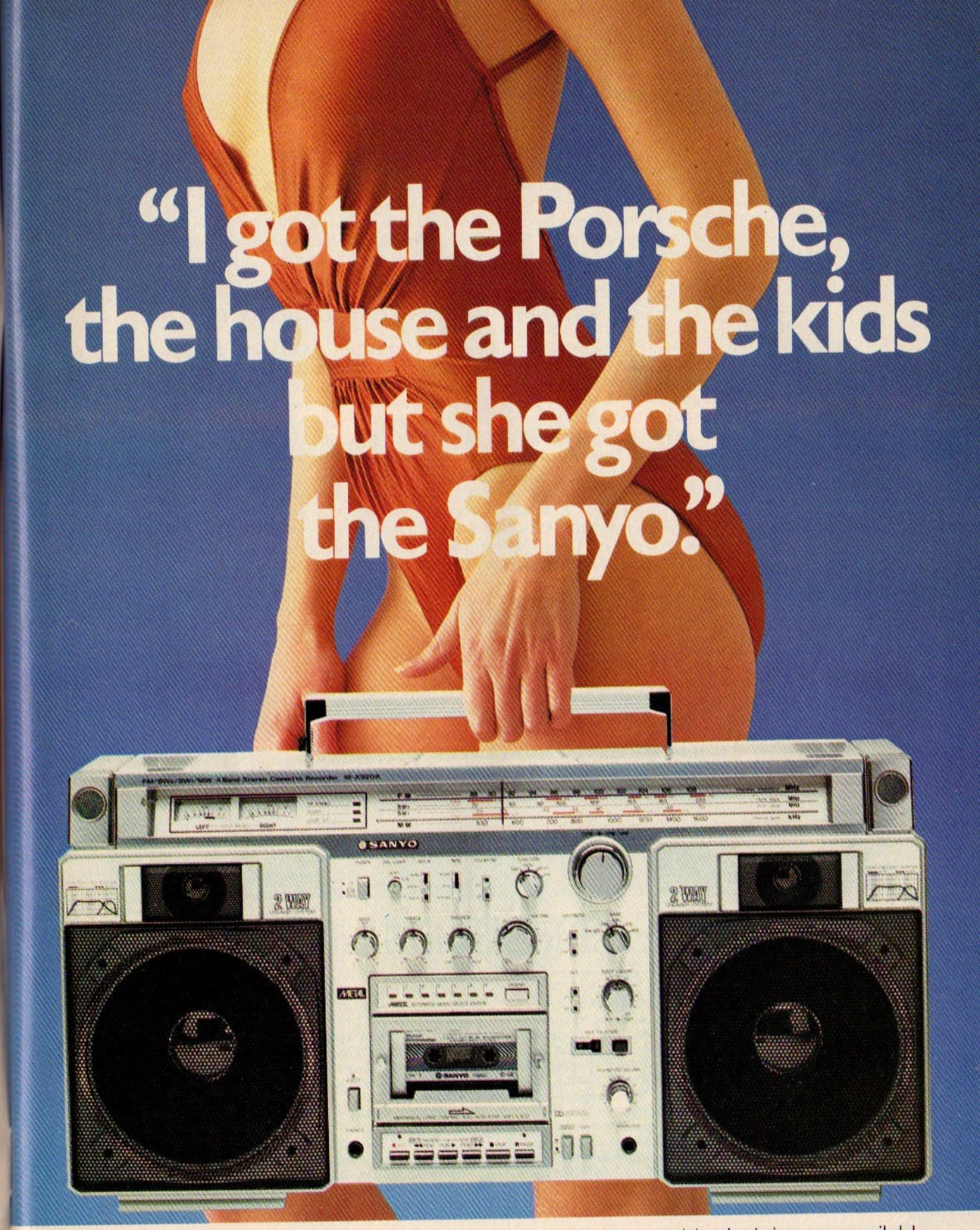
Before marrying at age 30, I had the usual dating experiences, was engaged once, and dated others on a regular basis. Heterosexually, I was lily-pure when I married. One fingering with a fiancee and a few "dry humps" were the extent of my experience. My wife was also virginal; we had only engaged in a few body rubbings, fully clothed. Sex outside marriage was considered taboo in my family and after I married I tended to shy away from situations that offered that possibility. I probably do even today.

Though my wife's parents were 20 years younger than mine, her upbringing produced more inhibitions than my own. Since she trained as a physician and was socially uninhibited, I assumed that with the blessing of the church, her sexual behavior would become similarly unrestrained.

We share a community of interest and goals — if mutually satisfying sex were added to that, we'd have it made. Unfortunately, our sex life is not fulfilling.

Doubtless my wife's medical training made her aware that even nice couples had sex; if they didn't there would be little need for obstetricians. It doesn't take much to make babies, however. We haven't progressed beyond the missionary position, but have produced five children that way.

As a novice at sex, I wasn't critical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about our love life in the earlier stages — whatever I got was exciting to me. Gradually I became dissatisfied. It took a couple of years after our marriage before my wife was comfortable with my hands on her bare breasts. Now she does enjoy both hands and my mouth.

It took 20 years before she would fondle my genitals without prompting each time, then saying that it didn't really turn her on (due to clinical experience?) but that she was willing to do it. I haven't been permitted to touch her genitals except with my penis. She (and the patients she deals with, interestingly) feels that the area is "dirty" and touchable only if one has to insert a diaphragm.

My wife claims to enjoy sex. She says that she achieves orgasm, and I believe that she does, but her response is similar to that of many men — after one orgasm, she loses interest. Early in our marriage premature ejaculation was a minor problem. In her innocence, my wife adapted to it. Now that I have a measure of control over my orgasm, her tastes and habits limit prolonged activity.

Over the years there seemed to be fewer and fewer opportunities for sex; my wife always found other things to do at bedtime. Finally she admitted that once a month was adequate for her, though she could adapt to once a week — except when she had her period. Even then it seemed that she was available at the least conducive time, after midnight when she was tired, only when all the other jobs were done. I filled the gap between my wife's desires and my own with masturbation.

Belatedly, I had a vasectomy a year ago. Among other things, I thought it would relieve some of the tension in our sex life and make it more spontaneous. But at age 52, my situation seemed hopeless. I read *The Joy of Sex* and urged my wife to read it. She opened it and read a little but has absolutely no interest in learning more about the psychology of sex than she already knows. I had hoped to graduate her to Forum, but after a year she hadn't even made it through *Joy*.

I've explained to my wife that I need sexual satisfaction more than once a week. Things have improved from time to time, but we're back on the once-a-week routine now. She asked that if I seek outside satisfaction, I protect her from VD.

She says she can't be anybody but herself, and "herself" is interested in a little mammary fondling once a week, followed by a quick plunge in the missionary position. Given these conditions, and her resistance, there would seem to be no reason to suggest counselling.

This brings me back to my own inhibitions. At this point I would welcome another relationship and it would make sense for me to look for a woman whose home situation is the inverse of mine.

However, I doubt if my subconscious would let it happen. I appreciate my home and family too much in other ways, and I'm not really interested in going on the prowl for sex. What I really want is an active sex life with my wife: manual, oral and genital. After 23 years, we've only achieved mutual genital contact.

Is there anything I can do to improve this situation? To employ the old adage, I can't even lead the horse to water, much less get it to drink. Is my approach too intellectual? Am I too respectful of my wife's wishes? Not respectful enough? Your advice would be appreciated. — *Name and address withheld.*

Truisms, like the hoary old adage you cite, tend to be true. There is really nothing you can do about your wife's behavior. You want more for your wife sexually and more for yourself as well. She has said: "This is me. This is as far as I care to go." Now you have to decide how you are going to deal with this impasse.

Love places twin burdens on us. On the one hand, loving someone means accepting a person and respecting his or her choices in life. On the other hand, it means to desire that he or she realise his or her full potential. But while we can fervently wish for change in the person we love, we cannot make it come about.

If your partner doesn't change the way you would like her to, you must choose between making your peace with things as they are and changing your own behavior. You still have options: you go on with the relationship as defined by your wife; you can leave.

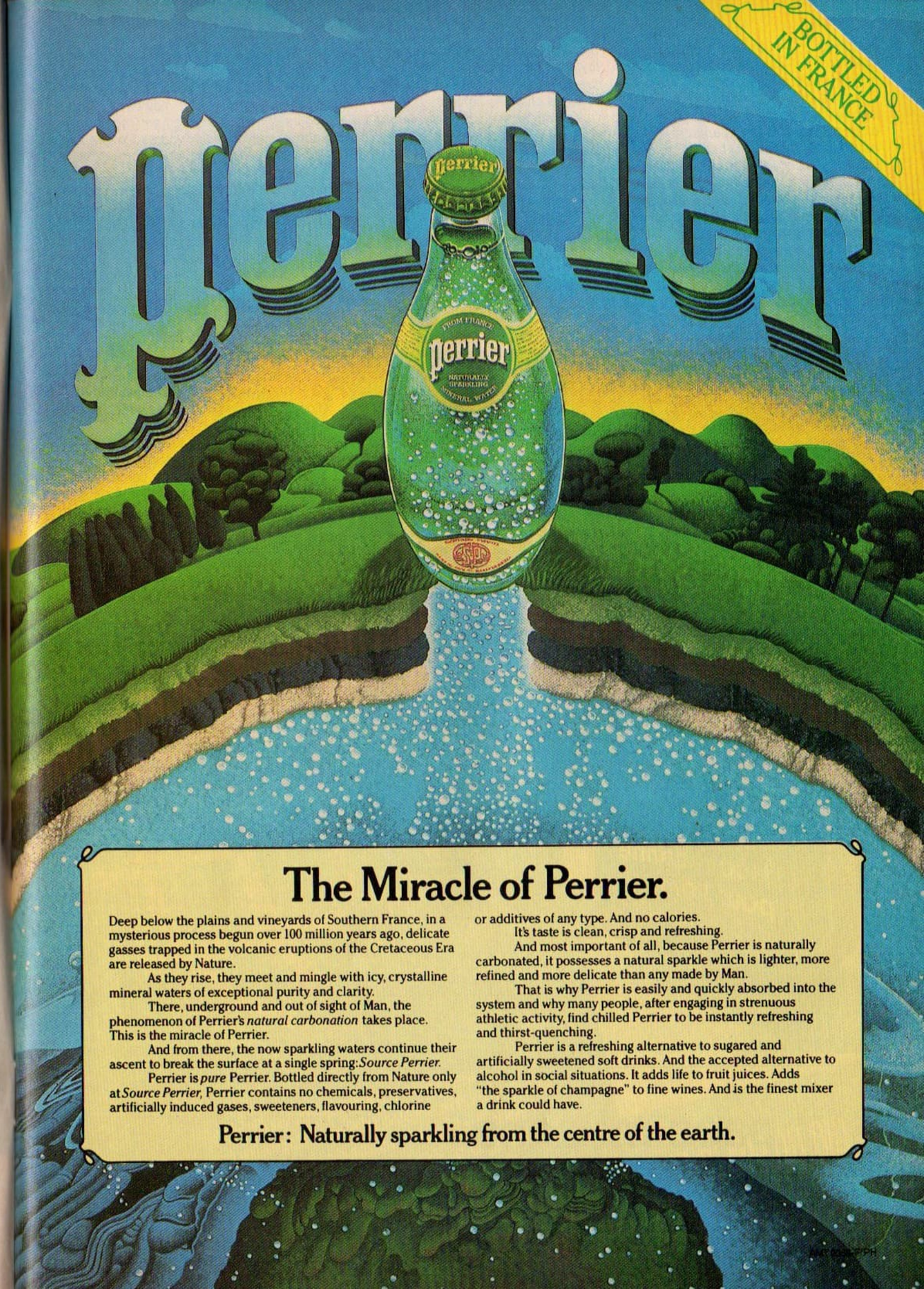
Since you love your wife and want a richer sex life than you can now have with her, the key question is what you will do to change yourself. Your wife has generously left open a door by indicating that she would accept your having affairs if you were discreet and considerate. This could be a solution to your dilemma.

You would not be the first couple to redress an imbalance of sexual interest by permitting extramarital affairs. If your inhibitions are what are holding you back from realising your sexual potential this way, then it is your inhibitions that need to be worked on.

You ruled out counselling on the assumption that it would be something for your wife. But what about counselling for yourself? Going into therapy or counselling for someone else's sake seldom works, but you could enter therapy to work on the problems that are keeping you from doing what you think you want to do.

Be honest with the therapist about what you hope to accomplish. Explain that you want to explore your sexual potential further, to feel free and comfortable about pursuing extramarital

"What are you doing after the bust?"



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relationships — or about not pursuing them. You will not find it difficult to locate a sympathetic professional.

Affairs are risky undertakings. Many people have found new energy and excitement through extramarital sex; many have found anguish and bitter disappointment. If you choose this path, we suggest that throughout your therapy and the beginnings of your extramarital experience, you remain open with your wife about what is happening to you.

It is possible that by initiating changes in the nature of your relationship in order to fulfil your sexual desires, and then discussing these changes honestly and lovingly with your wife, you will precipitate a creative crisis and spur her to make changes herself.

You might even consider letting your wife know she could also explore other relationships. We are sure it would surprise you if she had an affair, but sometimes women who find it difficult to change sexually with their marital partner are suddenly awakened by a lover.

Again, open marriage is a high-risk, high-payoff venture; it's up to you to decide whether you want to take that risk. We have a feeling that you won't.

In your letter you list different options, then at once explain why you cannot take them. You reject each alternative as soon as you think of it. You have argued yourself into a corner and seem just about ready to resign yourself to a limited sex life in exchange for the other things your marriage offers. That, too, is a legitimate option; it could even prove the best option for you. But you should realise it is not the only one.

If you end up accepting a lack of sexual fulfillment for the sake of other values, you should acknowledge this as a choice you have made — not something you were forced to do by circumstance or inhibition.

Common fantasy

I have been living with my boyfriend for four years. Our sexual relationship is very good. I'm very much in love with him and I'm sure the feeling is mutual.

For two years my lover has had this fantasy about making love to another woman and myself at the same time. I know this kind of fantasy is normal and common. What seems strange to me is that he wants me to make love to the other woman first, then for both of us to make love to him.

Is it normal for a man who claims he is in love with a woman to want her to make love to another woman? Personally, I wouldn't get off on having another woman in bed with us or on making love to some woman. Should I fulfill his fantasy and go to bed with another woman anyway, because I love him and don't want to lose him? — *C.C., Tasmania.*

Your boyfriend's fantasy is certainly not highly unusual or pathological. It is common for men to be excited by the thought of watching two women together. It is common for men to be excited by the idea of their girlfriend or wife being with another woman or even another man. As you yourself note, the fantasy of being with two women is very common.

It may seem to you and your boyfriend that his desire just popped into his head two years ago, but this is not likely.

Sexual fantasies usually have a long and highly personal history that reaches back into childhood. Your boyfriend's sexual fantasies were probably laid down in the years before you met him and, like his fingerprints, are not likely to alter because he has fallen in love with you.

The fact that your boyfriend is turned on by the idea of your making love to another woman in his presence doesn't mean that he would enjoy this in reality. Most people report that living out their fantasies turns out to be a sadly flat experience.

Others find they feel guilty about acting out desires which they can comfortably enjoy in fantasy. Whether or not it would be wise for your boyfriend to try to live out

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his fantasy is for him to decide. However, since you don't like the idea, it doesn't seem to make much sense for you to live out his fantasy.

Your boyfriend has set a good example for the relationship by being honest about what he would like to do; you can follow his good example by being honest about what you would not like to do. If you don't get off on the idea of being with another woman don't do it.

You two have apparently been discussing this fantasy for two years. Often prolonged talk about a sexual scenario becomes a turn-on in and of itself. Discussing a menage may excite your boyfriend and you may be getting some convert erotic pleasure yourself out of entertaining his fantasy.

Sharing sexual fantasies and toying with the idea of enacting them this way is a sex game that appears to be gaining popularity. It is intimate, loving, safe and exciting. You can enjoy it for what it is.

Dentures

My husband and I are both in our twenties and have a good sex life. A month ago I received upper dentures. Now when I perform oral sex on my husband he says the plate in my mouth bothers him. I took it out once and he said the feeling was fantastic.

The problem is I feel I shouldn't have to take it out and he should still enjoy oral sex. I feel I have my pride and shouldn't be forced to do something I don't like doing. We both enjoy sex, but I can't when I'm forced to do something I don't like. Please help. — *Name and address withheld.*

It seems to us you are making much ado over nothing. You also strike us as the victim of a severe case of the "shoulds".

Why do you insist that your husband "should" enjoy oral sex when you wear your dental plate? Apparently he doesn't — or at least he doesn't enjoy it as much as when you remove the plate. Why should you be the arbiter of what he should or shouldn't enjoy?

It seems to us that you are passing up an opportunity to provide your husband with great pleasure at little, if any, inconvenience to yourself. You would probably strengthen your relationship and inspire your husband to work harder at satisfying you sexually, if you simply accommodated his wishes.

What do you gain by refusing? It seems to us that you gain nothing. Of course, in your situation, we too would not want to be "forced" to do something we found repugnant. But we don't get the feeling from your letter that he is forcing you.

You don't say what it is that you find so repugnant about removing your dentures. Is it vanity? Do you feel less sexy when you are not wearing them? If so, your feeling doesn't fit the facts: your husband finds you more sexy without your plate.

Pride? What on earth does pride have to do with it? What is demeaning about doing something simple to please someone you presumably love?

Of course, if you truly find the idea of removing your dentures repugnant, we would not advise you to do so. However, we think you might profit from analysing just what it is that you find so repugnant about it. Chances are you'll conclude that you have indeed been making a big fuss over very little.

Both of you could probably enjoy sex a whole lot more if you tried to accommodate each other's desires.

In love with Shirley

I have never had sex with a woman. I have had some sexual contact with a couple of guys that I knew. I also used to read gay material which turned me on. I have stopped all that because I have fallen in love with Shirley. Shirley really turns me on. I love her body, the way she touches me, the way she smells, everything about her. We are getting married soon.

I would love to make love to Shirley, but I am afraid that I won't get an erection and perform like a normal straight guy. I

The ayes have it, for Gordon's.

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The story you tell her is up to you.
But the facts are you can win a $3000 diamond from Clear Eyes.
All details are at your pharmacy. Just look for the Clear Eyes Display with the diamond on it.

*Diamond shown not actual size. Diamond supplied and valued by Diamond Traders Pty. Ltd.

Adrenalin 3520-80

am still turned on by some guys and I don't want those feelings anymore. I want to be straight. If Shirley ever found out, she would never marry me! Could you tell me what my problem is and what I should do about it? — *Name and address withheld.*

You may not have a problem at all. You seem to think that your homosexual experiences make you something less than "a normal straight guy", but there is no reason to feel this way.

Most men have homosexual experiences at some point or other in their lives. These experiences don't destroy their ability to perform with a woman at another time. Our sexuality can change as we have new experiences.

The best way to eliminate homosexual desire is to replace it with heterosexual satisfaction. The way you write about Shirley suggests that you've already taken the first step.

If your interest in her is so intense that it has made you stop pursuing homosexual relations, there is no reason to fear you will not be able to get an erection and perform coitus satisfactorily with her. We urge you not to worry and to stop thinking of yourself as other than "straight".

If you can get an erection with Shirley during your present sexual activities, there is no reason why you shouldn't be able to get an erection when the two of you decide to have coitus. Tension, apprehension and nervousness might create potency problems at first, but if these problems do arise — and they may not — they will almost certainly fade once the two of you are comfortable about having sexual relations.

You do not say why you have not attempted coitus thus far. If you are waiting till marriage for philosophical reasons we won't try to talk you out of them. However, you should not let simple nervousness restrain you, since postponing sexual relations out of fear will probably make the nervousness worse. We think you might feel more relaxed about getting married if you established a loving coital relationship first.

You should not be disturbed because you are still turned on by some guys. Once you have begun achieving full sexual satisfaction with Shirley, your desires for other men will probably recede and eventually be extinguished. Even if they persist, your satisfaction with Shirley should make it fairly easy for you to forgo acting on your homosexual fantasies. There is also the possibility that you are attracted to both sexes. This need not make you feel guilty.

In the unlikely event that you do have long-term potency problems with Shirley, a professional counsellor could help you overcome them.

"I'm sorry. Did I hit a nerve?"

Never together

I'm a 20-year-old female. I've been living with the same guy for three years. Right now our sex life is in terrible danger because I don't climax while screwing him. The only way I get off is for him to rub my clit and that's becoming boring. I get off first, then he gets off, we never get off together. I want to be able to come by screwing, not clit rubbing.

I think the problem may be that my clitoris is too high. Could this be possible? If so, is there a doctor I could go to to have it lowered surgically? This problem is really getting to my head. Please help. — *J.E., Queensland.*

Your problem is not one of anatomy but of attitude. Your clitoris is not "too high". To gain a more accurate idea of female sexual anatomy, get an illustrated book on anatomy or sexuality from the library. Take a mirror and locate the various vaginal structures on yourself. This should assure you that your clitoris is indeed in the right place. (Your genitals won't be exactly like the ones in the picture, of course; each body is a little different from every other.)

It seems you have fallen for the mythical image of sex portrayed in romance novels, Hollywood movies and the like. These popular fictions invariably present a woman brought to writhing, tumultuous orgasm through the rapacious pumping of the man's organ, their lovemaking flawlessly timed so they climax blissfully in perfect unison. This image certainly, has appeal, but as a depiction of the real world of successful heterosexual sex, it is terribly limited.

The fact is that many sexually healthy women are not orgasmic through intercourse alone. They may reach climax with the penis contained in the vagina, but additional clitoral stimulation is necessary. Coital thrusting for many women simply does not provide enough stimulation in itself. The reason for this is that the location of the clitoris, the primary organ of female arousal, is such that it usually does not receive direct stimulation through intercourse. The clitoris can receive indirect stimulation when the penile thrusting causes the hood of the skin that covers the clitoris to move back and forth, rubbing the clitoris underneath. At the moment of deepest penetration during thrusting, the pelvic bone of the male may press directly against the clitoris.

For many women, this feels good, but it isn't sufficiently stimulating to get them off. Either the woman or her partner must simultaneously stimulate the clitoris with a hand or vibrator, or the couple must use a position that allows the woman to move her body freely in such a way that she can rub the clitoral area more vigorously against the man during intercourse. The female superior position is a good one for

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this, both because the woman has greater control of her body movements, and because the clitoris is easily accessible for manual stimulation.

Many women who are not orgasmic in the missionary position are able to climax in this position.

There are some women who are orgasmic through coitus alone, but they do not have "lower clitorises". Probably they come during intercourse because their orgasmic threshold, the level of arousal they must reach for orgasm to occur, is low enough so that indirect stimulation of the clitoris is sufficient to bring them to climax.

There is nothing wrong with wanting to climax through coitus alone, or with wanting to climax simultaneously. You may have these experiences one day and if you do, wonderful. Simultaneous orgasm during coitus is not the "right", "normal" or "best" way to climax; there is no such thing as the right way to have sex. There are many ways to experience pleasure and orgasm, and to limit yourself to any single recipe would lead to frustration and disappointment in the long run. Coming together would get boring, too!

Enjoy the orgasms you do have — they are every bit as valid as any other manner of achieving orgasm. If your pattern of masturbation and intercourse has become redundant, experiment with ways to vary it. You could experiment by trying different settings.

Any way of having sex that works for you will be one of the "right" ways.

Obsessed

I am a little over 60, look a little over 50, have a strong sex drive, high sexual ability and am getting very little sexual satisfaction.

I've been happily married for almost 39 years. Nineteen of those years, my sex life with my wife was pretty fair, though nothing unusual. However, during the past 20 years she has become less and less interested in sex. Right now, once in two or three months is enough for her, and then strictly missionary style.

During this period I had one affair that was purely sexual and very good. It turned off one day just like an electric light. Since then I have been sex-starved. Masturbation is my only sexual relief, and I do it often, but it is a lousy substitute for the real thing.

Because I have lived for many years in a small community where I am well known, it would be disastrous for me to go out tomcatting and find a willing girl in a bar, or at the beach or whatever. Yet I desperately would love to enjoy pure sex without the community knowing about it, and without my wife finding out, since she would literally explode.

As a result of all this, I've become obsessed with sex. Every time I see a girl without a bra I flip, since I dearly love breasts, and the new style of skin-tight pants drives me crazy. Obviously, I fantasise like mad, day and night. How can I find a secret contact just as interested in pure sex as I am? This frustration has really gotten to me and I'm going out of my mind. — *Name and address withheld.*

If your desire to have a good sex life is still strong after 20 years of frustration, you obviously haven't given up hope. With so much determination, you should find a way around your frustration.

You don't give any indication as to why your marital sex life went from "pretty fair" in the first 20 years, to a couple of times a year in strict missionary style during the past 20 years.

Perhaps the shift in your wife's attitude toward sex came with menopause. This is a common phenomenon among women your wife's age, who were often raised to think they need not enjoy sex. Instead they were taught to regard sex as a duty performed to keep husbands from wandering and to have children.

Women brought up this way sometimes feel there is no reason to have sex after menopause makes pregnancy impossible. They also mistakenly believe their husbands must think the same way they do. They don't realise the frustration they create.

You might try giving your wife some hints about your sexual needs and feelings. There are several excellent and serious books on sex after 60. These should be available at a local library or book store. You might be able to open the door to some good discussions by reading these books yourself, then leaving them around for your wife to notice and perhaps look over.

Your one "very good" experience with a sexual affair alerted you to another possibility: meeting your sexual needs through a secret, purely sexual relationship. You seem sensitive to the risks and limitations of such affairs but you have also experienced some of their good points — you can handle the necessary discretion, if you looked for women nearer your own age. Here you have statistics on your side. There are far more single, widowed and divorced women in their fifties and sixties.

Finding receptive women is largely a matter of sharpening your antennae and becoming sensitive to the vibes.

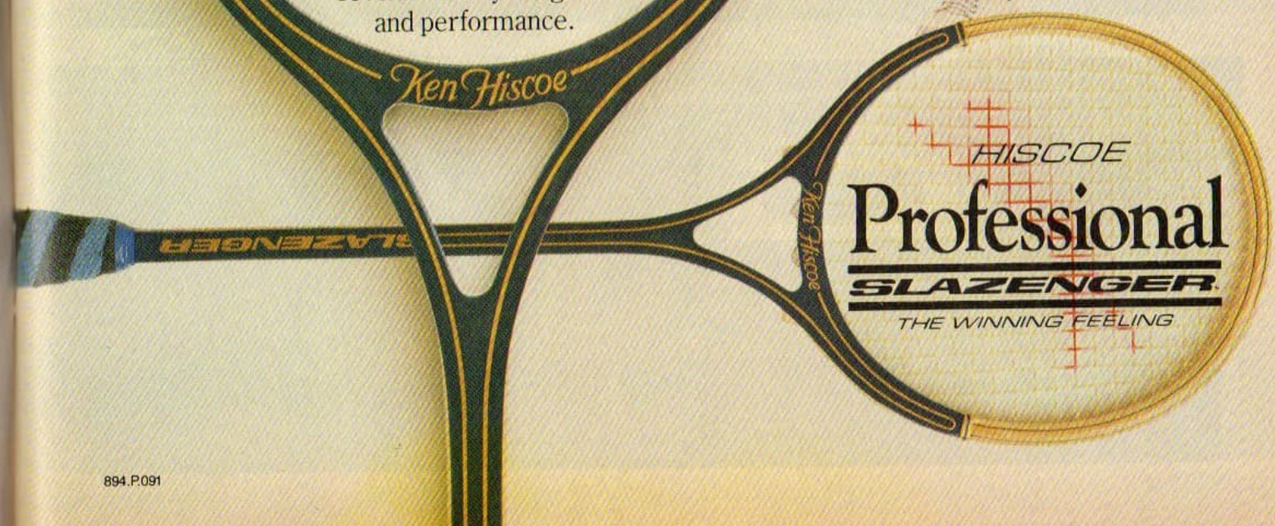
Try to be open and receptive, but cautious. You need to communicate your interest, but without being pushy, so that if the woman has little sexual desire, you can both withdraw gracefully.

Neither reviving your marital sex life nor finding an outside partner will be easy, but you have determination and enthusiasm on your side.

Ken Hiscoe put years of experience into his new racket.

The new Hiscoe Professional by Slazenger is probably the best thing in years to happen to the great game of squash. Firstly, each racket is constructed from the finest quality ash laminations and each racket is fibre-faced for greater feel and balance, and that's a most important aspect of any great racket. As you've probably noticed, the Hiscoe Professional has a revolutionary, open-throat design, and there's a very good reason – improved flexibility. So it not only looks different, it plays different. When you pick up the Hiscoe Professional you'll notice its exceptional lightness – yet another advantage when it comes to those winning shots that require skill and extreme sensitivity. All in all, the Hiscoe Professional is a superb, all-round racket that has been designed in conjunction with Ken Hiscoe – and it could just revolutionize your game and performance.

The all-new Hiscoe Professional was designed in conjunction with the former British and 7 times Australian Champion, Ken Hiscoe.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cancer link

In your September issue you published a letter from Dr Sarfaty, Medical Director, NSW Cancer Council, in which he claims most serious misrepresentation of the fluoridated water-cancer link by Dr Burk and Dr Yiamouyiannis. He claims that there are *no valid indications*, but this is absolute misrepresentation of facts.

The fluoridated water-cancer link is valid and has withstood a US Congressional Inquiry, two courts of law, and was supported by a recent government inquiry by the Ministry of Environment in Quebec, Canada, where the Committee's findings are that fluorides are carcinogenic.

On October 12, 1979, the British Government ordered an inquiry into the fluoridated water-cancer link in fluoridated Birmingham. The Minister of Health, Dr Gerard Vaughan, said: "I regard Dr Burk's evidence as too important to ignore and I have asked my officials to go into it thoroughly and report to me."

In the US and the UK there are inquiries and courts continually hearing evidence on this subject, but we never hear of Dr Sarfaty or any other Australian health expert fronting up and giving evidence which, in light of their claims would put an immediate end to the validity of the fluoridated water-cancer link. — *G. Walker, Chairman, The Anti-Fluoridation Association of Victoria.*

Tasteful

Thank you for the lovely girls so tastefully shown in your magazine. I just wish more women would read *Penthouse* and possibly try to enhance their looks and bodies as these young ladies have done.

I thought that Getting Our Priorities Right (September) was very well written and quite enlightening. The style in which it was written also gave many chuckles.

Trekking The Kokoda, also in your September issue, was really good. I showed the article to my father as he was in the war, and he thought it was really well done, too. My applause for the story and the pictures. — *A. della-Beaumont, Swanview, Western Australia.*

Hatchet job

I read with interest your article The Thoroughly Reasonable, Rational, Boring Bill Hayden (September). I felt your writer Owen Thomson set out to do a thoroughly wretched, unreasonable, and utterly boring hatchet job on Hayden. Surely if, as your article admits, Mr Hayden is a decent, honest and compassionate man he deserves better than this! Is it not your job to tell the truth about our national leaders? — *C.T., Ipswich, Queensland.*

*Thomson told it as he saw it. As a matter of interest we quote Laurie Oakes (*Melbourne Age, *August 25): "The five-page* Penthouse *article sheds more light on the Hayden character than the 178-page biography (*Hayden *by Dr Denis Murphy) — and is a better read by miles."*

Lost love

What are you doing to me? I opened up your September issue and fell in love with the delightful Donna Turner — only to read the story and find out that she's gone to Canada. Can you print some more pictures of Donna for me? I don't want to cut up the magazine, but I would like to have a photo for my wallet. — *C.N., Sydney, New South Wales.*

Donna is just on an extended holiday and will be returning to Australia. In the meantime, here is a wallet-sized photo of your favorite.

Asbestos Story

Australian Penthouse *received a long letter from Mr Max Austin, Executive Chairman of the South Pacific Asbestos Association, in which he contested some of the statements made in the article, The Asbestos Cover-up (an excerpt from the book,* The Ugly Face of Australian Business, *by Timothy Hall), which appeared in our August issue. The following is an excerpt from Mr Austin's letter:*

First: The potential hazards from exposure to asbestos dust are occupational, not environmental.

Second: Industry in Australia has been active since the early 1960s in installing more modern dust extraction equipment. James Hardie & Coy Pty Ltd, for one, assert that at present 97 percent of asbestos cement workers in their plants are working in dust levels of *less than half* the hygiene standard set by regulation; 2 percent are working in dust levels of less than the hygiene standard of 2 fibres per ml; and the remaining 1 percent work in areas where dust levels could go above the standard, and if that occurs they are provided with protective equipment.

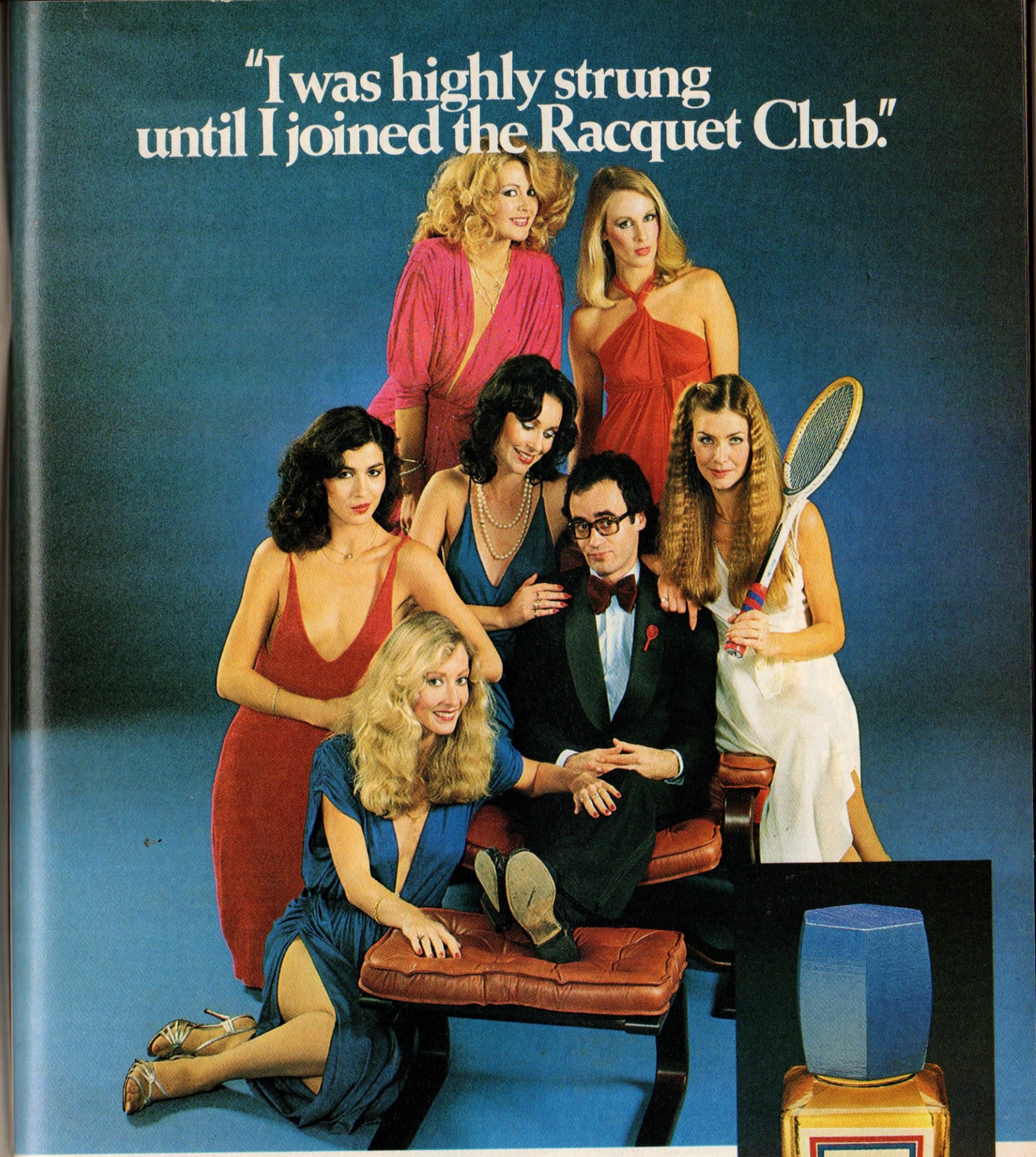
Third: The asbestos-related diseases which are being discovered today are the result of heavy exposures many years ago when the potential dangers of asbestos dust were not fully realised. The time lag for asbestos-related diseases can range from 15 years to 40 years from first exposure to onset of disease.

Fourth: There is a body of medical opinion in Australia that under existing asbestos controls, asbestosis and mesothelioma will be almost entirely eliminated. Lung cancers which are linked with cigarette smoking could also be controlled if workers were to quit the smoking habit. The National Health and Medical Research Council's Ad Hoc Sub-Committee on Asbestos has expressed the view that there is no measureable occupational risk provided crocidolite is not used in new work, the controls in the appropriate NHMRC document are applied and the existing industrial hygiene standards are maintained.

Speaking in Sydney at a thermal insulation symposium in April 1980. Dr James Milne, the Senior Medical Officer of the Industrial Hygiene Division of the Victorian Health Commission, said: "Asbestos can be safely handled under modern conditions provided those who handle it do not smoke."

I know you will appreciate the need to correct false and misleading information

"I was highly strung until I joined the Racquet Club."



"There was a time when I'd fumble all my best shots.
But since I changed to Racquet Club, things have really changed. Now every stroke I make gets the girls swinging.
So if you'd like a little advice from a reformed man, after you shower or you tub, join the Racquet Club.
And you, too, can play all day. And all night."

Racquet Club. The grooming gear for men who want the physical advantage. Now available at selected chemists and department stores.

of this kind. One can only hope also that the rest of Mr Hall's book is more factual and less fictional than was evident in this episode. — *Max Austin.*

Timothy Hall replies: *Max Austin does nobody any service by adding to the confusion and fear which already surround asbestos. His letter demonstrates by omission and by the misleading use of statistics and sources precisely the way in which information about the dangers of asbestos has been manipulated for years longer in Australia than in almost any other country in the world.*

It is important in Mr Austin's case to realise that he does not even speak with long personal experience of the industry that he defends so vigorously: until two years ago he was the paid champion of another beleaguered industry, the bread bakers. He may perform his present job with zeal, but he can never be listened to as an authority.

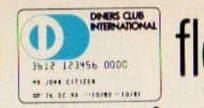
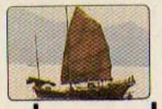
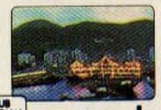
In answer to his four observations:

1. Asbestos dust is both occupationally and environmentally dangerous. A 1979 study by the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare asserted that 17 percent of all cancer cases in the US can be directly attributed to airborne asbestos dust, with only a fraction of these being employed in an asbestos-using industry.

2. I don't question that Hardies have very belatedly been putting their house in order, but that hardly condones what happened at Baryulgil asbestos mine where half the Aborigines who worked there were dead from asbestos-related disease by the time they were 50. That only a small number of miners, as Austin maintains, were found on autopsy to have been killed by asbestos is quite irrelevant. Many of those who died were not still mining but had been forced to retire through ill-health and so were not technically miners when they died.

3. This is nonsense. Knowledge that asbestos causes cancer, for example, has been well documented since the 1930s; and in any case, nothing will ever condone CSR's decision to continue running its blue asbestos mine at Wittenoom for at least six years, by its own admission, after the full dangers of the cancer mesothelioma were known.

4. Max Austin's fourth observation is dangerous nonsense. Let people remember just one recent unequivocal statement from the International Agency for Research on Cancer, one of the World Health Organisation's most respected agencies: "There is no different degree of danger between the various types of asbestos (a diversionary tactic invariably used by the Australian industry to take attention away from the very widely used white form and on to the now rarely used blue asbestos). They are all dangerous. They all cause cancer."

Recently, this card  flew to  for a convention. It stayed at dined aboard  and bought souvenirs for everyone. It went on to for a buying conference, then across to to discuss new markets. It stayed at took in a crab dinner at and hired a for an unforgettable sightseeing trip. Which goes to prove if you get around this is around the best card you can carry. Join today.

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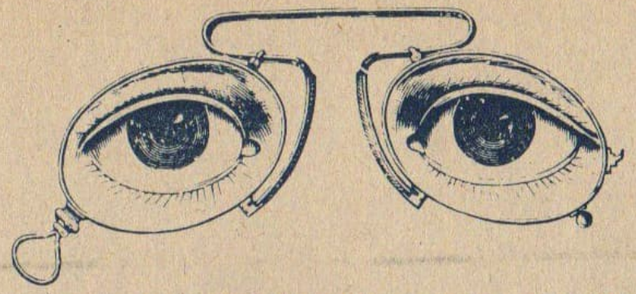


VIEW FROM THE TOP

AN INFORMAL AFFAIR

BY OWEN THOMSON

If Australians have any sense of patriotism they will turn up at the polling booth for the Federal elections and write rude words across the ballot slip. The words don't even have to be rude, as long as they get the message across that the voter, who has had his name ticked against the role and therefore avoids a fine, does not want to vote. Just a simple "Drop dead the lot of you" would do.

The thing is that none of them are worth voting for, and if we all vote informally nobody will be elected to Parliament so there will be nobody in Canberra to annoy us. The Governor-General would have to take over and try to work out with the Queen some way of filling the Parliament House benches.

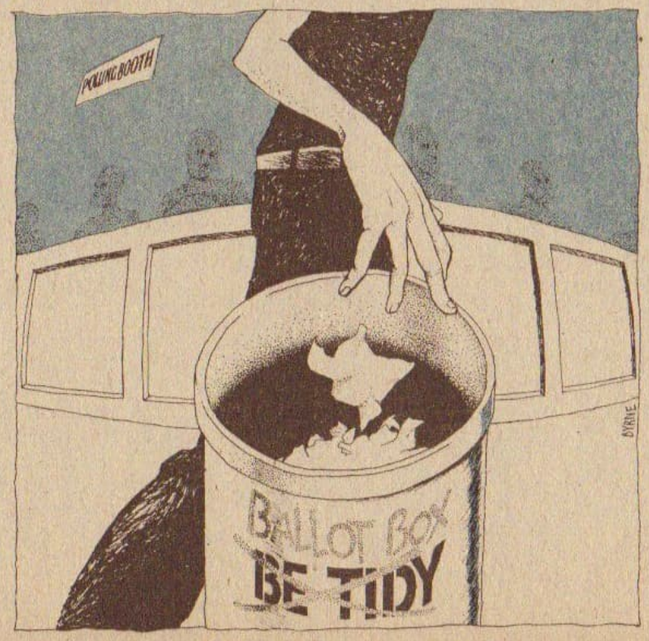
Actually Sir Zelman and Her Majesty could try their hand at running the country. They certainly couldn't do any worse than the lot who are in there now, or Hayden's lot, or that other little lot laughably called the Democrats.

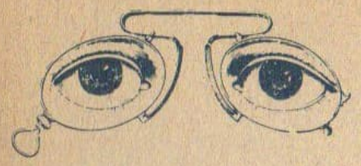
In putting the case for not voting you have to start with the Democrats. The whole aim of the Democrats is to get the balance of power in Parliament, which means they want to run the country without going to the trouble of winning a majority. Even the dumbest of us can see that this is about as democratic as saying the board of BHP is there to look after the interests of the bloke sweeping out the steel works at Newcastle. The only reason the Democrats exist is because Don Chipp could see that if he stuck with the Liberals he would have spent the rest of his life snoozing on the back benches with occasional breaks to make trendy moral statements about legalising sexual acts between consenting adult Members of Parliament. The whole Democrat policy seems to be about what's wrong with everybody else. They don't want you to vote for them because they're going to straighten out the country, they want you to vote for them so you won't vote for anybody else. About the only positive thing they have to offer is Don Chipp's hair. All their publicity shots concentrate on his hair. It's great hair for a bloke of his age, and the way he runs his hand casually through it and occasionally lets it hang boyishly over his forehead must make some lady members wish they would rush through his reforms on consenting adult MPs.

But you can't make a man prime minister because of his hair. What would they do if he got in? Would they get in some soothsayers who could look at his hair and tell what it thought about matters of national concern? What if he got dandruff? Nobody would know what to do. The whole fate of the country would hang on the effectiveness of Cedel. So nobody can vote for the Democrats. If you don't want to vote for either of the others don't take the Democrats as an alternative, just write across the ballot paper, "I like Don Chipp's hair . . . but". Which brings us to Malcolm Fraser. The thing wrong with Fraser is that we have seen him and heard him. Nobody in their right mind could believe he is real.

Every time he talks it is as if the Duke of Wellington and Disraeli have risen from the dead and their souls have been brought together in this one monolithic frame.

If the Liberals had had any sense they would have locked Fraser in a big glass case years ago where people could see him but not hear him. You would have been able to stand outside the case and watch him and wonder what he was saying in there. All the political journalists could make guesses on what he was saying. They could, for instance, say: "The Prime Minister today might have been saying something about finding jobs for the unemployed. He might have been suggesting that we get industry moving as well as finding some way to get the Queensland miners back to work." They would, of course, have to stop deaf lip readers looking into the glass case otherwise the deaf people would tell the others what Fraser was really saying. As it is, the Liberals have blown it and everybody knows what Fraser will say about everything. The Duke of Wellington and Disraeli





were great men but they belonged in the 19th Century. It's a pity we can't vote for Fraser to go back there with them.

Bill Hayden is an even bigger problem. If we vote him in the whole country will drop off to sleep and everything will come to a standstill. Within a month the Japs or the Chinese or somebody would walk in and take the place over while we all nodded off happily at our desks or workbenches. The rot would start in Parliament itself. Members there would nod off at the drop of a notice paper, and once Bill started one of his explanations of why the Australian dollar should be devalued by .0007 of a percent against the Chad drachma to encourage the sale of old FJ Holdens in the third world, all of them would be deep in slumber. The trend was spread through the media. The 7pm ABC news would lead with an item saying: "The Prime Minister is expected to finish his statement on the price of peanuts sometime next month."

Bill's a great bloke, particularly when you stack him up against Mal, but the country could not spare the time to listen to him. Don't vote for him.

The problem in Australia is that you have to vote. It is probably the greatest violation of basic human rights in the world. These people are forcing you to take part in an election you're not interested in. It's like forcing you to read the Koran. In most other western countries you don't have to vote, and if you want to vote in America you have to pay for the pleasure.

Even if we got it organised so that everybody agreed to vote informally, the politicians would still vote for themselves. Their wives and mothers mightn't vote for them, but Mal would be in there voting for Mal.

He'd still get in because his ticket would give him a winning preference from the vote of the Country Party candidate in his electorate.

SCENES

CHANGING WINDSOR

If it came as something of a shock to the Melbourne Establishment when that grand old lady, the Windsor Hotel, passed into the hands of the India-based Oberoi group, it's only because few people in this country understand just how deeply Biki Oberoi is steeped in the traditional grandeur of the British Raj and Indian royalty.

He is to the manner, if not the manor, born, something which became obvious at a meeting nearly a decade and a half ago when Biki Oberoi, eyes locked in conversation, moved his hand out to the side and made a scissor action. A lit cigarette was quickly and quietly slipped between his fingers by Lama, his Tibetan manservant and the favorite among his 20 personal staff.

Over the next few days, as a house guest in his Grand Hotel in Calcutta, it became obvious that to be an Oberoi in India is to be more holy than royal.

When he is in this part of India, Biki stays in his rooftop penthouse at the Grand. The contrast between the inside and outside of this Hollywood heaven is stunning and disturbing. An excellent selection of Indian art graces the walls and floor, a 6m dining table groaning with colorful food — a little overdone, and more a modular collection of fine things than a warm balance.

Then an after-dinner walk outside the hotel takes you past the squalor and garbage the millions call home. At night there is a carpet of people sleeping on the footpaths, with just enough room to roll over without kicking the person either side.

Fourteen years and hotels later we are chatting again, sharing memories of places and faces, this time in the Melbourne Hilton where he and his people have taken several suites for a couple of weeks — long enough to seal the fate of the charming Windsor Hotel in Spring Street, number 25 in the Oberoi chain.

Biki is an attractive 50-year-old international with a rich Oxford accent and an impish charm. Always impeccably dressed in conservative style, vice-chairman of the family company, Oberoi International, he has a cavalier though pleasant manner.

In the absence of the Victorian Premier and to the surprise of many, the State Cabinet has granted the Windsor lease of two years with an option of 20 to the Oberoi family company. A controversial decision, as this represents to many the gift of a solid piece of our severely-limited and rapidly-disappearing heritage to an overseas interest.

It had been a busy day for Biki, restructuring his Australian company to accommodate the Windsor transaction.

It would seem effort well invested. This is an important hotel for Mohan Singh and Biki Oberoi, who are in need of an image-maker in this country — and what better tower to look from than the Windsor, with a ready-made history, its centenary coming up in two years and an underground station at its door?

What have the Oberois planned for the Windsor?

"Well, I think it would be presumptuous to say nobody else could do what we are going to do to the Windsor. Those horrible uniforms will have to go. But it is a really outstanding building which has all the makings of a great hotel. Unfortunately, it has been neglected in the past. Nobody in their right senses is going to put any money into it on a three-year lease, and I think that was the initial mistake."

The accepted Oberoi plan includes changes to the foyer, an open-air cocktail area above the main dining-room, the refurbishing of the hotel rooms, lounges, reception area and a general spruce-up of the entire hotel. Those "horrible brown uniforms" are to be replaced with all-white outfits.

Mohan Singh Oberoi, senior engineer of this tactical manoeuvre and Biki's 80-year-old father, is the head of the Delhi-based Oberoi group and is a shrewd, seasoned, international hotelier. He was, until last year, a member of the Indian Parliament's upper house and he began his career in the classic storybook way as a clerk at the Simla hotel in the 1920s.

The family appetite for hotels began with World War II. The British owner of the Simla decided to sell up and go home. On his suggestion, Mohan Singh sold his mother's jewellery, gathered his savings and joined a British employee in the purchase of the Simla. The Grand hotel was next on the list of bargain-priced acquisitions, having been closed by a cholera epidemic in Calcutta some years before. The Oberoi pattern began while 15-year-old Biki was watching the glittering passing parade, then after 10 years at the right schools in London and a hotel course in Switzerland, Biki joined his father in what had become a quiet force in the Indian and Pakistani accommodation business.

Then, with 10 Indian hotels totally owned by father and sons, including the 35-storey Oberoi Towers in Bombay, India's tallest building, they had grown bold enough and rich enough to take on the world.

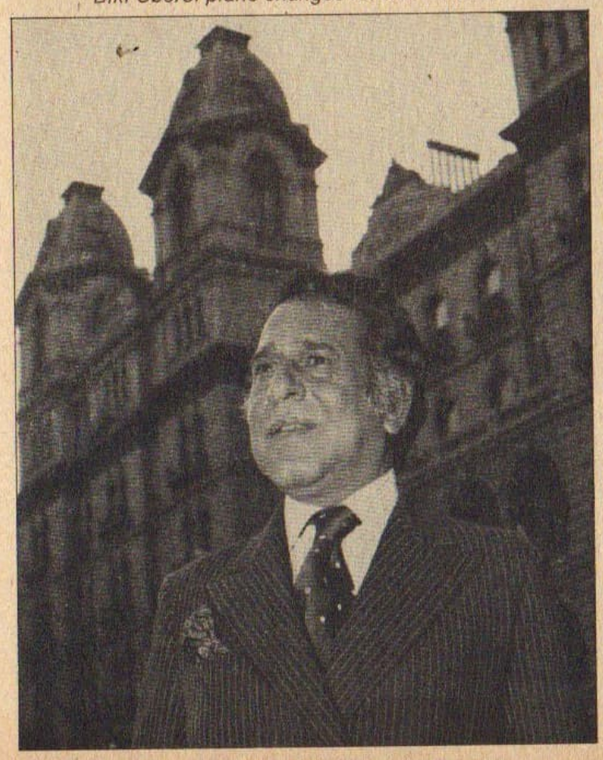
Australia became a possibility after Mohan Singh had come here from India with a parliamentary delegation in 1976 and liked the country. The result was the Adelaide Oberoi, formerly the Hotel Australia. There have been some dramatic changes to the decor, style and atmosphere in the Adelaide hotel and the one who determines what goes and what stays is design director for the Oberoi chain and former Maharani of Jaipur, Mrs Krishna Singh. She has created an authentic Indian setting.

The Windsor will represent a novel challenge as he might be met with considerable resistance to any change.

It is an important Melbourne landmark, although three years ago this may not have been so obvious. It is the State's best known hotel and was bought by the Victorian Government in late 1976 for $4.5 million, with the possibility of converting it to accommodation only and linking it by tunnel to Parliament House, just across the road. At that time, it was losing roughly $500,000 a year, only 45 percent of the rooms were being occupied and it needed massive changes to its liquor set-up to comply with local regulations.

Federal Hotels, the Australian hotel chain which had been granted the lease in 1977, were looking for a greater commitment from the Government before spending the millions required to make it sparkle. They had been assured by the Victorian Government that if, at the expiry of the present lease, the hotel was not sold or used to house politicians, Federal would automatically be granted an extension of at least two years — so they put forward a proposal of the two plus 20-year lease.

Biki Oberoi plans changes for the Windsor.



In 1978-9 the Government was $107,000 richer as a result of Federal's management. With fresh proof of what could be done there, and pleased with the prospect of nearly a quarter of a century of solid profit, they opened the lease tender to all comers hoping for some impressive bids.

Melbourne has been more than suspicious of how its favorite hotel is going to be treated under the Oberois, but so far most of the spotlight has been thrown on the fate of its most popular playboy, Peter Janson, who is housed in a rooftop layout separated from the main body of the hotel.

In spite of rumors about heated meetings between one or more of the Oberois and Janson, Peter corroborates Biki's assertion that they've never met — although he would like to very much.

"His hotels are fantastic," says Janson. "I've seen just about all of them all round the world. He's got a name in hotels better than Sheraton or Hilton."

Nor is Janson worried about any revamping of the Windsor: "I've seen the plans for the new work, and they're absolutely fantastic. A beaut old hotel like this needs that sort of rejuvenation."

For all Janson's unconcern, it's natural for Melbourne people to express a variety of fears: the staff will be replaced with cheap Indian labor; an Indian curry house or restaurant is a sure bet after the example set in Adelaide; the structure of the building is going to be changed and the long-standing traditions will be abandoned.

Woolly and even preposterous these fears may be, but people have been coming to the hotel in a sort of pilgrimage — some under the impression it is to be bulldozed to the ground, but most just to see the dear old pile before it undergoes massive change. — *Carlos Van Jager.*

NO FOOLIN'

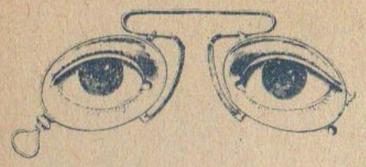
While fooling around is one of the activities for which Bangkok is famous, the married men of Asia's Paris are apparently exempt from the delights of Pat Pong Road — or anywhere else in town for that matter.

Getting a bit on the side just isn't worth the risk. And the risk, in Bangkok, is a severed member. We do not exaggerate. Thailand has the highest incidence in the world of what Thai officials quaintly call "sexual punishment". Here in Oz, where we call a spade a shovel, the practice is commonly referred to as having your dick cut off.

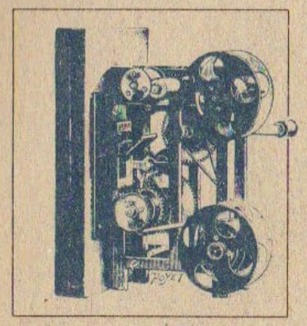
The feminist wives of Bangkok have lately become so enamoured of this cute little trick that a city hospital has opened a special unit devoted solely to the surgical reconnection of sexual members severed by jealous wives or fiancees. According to Dr Wassam Meewattha of Siriraj Hospital, "satisfactory" reconnection had been performed on the first dozen patients.

However, Dr Wassam's unit is likely to be of little benefit to the majority of Bangkok's cheating husbands, particularly those who live on the outskirts of the city or in the countryside. There housewives traditionally feed the offending member to the ducks or pigs. In the urban areas the evidence is often flushed down the toilet, although there have been instances of wives feeding their handiwork into electric blenders, and on one occasion, of a woman releasing her prize into the sky tied to a helium balloon.

Thai courts deal leniently with wives actually brought to trial, but few are even prosecuted. Meanwhile victims can find some solace in recent statistics which showed a majority of knife-wielding wives were now sorry for their action and were regretting the loss.



FILMS



BROWN'S BEST

Bryan Brown . . . it's a name to be reckoned with. The press kit for his latest motion picture says: "Bryan Brown has become one of the best known actors in Australia very quickly" . . . and that may well be true. He has appeared in 10 features since his debut in Stephen Wallace's moving 50-minute short film, *Love Letters From Teralba Road,* made in 1977. The intervening three years have seen his now familiar face cross the screen in *The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith, Newsfront, Money Movers, Cathy's Child, The Odd Angry Shot, Palm Beach* . . . the list goes on and on, to include the now famous *Breaker Morant,* which picked up such cudos at Cannes this year.

The man's craggy, rugged features are distinctive and memorable, his acting style individual, but overall, versatile. His best work to date has to be his latest — *Stir.* It is *his* film . . . all the way. His character deliniation is so strong, so forceful, that it carries an already dramatic premise to its full extent — and does so with utter conviction and credibility throughout the entire running time.

Stir is set in a prison, from opening frame to close. And even though the story may be fictional from start to finish, it is based on factual experiences that occurred within prison walls. The story of a prison riot, the script is based on incidents at Attica . . . and more importantly, on events much nearer home, the Bathurst prison riots in 1974. Riots which left one prisoner paralysed for life from a gunshot and the jail a smouldering shell.

The question raised by the Attica and Bathurst riots begged to be asked. Why did the prisoners riot? And *Stir* sets out to present the answers through this dramatically staged feature which leaves little to the imagination. It's a no-holds-barred look that answers these questions in a realistic, but not documentary, way. The film is convincing. And even though it is fiction as far as the characters are concerned, the incidents are factual.

And the authenticity comes from the flowing, unstilted and put-your-money-where-your-mouth-is script, written by Bob Jewson. Mr Jewson knows what he writes. He was at Bathurst in 1974. A safe-cracker and not ashamed to admit it, Mr Jewson had spent about nine months behind bars at Bathurst when the riots broke out. He witnessed the discontent that was growing among his fellow inmates . . . a discontent that grew out of years of bashings and the denial of basic human rights and amenities, the indignities they were subjected to month after month.

The main character in *Stir* is China Jackson, admirably played by the said Mr Brown. And it is around him that this powerful story unfolds. China makes a return to prison for a petty crime — six months for shoplifting. But the warders are wary on his return to the prison walls, for the last time China was released he publicly exposed the bashings and the degradations to the press and television. And so it is as a hero that China returns to jail, for the other prisoners, old-timers and first-timers, look to him for guidance. Nothing has changed: the beatings, the needling provocations go on and on.

China merely wants to make it through his sentence without a hassle, but events develop which keep China from this simple goal. Tensions build and promises are broken. The final upshot is that the prisoners take command and riot. And China, unwillingly, becomes the central force of the storm.

The riot scenes shot by Geoffrey Burton's (*Storm Boy, Sunday Too Far Away*) static, but commanding, camera are disquieting to stay the least. His lenses take you to the centre of the drama, making you feel part of the action, making you feel that you, too, should duck the blows of the warders' batons.

The fires set to burn the jail to the ground, the all-out destruction of everything in sight, is startlingly captured, scene after harrowing scene. And the tensions of the moment are aptly conveyed in strong, one-up close-ups of the principals.

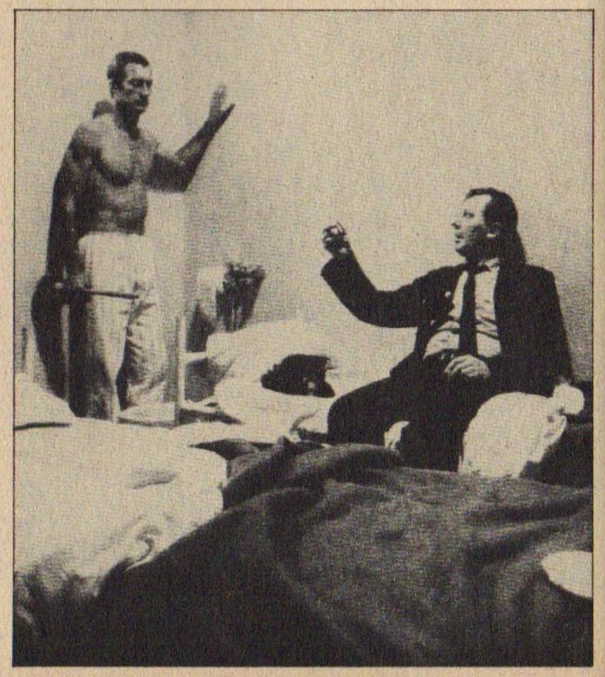
Stephen Wallace, the director, has things firmly in hand throughout. His mix of well-known actors, from Brown to Max Phipps (as the complex warder Norton), to dozens of unknowns (some of them confessed ex-crims who willingly joined the cast in order to set the records straight), right down to the notorious Les Newcombe, who was one of Australia's best-known convicts, serve only to add to the overall realism of *Stir.*

His handling of one and all is exemplary, particularly the manner in which he hones straight to the action, to the inner core of each and every one of his lead actor's characters. Wallace even went to the extent of locking up his principals for a night or two while on location in the deserted Gladstone Jail in SA.

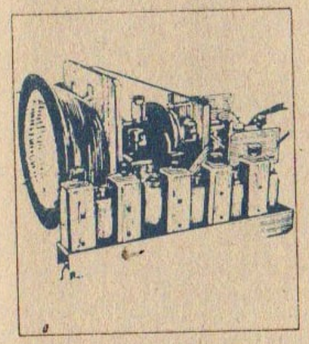
"Some of them didn't like the idea and resisted it," he said, "but they came out very subdued in the morning." I bet they did. It had its effect, for one and all certainly convey the feeling that confinement and restriction has upon the human spirit.

One cannot help but come out of the film feeling more than a little disturbed, questioning the prison system, questioning the need for urgent prison reform. If for no other reason than that, *Stir* should be seen. The fact that Bryan Brown puts in the performance of a lifetime and this can only enhance what is powerful, dramatic cinema at its best. — *Alex Anthony.*

Stir *is powerful, dramatic cinema at its best.*



TV



THE ETERNAL COP SHOW

There will be two programs on television in the year 2000. One will be the news. The other a police show. Let me hasten to say I did not make this prediction. Such visions of the future are beyond me, for when it comes to television my crystal ball is cracked, the tea leaves have withered in my cup and the palms of my hand indicate only that I'm a stranger to manual work. Of course, I can possibly predict such mundane things as the result of the Federal election or the winner of the Melbourne Cup. But any attempt to look into the future of TV leaves me as confused as program planners who, also, have little idea what is happening tomorrow.

Not so Hector Crawford, who made the above prediction, not the urbane Hector of the silver mane, thin elegant cigars and the almost disturbing ability to give the television public what it thinks it wants.

Even if it is muck!

Hector, as head of Crawford Productions in Melbourne, is the Mr Big of television crime, a title that tends to make him wince because he finds it, well, distasteful. His company has produced such shows as *Homicide, Division Four, Matlock Police* and *Cop Shop.*

And every one of them has been a success, so we must heed what Hector says. We will heed him some more.

"The reason police shows will always be around," he says, "is that they are the classic form of action drama. The good are very identifiable and the bad are very identifiable. There's always been police shows — on radio, on television, in films and books — and there always will be."

That police shows have always been with us, can be blamed on the United States which invented the genre for television. But American police shows these days are but pale imitations of what cops and robbers are all about, thanks to such righteous bodies as the Legion of Decency, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Twin Falls (Idaho) chapter of the Festival of Light.

The American cop shows are now sanitised. All violence has been removed. It's like watching a pornographic movie that doesn't include screwing.

Hector had no such reservations about violence when he was responsible for *Homicide, Division Four* and *Matlock Police.* A murder was a murder and the victims were not beaten to death with feather dusters.

With a splendidly unwholesome zest, his cameras dwelt lovingly on mayhem in all its fine aspects, on the rapid dispatch of citizens by the gun, the knife, the bludgeon, on the five sticks of dynamite wired to a car's ignition, on rape, robbery and revenge.

One thing you can bet on: there'll always be a cop show.

He showed violent death the way it should be shown. He used the bottle of tomato sauce with relish.

There was one problem, however, with Hector's shows and that was the rather thin spreading of action. One had to wait a considerable time before a body hove into view. The rest of the time his cops, played with admirable woodenness by such actors as Leonard Teale, George Mallaby and Gerard Kennedy, did little but climb into cars.

Sometimes they got out of cars, but mostly they climbed into them. Then they slowly buckled on the seat belts, unwound the driver's window, made sure the car was out of gear, released the handbrake, switched on the ignition — and took off, usually along a deserted street somewhere in South Melbourne.

The viewer could be excused for becoming confused with one of Peter Wherrett's motoring shows which do much the same thing.

Then Hector went soft and produced *Cop Shop,* a police show with half its time devoted to dramatising the domestic scene.

Now the Reg Grundy Organisation, a company better known for quiz shows and soap operas, is doing much the same with a series called *Bellamy,* which purports to tell the tale of a Special Crimes Squad that investigates only those felonies likely to cause widespread fear and loathing among law-abiding citizens.

According to John Stanton, who plays the lead role, the new show will attempt to humanise cops, will show their home life in much the same way as *Cop Shop* now does.

I cannot understand this desire to display the domestic bliss of wallopers. I fail to see how a cop at home can be any more fascinating than, say, a salesman, an insurance clerk or a dog-catcher from the local council.

Of course, it could be interesting if they showed the cop living beyond his means, residing with his mistress in a lavish, seafront mansion that could never have been purchased out of a sergeant's pay.

Or maybe driving to an illegal gaming club in his Maserati, having lunch at the Hilton with an SP bookie or attending a benefit

dinner for Mr Big. But I doubt it. Cops in Australian shows are never corrupt, take nothing but the occasional cup of tea from a nice old lady who has complained about a Peeping Tom, give nothing to Mr Big apart from a steely promise they will soon have him behind bars.

Maybe one day they will show the police force with honesty, portray men trapped in a system which, because of politics, allows huge amounts of corrupting money to be made out of heroin while the bloke with a few joints is in jail faster than you can say Mr Justice Woodward.

They might even show that corruption starts at the top, in Macquarie Street and Spring Street, and that from almost his first day on the force a constable faces the truth that the system cannot be beaten.

Maybe Hector Crawford, if he is still around in the year 2000, will give us a cop show like this. But I wouldn't bet on it — not even with my well-protected local bookie. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS

SOUNDTRACK PLETHORA

The trouble with soundtrack albums used to be that if you hadn't seen the movie you could forget them. They were simply strange collections of songs and instrumentals bridged by meaningless snatches of dialogue. This is still true of some soundtracks (Cheech and Chong's *Up In Smoke*, for example) but more and more the soundtrack of the movie of the same name is achieving vinyl independence.

Perhaps record producers have realised that not all music lovers go to the movies, or perhaps the musicals of today are less structured and their songs need fewer explanations. Whatever, the fact is that in recent months the market has been flooded with soundtracks and enough of them have been sufficiently interesting to warrant this *Penthouse* Special Investigation. Lights please.

Fame (RSO) — Alan Parker's film about New York's Performing Arts High School scored high praise from the critics, and if the music is any indication, so it should. A cast of unknowns — many of them drawn from the school — does an inspired job on a collection of very good songs. At the time of writing I hadn't seen the film (although the music convinced me I should) so I'm not suffering a visual-inflicted bias when I say that this is one of the most powerful soundtracks I've heard in a long time.

Producer Michael Gore — Lesley's young brother — had the difficult task of executing Parker's wish for a mish-mash of musical styles which reflected all the activities at the school, and then underlining the whole lot with the wild, street-dancing energy that Parker saw in the students. He succeeds from the very first bars of the title track, which Gore also wrote.

Irene Cara's strong voice is backed by a huge chorus and a delicate guitar solo by Elliott Randall. Cara features again on Out Here On My Own, a ballad, before being joined by the chorus, strings and woodwinds for the big production number, Hot Lunch Jam. Gore also calls on a gospel chorus for Never Alone, and everything he can think of for the finale, I Sing The Body Electric, a triumph of musical fusion. This album has everything and yet it doesn't groan under the weight. It's funky-Broadway-classical-rock . . . and it works.

Olivia and Jeff Lynne prove you can hype anything.

Urban Cowboy (Asylum) — This double set has its moments, but not so many that they couldn't have been compressed into one balltearer rockabilly country album. Okay, there may not have been a better song than the Eagles' Lyin' Eyes, or Charlie Daniels' The Devil Went Down To Georgia to accompany certain scenes in the movie, but I've got both those great songs on other records and so, I imagine, would most people likely to buy this album. However, Mickey Gilley almost singlehandedly makes the whole thing worthwhile with his contributions, Stand By Me and Here Comes The Hurt Again. Also noteworthy is Jimmy Buffett's Hello Texas, Joe Walsh's All Night Long, Johnny Lee's Lookin' For Love and Bob Seger's Nine Tonight, some of which are currently enjoying single release.

Xanadu (Jet) — Well, what can one say? Olivia Neutron Bomb and Jeff Lynne (the David Rockefeller of popular music) together on the one album, with a little bit of help from Cliff Richard and Gene Kelly (your token Christian and your token tap dancer). Here is the proof positive that with the right blockbuster mentality you can hype anything and get away with it. Which is not to say that the music is completely abysmal. ELO is a clever band and Our Liv is a passable warbler when she's got the right backing. It all comes together on the title track; the rest you can leave to the ankle biters.

All That Jazz (Casablanca) — This is an old-fashioned soundtrack in that it will mean little to those who haven't seen Bob Fosse's brilliant film. However, the music played such an important part in establishing the decline of the movie's anti-hero, choreographer Joe Gideon, that a casual listen is almost as good as seeing the film again. Some of the music has been around a while in this form — George Benson's version of On Broadway, for example — but it is drawn from such a variety of musical genres that it is fairly unlikely you'd be doubling up on too many tracks. Benson, Vivaldi and Peter Allen all on the same album! Bizarre. And the big climatic finale on the Everly Brothers standard Bye Bye Love is fantastic.

The Blues Brothers (Atlantic) — At the time of writing the movie hasn't hit town, but for those of you who don't read Random Notes in *Rolling Stone*, The Blues Brothers are ***John Belushi*** and ***Dan Aykroyd***, who rose to prominence dispensing a fairly whacko brand of humor on an American television show called *Saturday Night Live*. So, in a way this is the record of the soundtrack of the film of the television show. But never mind that. All you need to know is that it's great. A hot session band featuring the likes of Duck Dunn and Steve Cropper, guest appearances by people like Ray Charles, James Brown and Aretha Franklin, and some good, old-fashioned soulful blues. Most of the songs are familiar and some are just plain crazy.

One-Trick Pony (Warner Bros) — ***Paul Simon's*** upcoming film is apparently autobiographical, which explains some of the words but not all of them. Or perhaps it's just that he's had a harder life than we'd all imagined. The songs are mostly up tempo, New York funky reggae sorts of things, like nearly everything Simon has done since *Mother and Child Reunion*. But there are also some fine ballads in this set, particularly How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns, and Nobody. Tasteful, disciplined backing and some nice solos from guitarist Eric Gale.

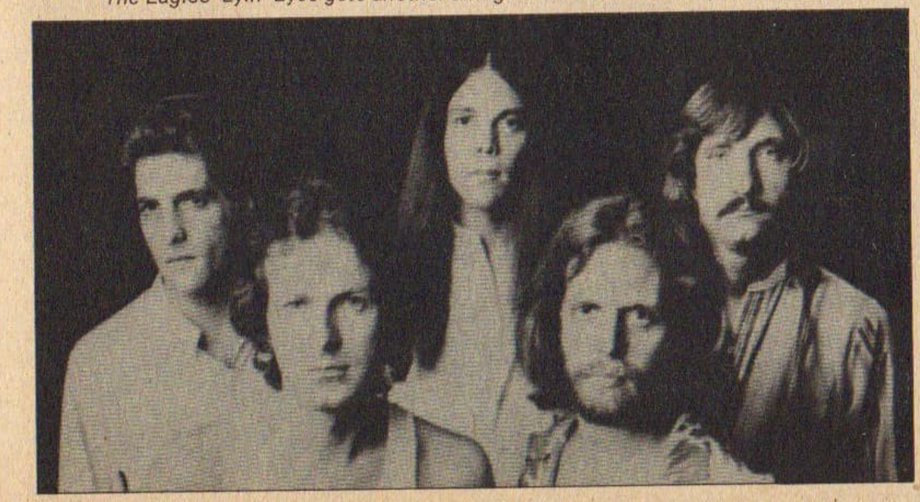
Roadie (Warner Bros) — A budget-priced double album which still isn't worth the money. I don't think the film has been released yet, but I can't wait to see how they fit Meat Loaf, Roy Orbison, Alice Cooper, Jerry Lee Lewis and Debbie Harry into the one storyline. A lot of padding but a memorable fourth side featuring a Roy Orbison/Emmylou Harris duet, Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Williams Jr and Asleep At The Wheel.

Cruising (CBS) — This wasn't a pleasant film and it's not a pleasant album. Unless you're so into ***Willy DeVille*** that you'll forgive him his excesses.

Firing' Up (Casablanca) may just be a breakthrough album for country rockers ***Pure Prairie League***, so long in the shadow of bands like the Eagles and Poco. Their first time out on a new label, PPL have erred slightly on the side of the commercially safe (and in so doing have already produced one hit single, Let Me Love You Tonight) but the sweet harmonies of guitarists Vince Gill and Jeff Wilson and bass player Michael Reilly win through.

Oddly enough, Gill and Wilson are recent additions to the band, but their feeling for the kind of music PPL has been serving up for almost a decade is unquestionable. — *Phil Jarratt.*

The Eagles' Lyin' Eyes gets another airing on the Urban Cowboy *soundtrack.*



WORDS

BEAR FACTS

In the early 1970s All Australian Graffitti, a freelance studio based in Melbourne, created a trend for exploring Australian imagery in the graphic arts. The studio lasted three years, an idealistic, youthful, high energy investment of the talents of artists from a range of ethnic backgrounds — Mimmo Cozzolini from Naples, Neil Curtis from London, and others.

Before going their separate ways ("the hard fact of life was that separately we all made twice as much money") the group had collaborated on *The Kevin Pappas Tear Out Post Card Book*, which continues to sell on the strength of its bizarre interpretations of the traditional Oz post-card.

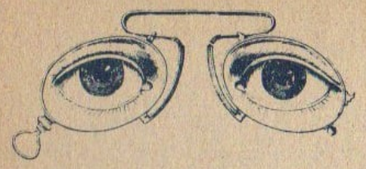
Neil Curtis — cartoonist, illustrator — has followed a different path since All Australian Graffitti. His ***Bear Dinkum*** (Wobbledagger, $9.95) is a visual and verbal record of an ocker koala's — we won't let pedantry spoil the fun by pointing out that koalas are not bears — journey from unfortunate conditions, through Ballet of the Air and enlightenment in the desert, to the Australian cultural Mecca, Sydney's Opera House.

A parody on all sorts of things, from the pretentions of elitist art to matters as close to true-blue

Sometimes I get an excellent record that, for a variety of reasons, isn't brought to the attention of the record-buying public, and such a one is ***Gove Scrivenor's*** *Shady Gove*, on the Chicago-based Flying Fish label (distributed here by Larrikin Records).

Recorded at the Soundshop in Nashville, this album — apparently his third — goes from blues to Bach, with some fast lane, "you'd better be good if you're going to play this", country. And the players are good — lightning flat picker Doc Watson, John Hartford on banjo, Nashville's foremost keyboard man, Dave Briggs, and pedal steel legend, Buddy Emmons.

Gove more than holds his own in this celebrated company with his "been there, done that" voice, guitar and National slide. And his autoharp fits like a glove on Mr Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring. Standouts include Ric Von Schmidt's Make My Love Come Rollin' Down and If Your Man Gets Busted. Just when you thought it was safe to go back to a record shop, it is! — *Carol Ashdown.*



ockerland as the all-in brawl, it's a chronicle of "grass roots survival and the stiff arm tackle as Art", according to the author.

It is certainly very funny, thanks to the beetle-browed bears, the body language of the Australian bloke and contemporary references of unemployment and grazier prime ministers.

Since 1975 Mimmo Cozzolino has turned his research into those evocative symbols of the nation, Australian trademarks, into a full-time preoccupation.

Not overwhelmed by our home-grown macho male, Chesty Bond, undeterred by the thought of "Eau de Queensland"; Mimmo — in the words of the ubiquitous Philip Adams — "has established himself as the leading archeologist of Australian advertising".

Symbols of Australia is a record of national aspirations and prejudices, popular obsessions from rabbit plagues to tea drinking. I'm not sure trademarks really equal history distilled, but they are a genuine and amusing record of our folklore, a provincial world which is past, and are accompanied by sidenotes which are a fund of eccentric information.

It is so well researched it is a must for anyone interested in Australiana and Australian graphics. *Symbols of Australia* is available in a limited casebound edition from Cozbook, PO Box 116, Coburg, Victoria or in Penguin paperback, $9.95. — *Susan McGrath.*

'When she was good
She was very, very good;
When she was bad
She was horrid.'

John Gardner might find that snippet of nursery rhyme suitably esoteric for use as a code message in a future espionage novel, but let's hope the plain language message isn't lost: to put it even more simply, stick to what you know best.

It's worth the risk of being labelled impertinent or a wet blanket after reading Gardner's latest, ***The Garden of Weapons*** (Hodder & Stoughton, $15.95). It's John Gardner at his best, and it's very, very good. By comparison his previous novel, *Golgotha* — which many other writers would have been happy to claim as theirs — suffers dreadfully, even if "horrid" is more hyperbole than fair criticism.

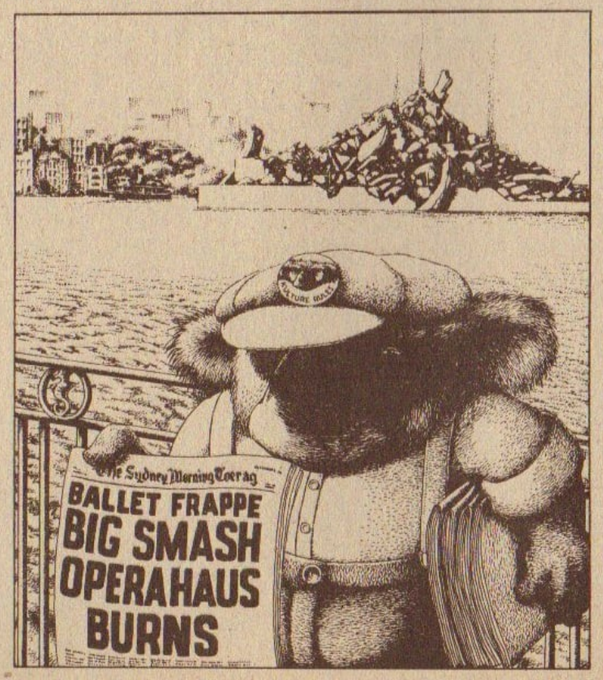
The contrast lies not in the execution — those skills have never let Gardner down, even in the least successful of the Boysie Oakes series — but at the very heart of his writing, in the breadth of the concept he tries to conquer. *Golgotha* postulates a Soviet-run Britain and the very future of the world at stake; *Garden of Weapons* is a classic tale of cunning and resourcefulness, duplicity and despair as Big Herbie Kruger battles it out on the streets of East Berlin. It's obvious Gardener is much more at home with the established Kruger character, and with establishing the "street" characters of *Garden of Weapons*, than when he is forced to try to fill in a much broader canvas. In all his books he seems much more at ease with plots which hinge on intricate personalities, rather than world-shaking events.

Not that *Garden of Weapons* is just any old crash-bang, knock-'em-down spy romp.

It's a brilliantly-conceived, very well executed example of the art: its complexities grab the reader's attention to the last word, while never numbing the entertainment quotient.

That is why I want more of the same, thanks. — *John Hampshire.*

"... dawn came shining down on Bear Dinkum's triumph while Ballet Frappe's monument smouldered lazily out on Bennelong Point ... only the telegram from the Kremlin aroused his interest ..."



The very idea of someone on a rotgut binge in a small town in Tasmania is so depressing I found it hard to forge ahead with James McQueen's ***A Just Equinox*** (Macmillan, $9.95) without reaching for the gin bottle myself. However, my diligence was rewarded.

Mr McQueen is a fine writer, a natural writer and one whose emotions fill every staccato burst. Without knowing too much about the writer it is hard to estimate just how much of this story of the battle with the bottle and one man's creative castration is autobiographical, but McQueen's first person treatment of the nightmare of alcohol withdrawal seems very, very real.

The story of Fegan, the famous painter bent on self-destruction, might also find parallels elsewhere. But seen purely as a work of fiction *A Just Equinox* is powerful, gripping and artful in its construction. For a first novel it is nothing short of amazing. — *Phil Jarratt.*

It has been said a woman's place is in the kitchen, but in these liberated times many men are finding cooking can be a creative, satisfying challenge. For those who want to improve their skill but aren't quite sure of some of the terminology used in recipes, Time-Life books have released a new series called The Good Cook.

The first book, ***Salads & Cold Hors-d'Oeuvre*** (Hodder & Stoughton, $16.95) is divided into two sections.

The first is a full-color, step-by-step guide to the preparation and presentation of dishes ranging from a classic green salad to a trio of mousses in a single dish. The second section comprises recipes gathered from a variety of cookbooks.

The only minor drawback is that some of the recipes call for ingredients not common in Australia, but any cook with a little imagination will find an acceptable substitute. — *Carol Ashdown.*

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Twenty-four years after the event, Britain's A-bomb tests in South Australia are spreading a potentially lethal political fall-out.

MARALINGA: BRITAIN'S ATOMIC LEGACY

BY ADRIAN TAME

If they'd been crowning the Queen herself, out there in the desert at Maralinga on September 27, 1956, instead of exploding a British atom bomb, it's doubtful the spectacle could have evoked a more mindlessly jingoistic tug of the colonial forelock from the Australian media. "Bombs Away" trumpeted the headline in the Melbourne Argus. "The Five O'Clock Rock" was the throw-away line used by the Melbourne Herald to describe the awesome climax to Britain's calculated exploitation of misguided Australian patriotism and loyalty to the Old Country. Britain was looking for somewhere on the earth's surface to contaminate the atmosphere and the soil. Why did they have to come half way round the world to Australia's backyard to unveil their deadly mushroom cloud? What was wrong with their own wasteland? Sadly, there was no one around to ask questions like those in 1956. Australia was ambling contentedly along under the paternalistic rule of the Menzies Government. Daily, genuflection in the direction of the Mother Country was the order of the day and everyone knew the sun never set on the Empire, so how could the odd cloud of radioactive dust cast a shadow? The edition of The Argus published on the day of the explosion best captured the mood: "Minutes after the explosion Government members cheered and Labor MPs shouted: 'Thank goodness,' and: 'At last. At last,' as Mr Beale, Supply Minister, announced in the House of Representatives the test had been successful." But that was only the beginning. The small print that followed would have had today's breed of card-carrying greenie in a frenzy: "As the cloud faded, convoys of trucks and jeeps brought back the servicemen who'd faced the blast at close range. AND EVERY FACE WORE A SMILE. (Their capitals, not ours.) They could have been coming back from a picnic." Some picnic. The menu

featured the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT, slightly more than was required to wipe out 100,000 people at Hiroshima a little more than a decade earlier. The radioactive hang-over that was to follow the festivities was even more daunting.

But the media didn't see it that way. British scientists had declared: "It will be safe." And who in those unquestioning times could have doubted them?

Nauseating as these journalistic excesses sound today, they contain none of the sinister chill conveyed by the ignorant parottings of those scientific assurances.

Take *The Sun News-Pictorial* of September 28: "Later in Canberra, Mr Beale said the test had gone 'completely according to plan' and that there would be no radiation hazard to anyone in Australia." Or *The Argus*. "Mr Beale said there might be a light rise in radioactivity in some areas, but it would be harmless." Or *The Herald*. "Remnants of radioactive cloud from yesterday's atom blast at Maralinga are drifting — apparently harmlessly — toward Queensland." But the real prize must be reserved for this gem from *The Sun*. "A report from the chairman of the Australian Safety Committee, Professor Martin, said: 'You can give the public an unequivocal assurance that there is a complete bill of health. All dangerous fall-out has been deposited, and the remaining fall-out is completely innocuous'."

That was 25 years ago. Now turn the clock forward, throw out the rose-colored glasses and take another look at Britain's mushroom-shaped legacy.

Despite increasingly desperate attempts by the Federal Government to keep the lid on it, the Maralinga Affair is fast taking on the proportions of an international outrage to compare with the Agent Orange controversy.

Below are some of the realities of the Maralinga Affair with which Mr Fraser and his Cabinet have been forced to contend:

- The dumping of hundreds of litres of concentrated radioactive wastes in the ocean, perilously close to the Great Barrier Reef.
- The tragic failure of British and Australian authorities to protect Aboriginals from fall-out. People who read goanna tracks rather than words are not catered for by signs that say "Keep out!" and "Danger, Radioactive Area".
- The awkward question of compensation for the growing numbers among the 2000 Australians who served their country during the tests who were rewarded with cancers and other radiation-connected sicknesses.
- The transparent attempts to cover up, then censor, the findings of an eminent Australian scientist called Marston, whose research showed him how widespread was the deadly contamination spawned by the series of atomic tests.
- The unfathomable failure of British scientists to use weather conditions which would carry fall-out over the few kilometres of largely unpopulated land between the test sites and the Bight. Instead, they chose to explode their bombs almost exclusively when air currents and winds would carry the poison across millions of hectares to the North Queensland coast.
- The growing volume of evidence to show that safety regulations in force immediately after the explosions were often either inadequate or ignored.
- The embarrassment of having to persuade Britain to come back 25 years later and pick up her litter — half a kilogram of plutonium, or 800 tonnes of radioactive waste, depending on whose version you accept.

As can be seen, Mr Fraser's nightmare remains the same, it's just the cast that keeps changing.

> It took four RAAF servicemen, plus a specialist officer, a year to rid the four Lincolns of radioactivity.

And election year is not the time for radioactive dreams.

The Great Barrier Reef scare is a classic illustration of the inconsistency in attitudes toward safety, both for people and the environment. In the 1950s it was fashionable to fly straight into the mushroom cloud immediately after the explosion. The *Melbourne Sun* of September 28, 1956 reported: "Eight minutes after the burst, Canberra jet bombers flew right into the atomic cloud to take test samples and to track the atomic cloud as it dissipated over the desert."

The Canberras used that day were British, but on other occasions Australian Lincolns were used for photography and monitoring quite close to the blast. Not surprisingly, they were found to have more than a lick of contamination lingering about them.

Amazingly, no one seemed to worry about this for a while, but then it was decided to fly the four aircraft out to the RAAF base at Amberley, near Brisbane. Here the story is taken up by a man with close-cropped, iron-grey hair who works in real estate an hour north of Amberley.

Former Warrant Officer Noel Freeman begins by telling how badly contaminated were those four Lincolns. It took him and three other servicemen, plus a specialist officer, one year, beginning in 1954, to rid them of radioactivity.

"I was in charge of the decontamination centre," he says. "I was a sergeant then. The aircraft were parked on a big apron. It was inside a compound with the gates kept locked. Nobody else was allowed in.

"It was an enormous saucer-shaped concrete area and as we cleaned the Lincolns, everything ran down into the dip. It was drained into storage tanks and pumped into an evaporator. If you got 1000 gallons going in, you'd be left with 100. You'd boil it up and the steam went out through vents into the atmosphere, but only after it'd been monitored. It was never released while it was active."

So what was left in the bottom of that tank was the concentrated essence of radioactive liquid waste. This brew was then taken off into a series of 44-gallon drums, between 12 and 14 of them in all. Another dozen drums of the same size contained solid parts of the aircraft too heavily contaminated for cleansing. These parts were thrown into the drums, then had concrete poured over them. Noel Freeman's secret is what happened to those drums.

"We loaded them on board an aircraft. There were two occasions. I didn't go out myself, I think it was the same pilot and the same plane both times. We heard him say afterwards that the drums with the solid parts had gone straight down to the bottom, but the ones with liquid in burst open when they hit the ocean. That's understandable when you think about it, they'd have to. He said the water changed color, it was like a pea soup."

Mr Freeman is less forthcoming when pressed about the exact location of the drop. Initially he says it was "some way north-east of Brisbane". But then an official of the Australian Nuclear Veterans Association (ANVA) tells *Australian Penthouse* Mr Freeman mentioned to him a distance of 200 miles. Maps are checked, and the X is marked almost due east of Rockhampton, on the southern edge of the Reef.

Later Mr Freeman denied he was emphatic about the figure 200 — "It could have been anywhere between 200 and 600," he said.

Either way, this criminally irresponsible act contrasts strangely with the stringent safety precautions taken by Mr Freeman and his team during their cleaning duties. Such a contrast typifies the erratic approach of the authorities in such a vital area.

Noel Freeman is far from confident he escaped unscathed. Regular blood checks for two years after his period with the Lincolns didn't prevent an uniden-

tified stomach disorder emerging later. He says: "It is a worry. Nobody seems to know what it is, it could be attributable to my service."

For all his fears, Noel Freeman did at least have the benefits of protective clothing and other safety measures. Australia's Aboriginals fared nothing like so well in the wake of Britain's A-bomb tests. The extent to which they may have suffered is only being properly evaluated today.

At the time of the tests, the usual assurances were given — all Aboriginals would be warned off radioactive areas and signs would be posted to keep them out over the years to follow. Nobody stopped to think that most of the Aboriginals concerned couldn't read.

Harold Crosbie, national secretary of ANVA, was one of the first to realise the implications of the tests for Australia's native people. It is due to his efforts that much of the evidence is finally starting to emerge.

Even so, there are still those determined to keep the lid on things. Earlier this year, a British air vice-marshal who served at Maralinga made the following statement during an interview on an ABC radio current affairs program: "We rounded up the Aborigines and took them off to a safe area if my memory serves me right. We kept them there. We had the Australian regional officers to look after their affairs. They were there, and were responsible for their well-being, and when the tests were over, and the radiation levels had subsided, they were allowed back into their own particular area and they went walkabout again."

This distinguished old gentleman seems to be harboring a few misconceptions. Just how, for instance, do you go about "rounding up" a people who can use a few grains of sand for cover in an area so large? That's not to mention the doubtful morality of rounding anybody up on their own land and incarcerating them, even given the benefits of "regional officers to look after their affairs".

Then, who decided when it was safe to allow the Aboriginals to go walkabout again? Radiation levels around Maralinga are still considered high enough to warn visitors to stay only for limited periods. Who was there, months after the tests, to warn groups of natives to break camp, to tell them they had been in a suspect area too long?

There is, fortunately, no shortage of eyewitnesses to provide a more realistic account than that given by the air vice-marshal. Jim Lester, now the 38-year-old director of the Alice Springs-based Institute for Aboriginal Development, was a young member of the Yankunyatjara people at the time of the tests.

He says: "I was 10 or 11 at the time I think. On this day we woke up early in the morning at sunrise. We were on the Wallatinna Station. I suppose about seven in the morning — I don't really know, I've never been to school — I heard this big bang, everybody in the camp site woke up saying: 'What was that?' It was like a shotgun going off.

"I don't know how long after it was, we saw this smoke. Old feller from the camp reckoned it was the next day. It was black, greasy, sort of shiny. The sun was shining on it, black and shiny with grey, like ash. It was rolling up to us through the mulga. We thought it was a mamu, that's our name for a devil spirit. The old people got their woomeras to wave it away, but it was very strong mamu. I can't remember too well, but the old feller said it smelt strong.

"We tried to bury ourselves in the sand, but it was too late anyway. It stayed around us for a while, I don't know how long. I don't remember how much later,

> 'The bloke on the phone said: 'You can take a message. Tell him not to say any more about Aborigines.'

we started being sick, and we had diarrhoea. Pretty well all of us, some were worse. There were about 40 or 45 of us.

"We had very sore eyes, very red and tears. I could not open my eyes, and I could not see again with one eye. Ever again. The other eye was very poor, and went altogether a few years later. Now I am blind and the eye specialist, he tells me it is glaucoma and measles. I don't know."

When Jim Lester is asked about deaths from the black mist, he remembers what happened to some of the elders: "Some got really bad. It is our custom when a member of the family passes away, we move from the camp. After that, we were moving from the camp quite a lot. I don't know what they died from — young fellers are not allowed to see dead people.

"It wasn't just my people. White station owners were hit. The Government tries to keep it a secret, and for a long time we thought it was just one of those white feller's magic."

One of those white station owners, Mrs E. L. Giles, now 74, was living at the Welbourne Hill Station, north-west of Wallatinna, when the cloud came through. She remembers staying inside with all windows closed until it had blown over. Afterwards fruit trees were coated with an oily dust, and had soon withered and died. Although she is not sure there is a connection. Mrs Giles reports that her husband and two employees died later from cancer.

Servicemen in the area of the tests have equally disturbing memories.

Kevin Woodlands, a draftsman in a country town north of Brisbane, was an Army sapper in May 1957, working in the desert near Maralinga with an advance party of Australian servicemen and British scientists.

"We were all in protective clothing and we had portable showers with us for decontamination. It was a radioactive area," he said.

"We came across this family of four Aboriginals. They had walked down from Alice Springs, they must have passed through the test area and slept on the ground. The dirt was two inches thick on the bottom of the shower when we had finished with them. To begin with they couldn't understand what we wanted. They had come to us with a billy for water, and we ran a geiger counter over them. The readings were pretty frightening.

"They didn't know what was happening. We wanted them to undress. The woman was wearing a potato sack, and the bloke didn't want us taking it off her. There were two children as well. In the end we got them into the showers and they had to go through time and time again.

"There was a bit of panic eventually. About 50 scientists came down and we were told to forget the whole thing. The Aboriginals were taken back to Maralinga, and that was the last we saw of them."

Kevin Woodlands did as he was told, and kept quiet for years: "I kept it to myself because I thought it was covered by the Official Secrets Act. But when I heard this British air vice-marshal bloke on the radio saying we put them all in a compound, that made me angry, and I started talking about it. Then in July this year my wife got a phone call at home, somebody asking for me by name.

"She said: 'Can I take a message?' because I wasn't there. The bloke on the phone said: 'You can take a message. Tell him not to say any more about Aborigines.' That doesn't worry me, I won't be gagged."

Until Kevin Woodlands spoke out, the official line given out by the Australian Government was that no Aboriginals had been affected by the blasts. This was later amended to take in Mr Woodlands' story.

More amendments to the Government's official line are expected before

We have an agreement.

I promised her the best of everything.

I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moet et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

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That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.

Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

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too long. One of the reasons may well be the statement of Patrick Connolly, a Perth businessman and a naturalised Australian who, as an Irishman, served with the RAF as a corporal at Maralinga from 1959 to 1962.

He says: "The problem of Aboriginals walking into restricted areas round Maralinga and Emu Plains was never ending. The signs were useless. During the 2½ years I was there I would have seen 400 or 500 of them in contaminated areas. Occasionally, we would bring them in for decontamination.

"Other times we just shooed them off like rabbits. In some cases I know we just weren't interested because we didn't understand the seriousness of the situation. I can think of 14 or 15 ex-servicemen I have had contact with since then who would back me up, but most of them are scared to come forward.

"I have been told to keep my mouth shut many times. I have had personal visits from security agents, they show you their identification, but you don't get too long to look at it. This was before I became an Australian citizen, and they made it clear to me I was just an Irishman rocking the boat, I could be made to leave the country. I know of more than a dozen people I served with who have cancer, in some cases it is their widows who are afraid to come forward.

"It was ridiculous to expect 20 or 30 of our blokes to patrol an area that size. It was just a token attempt. It was just a question of whistling at a guy two miles away."

One of the inevitable results of all the rumors is that teams of scientists and doctors have started their own inquiries. Dr Trevor Cutter, of the Central Aboriginal Congress, a body funded by the Department of Aboriginal Affairs, has spent weeks in the outback with notebooks and tape recorders, listening to eye witness accounts from Aboriginals.

Eventually Dr Cutter hopes to collect enough evidence to support a Royal Commission or a World Health Organisation inquiry. The South Australian Health Commission is already in on the act, and is expected to swell the ranks of those already touring the outback, pens in hand.

One of these is Danny Vachon, a French-Canadian anthropologist with the Pitjantjatjara Council, who outlined one of the main problems with his research.

Confirmation that an individual has died from radiation-connected sickness can be found in his bones and it is a distinct possibility that Aboriginal graves across Australia contain all the evidence necessary for the scientists to prove their case — but strict native custom forbids the disturbing of remains.

The case being argued for the 2000 Australian servicemen, Commonwealth Police and civilians who participated in the tests, and those people who have since fallen victim to cancers and other serious health disorders, is also facing problems, but can still point to a great deal of progress.

Since Harold Crosbie and his national president, Pat Creevey, formed the Australian Nuclear Veterans Association earlier this year, their voice and their influence has grown stronger by the week. Nerve centre for the association is a small room in RSL member Harold Crosbie's suburban Brisbane home. Here piles of documents, letters, Government reports and newspaper clippings threaten to bury their owner as he coordinates ANVA's fight for justice.

Their first setback came when the Federal Government made it clear they would not supply a list of the 2000 Australians involved. As Mr Crosbie says: "We knew then they really did have something to hide. If everything was above board, as

> It was ridiculous to expect 20 or 30 men to patrol that area. It was just a question of whistling at a bloke two miles away.

they claim, the list would only have proved them right. Keeping it back does the reverse."

Since that refusal the association has gone a long way towards finding out the 2000 names the hard way — word of mouth had them well on the way to the first 1000 when this article went to press. When the ANVA makes contact with a potential member it informs him of what is being attempted, and invites him to join for a fee of $10. Then, whether he joins or not, he is invited to fill in a medical questionnaire and "radiation profile". A letter is also sent to his GP requesting that certain medical tests be undertaken.

By the time 50 radiation profiles had been completed, it was becoming clear that many elementary precautions were neglected during the British tests.

The association's honorary medical officer, Dr L. S. S. Lau, is responsible for collating the medical survey, and the radiation profiles are to go through a computer. Crosbie and Creevey are understandably guarded about what is emerging so far, but both agree that the number of cancers and other radiation-connected sicknesses being turned up are far in excess of what could be expected from comparison with a control group with no such exposure.

By July, 68 cases of cancer — 54 of them fatal — had been discovered. The dates of death of 14 were unknown, but of the remaining 40 there were 28 deaths in the 1970s and 12 in the 1960s. According to Harold Crosbie, this points to the classic 15-20 years cycle of manifestation, gestation and death, based on evidence from the Japanese experience of atomic explosions.

Besides cancer, other radiation-connected sicknesses are cropping up regularly in the surveys. These include blood and bone disorders, sterility, tumors, nervous disorders, and blood disorders and other handicaps in veterans' children.

Another area the association wants to investigate is the treatment of veterans for radiation sickness. So far six men have mentioned such treatment, but there appears to be an attempt by the Government to cover up all medical records in this area.

One of the most tragic cases encountered by the association was that of veteran Lester Stephens, 48. During a 12-year stint with the RAN, Stephens spent time at Maralinga, and witnessed four of the tests, three of them from relatively close range. Later in life he contracted cancer of the lip and bowel, and, on hearing of the association's existence, made the connection between his disease and his naval service.

He joined the association and was examined by Dr Lau, who felt: "There are definite grounds to suggest Mr Stephens' sickness was caused by radiation exposure. I sincerely feel there was a most definite link." After his initial examination Stephens made an appointment to discuss his case further with Harold Crosbie.

The veteran had already made three attempts to obtain a 100 percent pension for his cancer, and had been turned down on each occasion, because the Government refused to recognise any connection between the bowel cancer and his service, although they did accept the lip cancer was service related. It was over this refusal Stephens was meeting with Harold Crosbie on the morning of July 8.

Instead, he telephoned Crosbie in the early hours of the morning to tell him he would not be able to keep the appointment. When Crosbie asked why not, Stephens told him he would be dead, because he had taken an overdose of sleeping tablets.

Crosbie immediately alerted the police, and told them to search phone booths near Stephens' home. By the time they found him, it was too late.

In addition to medical help, the ANVA is also offering to provide legal assistance

for members, and has already enlisted the support of Brisbane solicitor Bill McMillan, the man responsible for representing Australians involved in the Agent Orange class action proceeding in America.

One compensation action against the Government was settled long before the advent of the ANVA. In 1974 Mrs Peggy Jones, of Clayton, Victoria, now the association's co-ordinator for that state, was awarded the princely sum of $8600 for her husband's life.

A warrant officer with the Armored Corps, he had died from leukaemia in 1966 During the 1953 tests at Emu Field, a Centurion tank was placed deliberately close to the bomb site. The idea was to explode the bomb, then check the tank for damage.

WO Jones was the man chosen to enter the contaminated area after the explosion and bring the tank out. Not surprisingly the Centurion was so badly damaged it refused to start and the necessary spare parts were two days arriving. WO Jones waited those two days beside the tank in the contaminated area. His leukaemia can hardly have been a shock to the authorities. Despite this, it took Mrs Jones an eight-year legal battle to win her $8600, a sum described in Federal Parliament by Mr Uren as "miserly and begrudging".

Another compensation case which has dragged on even longer is that of Richard Daryl Johnstone, a Leading Aircraftsman with the RAAF. Mr Johnstone, now aged 46, has taken 24 years to win the right to legal assistance to press his claim for compensation. He witnessed several tests at Maralinga in 1956, but like WO Jones experienced his most trying moments at Emu Field.

He was out helping search for a surveyor who was thought to be lost in the desert. Mr Johnstone didn't find the surveyor, but he did stumble on a mystery town in the middle of nowhere, complete with 25 buildings, kitchens stocked with food, fridges, knives and forks, bedding and radios, and vehicles with keys still in the ignition. He remained there for two nights, not knowing the place was Emu Field, that it was heavily contaminated, and that tests had been conducted there in 1953.

No one had bothered to warn Mr Johnstone about Emu Field, and it was only by chance that he discovered later where he had been. Within a year he was suffering attacks of nausea and giddiness. Finally an RAAF doctor diagnosed radiation sickness and he was sent to the RAAF base hospital at Richmond for treatment.

Here the diagnosis was changed conveniently to one of nervous disorder, the reason given later for Mr Johnstone's discharge on medical grounds. Since then he has suffered premature ageing, acute anxiety, an allergic asthmatic condition and neurodermatitis. Small as it is in comparison with his sufferings, Mr Johnstone regards the decision in March this year to allow him legal assistance as a major breakthrough.

The next chapter in the Maralinga Affair centres around the late Dr Hedley Marston, former director of the CSIRO's Division of Biochemistry.

Dr Marston was, in short, an embarrassment to the British and Australian authorities. He knew too much.

One of the things he knew was that fall-out from the explosions at Maralinga and Monte Bello drifted, almost without exception, across country. Given the close proximity of the Maralinga test site to the southern coast of the Australian mainland, it would seem entirely logical that, if scientists had any control over which direction the fall-out clouds drifted, they would choose to allow it to drift southwards across a few kilometres of almost unpopulated land, then out over the ocean.

There is no doubt that scientists did have some choice in the matter — for the Maralinga test of September 27 1956, for instance, they waited a full 16 days for the right weather conditions. The "right" conditions saw the clouds drifting, as usual, in a north-easterly direction, eventually dispersing out to sea only after they had drifted thousands of kilometres across land from Maralinga to the Queensland coast.

A layman faced with this information could be forgiven for posing the question: "Why north-east? Why not in the supposedly harmless direction due south of the coastline?" Does the asking of such a question reveal some terrible technical ignorance?

"Not at all," *Penthouse* was told by no less an authority than F.P. (Rob) Robotham, Radiation Protection Officer at the University of Melbourne, a man with 23 years experience in this field.

"It's a perfectly understandable question, and one I would be interested in knowing the answer to myself. The only theory I could put forward would be that they were trying to avoid Adelaide."

But that doesn't seem to hold water, since Marston discovered that in the early hours of October 12, 1956, Adelaide received a frighteningly heavy dose of fall-out from a test 800km away at Maralinga. Nobody knew about it at the time, because those same old press releases were being churned out, telling everybody there wasn't a thing to worry about.

But Hedley Marston was worried. His research, in the form of air samples, showed him that radiation readings over Adelaide were up to 900 times higher than those taken before the test. His findings were, of course, suppressed. His personal assistant at the time, Miss Shirley Allen, now 63, is still convinced of that.

So, if the scientists weren't trying to avoid Adelaide, what other reasons could they have for failing to allow the drift to go southwards. It takes a brave man to put forward the kind of theory held by Harold Crosbie on this point, but Crosbie's work on the Maralinga Affair has never been characterised by reticence.

He points to a map of Australia and picks out a number of small towns, places like Longreach, Mt Isa, Blackall, and Charleville, all roughly in the same area, all relatively small towns with stable populations, and all slap in the path of those drifting clouds of fall-out.

Then Crosbie poses a question almost too hideous for contemplation.

"If you were a scientist," he says, "and you were looking for a population centre on which to base your statistics — the effects of fall-out, the incidence of sicknesses like cancer and so on — where would you choose? Would you go for a large town like Adelaide or Melbourne, with its highly mobile population, always difficult to keep track of over the years?

"Or would you go for a small country town where everybody knows everybody's business, where the newcomers aren't hard to trace, and where the destinations of those who leave are known to everybody? It's not a hard question to answer, is it?"

Crosbie rapidly found that Marston had been carrying out his own research in those same little country towns. His method was to visit abattoirs collecting the thyroid glands of sheep and cattle to test them for radioactivity, revealed by the levels of iodine 131 in the samples.

Months of work by Marston and his team revealed, in the scientist's own words, "that extensive areas of Australia have been contaminated, and some of the more heavy precipitations occurred on terrain situated over 1500 miles from the site of the explosion, in areas more or less thickly populated".

He also found that effects of the explosions "could be detected in the animals

There is a great deal of dispute over the actual numbers, locations and dates of the explosions. Here is the most generally accepted catalogue.

Date	Location
October 15, 1953	Emu
October 27, 1953	Emu
September 27, 1956	Maralinga
October 4, 1956	Maralinga
October 11, 1956	Maralinga
October 22, 1956	Maralinga
September 14, 1957	Maralinga
September 25, 1957	Maralinga
October 9, 1957	Maralinga

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grazing within a tand of terrain about 1000 miles wide, stretching west to east across the continent. Some of the areas most heavily contaminated with fall-out from the plumes (clouds) were 1500 to 2000 miles away from the weapon test site on the north-eastern seaboard, and in central western Queensland". Rockhampton, for instance, with its population of 40,000, had revealed radioactivity levels 3000 times higher than those taken before the atomic tests.

Not surprisingly, Dr Marston was becoming increasingly disturbed by his discoveries. A series of semi-public rows with the Atomic Weapons Test Safety Committee finally goaded him into writing the following to Dr F. W. G. White, executive director of the CSIRO: "Our thyroid findings, taken in conjunction with various 'official' announcements in the press, can only lead to one of two conclusions, viz. either monitoring set up in use at present is incapable of doing what it aims to accomplish, or the authorities have been less than forthcoming."

By now Marston was clearly becoming more than an embarrassment. Not only was he finding out too much, he was accusing the authorities of being less than honest in their repeated claims that all was well. Professor (later Sir) Ernest Titterton, deputy head of the safety committee, was still maintaining:

"There is no danger of significant fall-out outside the immediate target area."

Committee chairman Professor) Later Sir Leslie) L. H. Martin went even further. In September 1956 he announced: "There is no possible risk of danger now or at any future time to any person, stock or property. All dangerous fall-out has been deposited, and the remaining fall-out is completely innocuous. Measurements taken in the late afternoon and during the night (after the first of the Maralinga tests) by aircraft, and on the ground by mobile units, all confirm the scientists' predictions that the operation would be carried out with complete safety." Marston pressed on with the research he believed was presenting the true picture, and completed the true picture, and completed the scienfific paper on his studies in February 1957. Strangely, it was not published until late 1958 — and the publication chosen for its release was an obscure scientific journal, now defunct. A journal with a circulation only a fraction of that of the newspapers in whichTitterton and Martin were enjoying their exposure.

The salient point about the eventual release of Marston's paper was that it had been gutted of all its "security sensitive" material. This meant, of course, that most, if not all, of Marston's inconvenient findings had been deleted. Even copies of the "censored" version of Marston's paper are hard to come by, although Crosbie has been able to provide one. He is not so confident about obtaining a copy of the uncensored original.

By the time his "censored" version had been released, Marston's repeated conflicts with the safety committee were causing him serious problems. The committee had put out its own paper in 1958, contradicting much of what Marston had discovered, and when Marston was relieved of his thyroid sample collecting duties because of ill-health, the Safety Committee took over the responsibility.

Marston died in 1965, from another heart attack, on the day of his retirement from the CSIRO.

Rob Robotham was asked if he put any credence in the seemingly outrageous claim that an Australian town had been used as a nuclear guinea pig: "The scientists involved in those tests had to accept that people were going to be irradiated, and any dosage carried with it some risk to the well-being of those irradiated.

> Not only was he finding out too much, he was accusing the authorities of being less than honest in saying all was well.

"In the 1950s it was believed there was a threshold dose, below which danger did not occur. The view now is that there is no safe dosage.

"A politician has no choice but to accept the scientist's expert view, and I think they firmly believed the amount of fall-out being produced was not going to put people at risk.

"I would not accept, however, that they consciously used these small centres of population as guinea pigs. It was probably a choice of them or Adelaide, although I cannot understand why they didn't allow fall-out to drift southwards over the Bight. The whole thing was probably a subconscious decision. If they felt that Britain getting the atom bomb was going to save millions of lives back home, how does that weigh in the balance with the lives of one or two farmers or Aboriginals?

"As for Marston, it's clear he knew too much and they had to gag him. There's no question he was a man with a reputable career behind him. You don't get where he was without ability."

The final chapter of the Maralinga Affair deals with Britain's trip to South Australia last year to retrieve her nuclear waste. The embarrassing saga began in December 1976, when a former RAAF man, Avin Hudson, of Balaklava, 90km north of Adelaide, broke 15 years of silence to reveal his role in the burying of plutonium at Maralinga.

His graphic description of the events of the late 1950s and early 1960s detailed 26 lead-lined boxes, each weighing between two and four tonnes, which were buried — always under the cover of darkness and usually under the control of at least one British scientist with Commonwealth police officers and security men standing by. Mr Hudson said 3m holes were dug by bulldozers in the sand next to the Maralinga airstrip and, once the boxes were inside, were covered with 10cm of concrete.

The day after Mr Hudson's startling revelations the Defence Department in Canberra agreed that "bits and pieces" of radioactive waste had been buried at Maralinga, but: "It is a perfectly safe area." Within days Defence Minister Killen was in on the act, and Britain's Defence Ministry was denying all knowledge of the dump.

Within hours of Britain's refusal to do anything over a situation about which they claimed they knew nothing, the South Australian Mines and Energy Minister was quoting from British documents which, he said, revealed that 800 tonnes of radioactive waste had been deposited at Maralinga. Unaccountably almost two years passed before Australia began insisting, in October 1978, that Britain come and collect what she had left behind.

Early in November, after an inspection and more furore, Britain agreed to take back the plutonium.

Three months later it was revealed that the waste would be removed once more in the dead of night, and spirited back to Britain. Details had to be kept secret, however, for fear of a hijacking on the ship or plane transporting the deadly material.

Eight months after the final exit, it was deemed safe to reveal that a total of 11 tonnes of material had been removed from Maralinga.

In a rare burst of frankness the Federal Government announced, after the removal of the waste, that it will be 50 years before Maralinga is completely safe from radiation contamination — something worth bearing in mind for sight-seers.

Ironically enough, this desolate place has always had an appropriate meaning for Australia's native people — Maralinga is an Aboriginal word meaning "Field of Thunder". Who will hang around over the next 50 years to warn the descendents of those who chose the name that it's not just lightning that kills?

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The first gorilla to have learned how to "talk", gives her views on love, life and death.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO KOKO

BY GARY HANAUER

Inside an old, white, reconverted mobile home, on a ridge high above the town of Woodside, California, a strange scene is being re-enacted for about the millionth time: a black-haired gorilla — naked except for a bright orange rug she has thrown over her head — is racing back and forth, up and down the length of the trailer. A second later the great ape is barrelling her 175-pound body into the walls of the structure, then bouncing her head against the plywood roof. Hanging from the ceiling are toy alligators, seven of them in all. But the gorilla does not seem to mind their glaring eyes, their gaping mouths, their lashing tails. The gorilla seems to realise that these are not real alligators, but she tries just the same to avoid striking them directly. And all the while, in what seems to be a cross between *Bedtime for Bonzo* and *Planet of the Apes*, the gorilla is wildly gesturing with her hands as the building reverberates from a series of shuddering thuds set off by the bouncing.

Also inside the trailer, a woman with blonde hair sits laughing: "Koko, you're a nut." Again, the gorilla begins frantically making signs with her hands. "She says she doesn't want to work anymore," shrugs the woman. "She says she's on holidays."

The gorilla's name is Hanabi-Ko which is Japanese for Firecracker-Child (she was born on July 4), but most people just call her Koko. Those who know her best, like the blonde-haired woman, 33-year-old Francine ("Penny") Patterson, call her Coke, which also happens to be one of the gorilla's favorite drinks (just behind sparkling apple juice and Perrier).

And at nine years of age, Koko is not only believed by some researchers to be the world's smartest living animal — in terms of her ability to think and understand — but is also the first gorilla to have learned how to "talk". Though Koko thoroughly understands English — a fact that in itself boggles the minds of some observers — she, like all gorillas, lacks a voice box to express herself verbally. Instead, she communicates by American Sign Language, an idiom that is being painstakingly taught to her by Patterson, who became interested in non-human primatology in 1971, while a graduate student at Stanford University. But the fact that Koko can understand English or "talk" through sign language is not the most remarkable thing about this very remarkable animal.

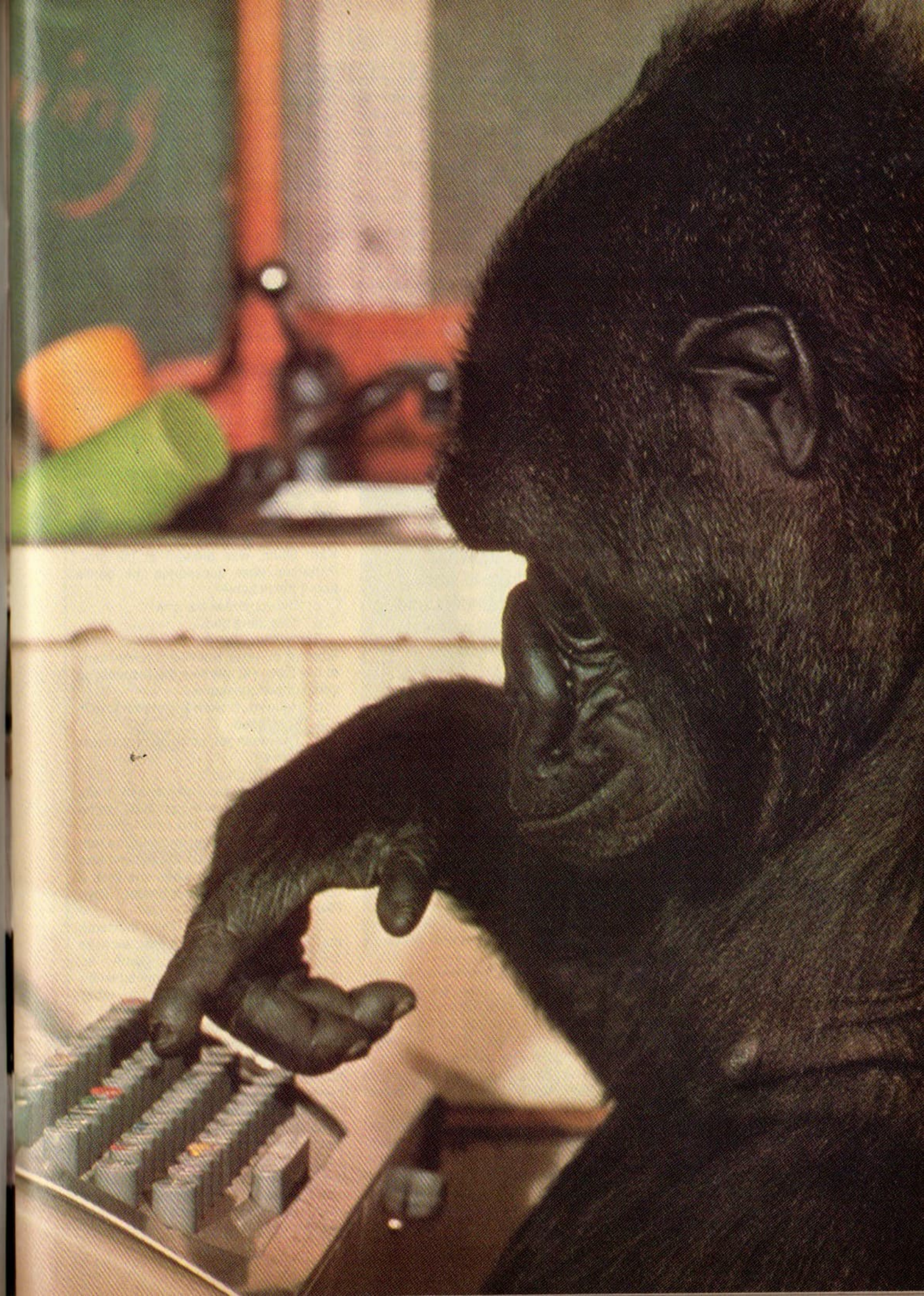
Other primates — a chimpanzee named Washoe that learned 132 signs in the late 1960s, another called Sarah that mastered 130 words, a third named Nim Chimpsky that's being raised by a Columbia University psychologist, two chimps at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Centre in Atlanta, and Washoe's "adopted" child, Loulis — have managed to communicate with humans. But none have come close to Koko's skyrocketing vocabulary — at last count, nearly 800 words, more than half of which she uses on a regular basis.

We wondered first if Koko really *feels*, and, if she does, then how she feels about — well, about everything. How does she feel, for example, about herself? Or about love? Who is she most attracted to? Who does she yearn to be near? How does a gorilla feel about death or work or coexistence with humans? And what does she think about creatures who have to live in cages all their lives?

When it comes to determining whether Koko has feelings, the first thing you've got to do is look at how she uses her burgeoning vocabulary. After three years of work, Koko had conquered 184 signs. By four and a half years of age, she was using 222 signs at least 15 times each per month. Two years later, the ape was up to 645 signs. Since then, Patterson's goal has been to teach Koko about 15 new words a month.

"She makes up a lot of the words herself," says Patterson. "The other day she decided to invent a sign for blowing it. Sometimes, when she's naughty, we tell her in English that she's blowing it. Now she can tell us the same thing back."

Some of Koko's inventions are particularly intriguing. By touching her lip with her index finger, she calls herself, as well as any other female, "Lip". Any



mischievous person or animal, including Michael, Koko's seven-and-a-half-year-old gorilla playmate and an ardent roughhouser, is referred to as "Devil". Her current name for Barbara Hiller; one of the half-dozen volunteers who work with Patterson, is "Fake Tooth", presumably because of Hiller's gold tooth.

"Koko has a great sense of humor," notes Patterson, "but she can also be quite stubborn." Others who have seen the talkative ape in action report much the same thing.

Hiller knows Koko's antics all too well. She relates that a few weeks before we were to begin our own conversations with Koko, the gorilla watched her carefully as she walked over to a nearby refrigerator, then suddenly grabbed Hiller's cigarettes and the car keys from her lab coat. Hiller, who was knocked over in the process, says the gorilla then "cheerfully" ambled over to a corner and began playing with the cigarettes.

Asked later to explain the incident to a very angry Patterson ("I couldn't believe she'd pull a stunt like that on such a long-time friend"), Koko at first blamed it on "the floor", "Barbara", and anything else she thought might be convincing. Finally, after several days of punishment — including a ban on visitors and treats — the gorilla admitted: "Koko curious coat cigarettes." According to Patterson, who believes the action took at least some planning: "A day earlier Barbara and I had been discussing how interesting the coat was. She must have overheard us."

Another time, Koko signed to a volunteer that she wanted to play tug-of-war with her blanket — one of the gorilla's favorite games. She waited until the young woman was tugging with all her strength, then let go and watched in glee as the technician toppled backwards on to both her bottom and a piece of cake that was lying on the floor. "Koko thought it was hysterical," remembers Hiller, "and began grunting, the equivalent of what would be laughter."

Then there are the word games.

Koko is an accomplished poet and punner, not to mention her inventing of metaphors and jokes. Almost completely out of the blue, she has been known to illustrate in sign language her understanding of English words that rhyme. Among them: "Squash wash", "pink drink" (when the drink she was pointing to was a different color), "sip lip", "bear hair", and "sweet neat".

Sometimes, her puns are more obvious. When we asked Koko, using Patterson as a translator, whether she thought Michael was good-looking, the gorilla replied: "Know, know." Says Patterson, who would eventually like the pair to mate: "That response is probably a pun on 'no-no'."

Koko, however, is not content to poke fun at just English. She plays similar word games with sign language. When Patterson asked her for a second word that rhymes with "sweet", Koko responded with the sign for "red". In sign language, the gestures for "sweet" and "red" are the same way except for one difference: "red" requires an extra finger to be moved along the lips.

Humor is only one of a whole array of humanlike qualities Koko exhibits. She hurls insults and epithets at people she doesn't like. At times she is also jealous, affectionate, lonely, bored, fearful, and, as in the case of grabbing Hiller's coat, a downright liar.

At one point during our series of interviews, when it started to rain, Koko signed that she wanted one of the curtains of the trailer closed, a definite indication that she was afraid of something outside. "When the curtains are down she feels more secure," says Patterson.

> Koko has been known to illustrate in sign language her understanding of English words that rhyme.

Fear has also been used against Koko. Despite the fact that Koko has never encountered a real one, she is terrified of alligators. Both to explore this feeling and to try to stop the gorilla from bouncing against the flimsy plywood panels that protect the trailer's ceiling, which Koko frequently does when she is in oestrus or "heat", Patterson installed the series of toy alligators. Koko seems to realise they are not real but respects their presence anyway.

Koko herself has tried using fear as a manipulative tool. When an assistant, Cindy, was apparently too slow in delivering a meal to Koko, the gorilla signed: "Alligator chase lip." The bewildered woman signed back to Koko, "Alligator?" Then the gorilla, apparently referring to the food Cindy was holding replied: "Alligator do that hurry."

Koko requires much more physical contact and attention from others than do human children. Some of that contact is in playing games (in addition to tug-of-war, she likes to play "chase" with both Michael and human visitors). At other times she enjoys actual touching.

Koko is also moody. "One minute," grimaces a volunteer, "she can be very charming. Then, all of a sudden, she's become bored. Sometimes, if she's been with the same person for too long, she signs that she just wants to be by herself."

Koko's limited attention span often shows itself when she's asked to do work — work that usually involves rote vocabulary drills and endless measurements of the gorilla's celebrated abilities. For example, by pressing the keys of a computerised keyboard linked to a voice synthesiser — the brainchild of Stanford professor Patrick Suppes — Koko can now audibly "say" 46 words and hear what her creations sound like at the same time.

But after a few hours of tests, Koko is likely to sign "lip vacation", which means that she is on vacation and doesn't want to work, or "sleep now" or even "big trouble", which also indicates disgruntlement.

Koko has lied, usually to avoid punishment, on countless occasions. During one especially mischievous adventure, Koko hopped on to a sink, which promptly popped out of its frame. An assistant, Kate Mann, was present at the time. Patterson later questioned the gorilla about the mischief:

Q: "Did you break the sink?"

A: "Kate there bad."

Sometimes by accident and other times on purpose, Koko has broken many of her toys. Yet this was the response to some of our questions:

Q: "Have you broken any of your toys?"

A: "Koko good."

Q: "You mean you've *never* broken any of your toys?"

A: "Know lip good."

Another of Koko's personality traits that she shares with at least some humans is that she likes other animals. She's had a cat for a pet and enjoys a rabbit that lives underneath the trailer. "And she gets very excited when she sees a hummingbird come to our feeder," says Patterson.

But perhaps the most telling incidents that indicate Koko has needs, such as company, and feelings, such as mischievousness, have happened when she actually tried to "talk" to other animals.

One time, when she was out on a walk with Patterson, they came upon a herd of cows grazing just beyond a fence. "Come here!" Koko repeatedly signed to the cows.

"The funny thing," swears Patterson, "was that these were not your ordinary cows. They had a reputation of coming only to certain people in the area, and they had never seen Koko." But the cows came anyway. All the time, Koko was energetically signing for more of the herd to come. When they finally did so, the sly

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gorilla put her hands on her head, pretending she was very scary, and charged the animals. She later repeated the same game with a nearby horse.

But games aren't the only thing Koko seems to have definite feelings and intentions about. She may be just a beguiling imp to some animal lovers, but this gorilla doesn't always monkey around. She could, it had seemed from Patterson's previous research, be quite serious.

But *how serious* can a gorilla really be? We wondered if Patterson wasn't "reading" more into Koko's answers than they really deserved. After nearly a year of urging, Patterson finally let us devise our own questions and, with the help of both Patterson and her volunteers, offer them to Koko. In all, the researchers asked more than 100 of these questions, including spontaneous follow-ups, on our behalf.

For the purpose of clarity and because the questions were posed off and on over several months, many of the responses have been edited, in certain cases (when Koko's attention was flagging, when she tended to repeat herself, when there was no response), simply deleted. And, to group related questions together, we have also changed the order in which some of the dialogue occurred.

First, since birds do it, bees do it, and even educated chimpanzees do it, we wanted to know what the world's smartest gorilla thinks about love. Koko, it turns out, has already been in love. She had what Patterson describes as a "definite crush" on Dave, an assistant who worked with Michael. "She seems to be attracted to men who are neither young nor old," says Patterson "About mid-twenties seems to be her cup of tea. But the person can't be a regular visitor. He's got to pop in once in a while." For example, in an effort to stimulate Koko's interest in Michael, Patterson has shown her films of gorillas making love. But so far Koko seems to regard Michael, who is also learning sign language, as too young for her.

This is how we began our talk:

Q: "Do you know what love is?"

A: "(Having) visitors."

Q: "Do visitors love you in return?"

A: "(They) love me (because I'm) good."

Q: "But what does love mean?"

A: "(It means that) Penny knows (I'm being) good."

Q: So, what is love?"

A: "(Someone) love (-ing) Koko."

Q: "Do you love anyone?"

A: "Koko, devil gorilla, (and) Ron." (Probably meaning "Me, mischievous gorillas, and Ronald H. Cohn," the latter a photographer-researcher whom Koko regards as her father figure.)

Q: "Who do you love the most?"

A: "(Only) Koko knows, Koko knows." (Her actual response was "Know Koko, know Koko," after which she said, "Penny that," and pointed to a valentine Patterson had given her.)

Q: "Do you think Ron and Penny love you?"

A: "Well, you know that I'm good and nice." (Her exact answer to Barbara Hiller was "Koko good, Barbara Koko good and nice know.")

Q: "What is kissing?"

Q: (She slowly moves her lips to the bars that separate her from the interviewer, then kisses the bars.)

Q: "Do you have a special friend?"

A: "Dave, you know, is nice." (Her response was "Nice know Dave.) Patterson believes she uses "know" quite often to mean "you know", an expression the gorilla hears around her keepers.

Q: "And how do you feel about friends?"

A: "Love."

Q: "If you were going to have a party, who would you invite?"

> When we asked her where people go when they die, Koko made the sign for hole and blew a good-bye kiss.

A: "Dave (and) girls."

During other "talks" we discussed many subjects. One of them: what it's like to live with people. When we asked the gorilla whether she prefers living with humans or apes, Koko responded, "Lips", her word for females and an answer Patterson takes to mean people.

Explains the researcher: "She doesn't know any female gorillas." Asked for the reasons behind this choice, Koko said, "Bad Koko good," apparently meaning that though other gorillas are bad, she is good. "So are gorillas bad?" we persisted. Her answer: "Bad." Earlier, Michael had been pushing and biting Koko, a fact that the gorilla apparently chose not to overlook.

How does Koko feel about pregnancy? Would she like to be a mother? "Koko good," was all she would tell us. "That might mean she thinks it's a good idea," guesses Patterson.

But not all of the gorilla's thoughts have to do with life within her immediate surroundings. Koko seems to have a tantalising awareness of major concepts, so much so that Patterson is trying to come up with a way to measure her understanding of ideas. "Her understanding of concepts is running ahead of her vocabulary to express them," Patterson says. "Instead of relying on vocabulary as a yardstick, I'd like to devise a new method of measuring how she thinks."

Even more startling is Koko's grasp of death. As Hiller explains, "When we asked her where people go when they die, Koko made the sign for hole and blew a good-bye kiss. As far as we know, nobody had ever explained burial to her."

Despite the fact that Koko has never seen anyone die, the gorilla has demonstrated her knowledge of death over and over. Another time, when someone asked her where gorillas go when they die, Koko signed back: "Comfortable hole." Months later, when Hiller was discussing the death of her brother with Patterson, she looked over and noticed Koko madly signing away. "She was saying 'Hole, hole, hole.' " Puzzled by these comments, a volunteer finally got up the nerve to ask Koko if she knew *when* people die. The gorilla looked up for a minute, then responded: "Trouble old."

A gorilla that knows about death or, at the very least, about the trappings of death? A gorilla that, when asked what it likes to do best (another of our questions), readily admits she is "lazy"? An animal that seems to pick up as much information by eavesdropping — and perhaps osmosis — as her human keepers do?

To understand the work of Patterson and her volunteers, the first thing you have to realise is that Koko's abilities — indeed, our very comprehension of the personality characteristics and learning process she is communicating — are deeply rooted in the past. Before there was a stubborn, mischievous ape who knew about love and people and cars and friendship, before there was a gorilla who even seemed to understand what freedom meant, there was Washoe.

Prior to Project Washoe, headed by R. Allen and Beatrice Gardner, researchers had widely discounted the ability of primates to acquire language. A chimp named Vicki had learned to pronounce only four words in two years. But the Gardners hit upon an imaginative idea: perhaps primates simply were unable, because of the lack of the necessary physical apparatus, to *vocalise* their words. Perhaps, they theorised, apes could be taught to "speak" by learning sign language. Washoe, a female chimp, quickly proved them right by zooming to 34 signs in 22 months, and soaring to four times that number in 1970.

Other experiments were to follow. David Premack, at the University of California's Santa Barbara campus, used plastic symbols to teach another chimp, Sarah, 130 words and even a few phrases. In Atlanta, Duane Rumbaugh and his wife, Susan Savage-Rumbaugh, were to begin work on a new "language" for apes, Yerkish, that two chimpanzees later learned to use.

Patterson was particularly struck by the Washoe project. She attended a lecture at Stanford given by the Gardners and came away thinking: "If one chimp could be taught American Sign Language, then why not another?"

Patterson decided to find out. At the time, she had no intention of using a gorilla for her work. Besides having what the researcher now calls a "tragically misunderstood" reputation of being extremely aggressive, gorillas were believed to be too stubborn to teach. But a visit to the San Francisco Zoo was to change all that. Patterson noticed a small three-month-old gorilla — Koko — tugging at its mother's neck. Almost impulsively, she asked then-director Ronald Reuther if she could attempt to teach Koko sign language. Reuther, who feared that Koko was too young to be away from her mother (in the wild, gorillas cling to their mothers for three years), said no. But Patterson pressed on. She began learning sign language.

Nine months later, she was back at the zoo. During the interim, the tiny ape had almost died. Her mother, Jackie, had stopped producing milk. Koko was also suffering from dysentery. She was rushed to the University of California Medical Centre, then hand-fed for a period by Reuther. Soon Landis Bell, then-director of the Children's Zoo, and his wife, Dede, adopted Koko as a temporary "foster child", Dede took to carrying the tot in a backpack everywhere she went.

By the time of Patterson's return, Koko, healthy and almost fully recovered, had been moved to the Children's Zoo. Keeper Martin Dias suggested to Patterson that she try once again to persuade Reuther to let her try her project. This time the director agreed.

In 1974 Patterson moved the gorilla to a mobile home. By September 1976 she had acquired a second ape, Michael, and her efforts began attracting national attention. Project Koko has also had its share of detractors. "There are those who would undo all of the work we've done," sighs Patterson.

"Most of them don't know what they're talking about. They are not actually in the field, working with primates. I call them human chauvinists."

What Patterson is talking about is the growing chorus of voices, especially in the past two years, that decry the so-called findings of Patterson, Premack, the Gardners, and the Rumbaughs. The basic complaint is that the experiments are going too fast, that they often lack strict scientific controls, and, most of all, that perhaps they don't really prove that much. Patterson has even received a handful of letters from members of the public, mostly in the South, who complain that what she is doing "is Darwinian", that if God had wanted apes to talk he would have given them voice boxes.

Nonetheless, not all the critics can be disregarded as crackpots. Many of them carry impressive credentials. Scholars like Eric Lennenberg, as well as the late Jacob Bronowski, remain unconvinced that chimpanzees can learn language; they believe that only humans can manipulate grammar to form specific messages, a contention that goes to the heart of what language — depending on whom you ask — really involves.

Even more convincing is the work of Columbia University psychologist Herbert Terrace, who after four years of studying and teaching sign language to chimpanzee Nim Chimpsky — plus the detailed reports of other experiments — concluded that almost all so-called

> Some members of the public complain that if God had wanted apes to talk he would have given them voice boxes.

responses by the apes are simply imitations or memorised repetitions of what the teacher is doing.

But the proponents of ape communication remain steadfastly unconvinced. "Criticism after criticism has backfired or proved premature," believes Eugene Linden, author of *Apes, Men and Language*. The Gardners have accused Terrace of "weasel talk", Patterson has lashed out at him for rather muddle-headed methodology.

But still the question of whether apes can and, in fact — like Koko — have learned to "talk" always comes back to what we mean when we say "talk" or "language". Allen Gardner, who has compiled a list of Washoe's many two-word "constructions", says the non-believers must first agree on a definition for language before they can criticise the primates for noncompliance.

On the other hand, Duane Rumbaugh concedes that there is still no "solid evidence" to prove "the ape is capable of using syntax with competence".

Penny Patterson believes that competence will come — with time. Patterson is "certain" for example, that Koko's vocabulary will burst through the 1000 mark, but beyond that isn't sure of what will transpire.

"Koko," she explains, "is on the threshold of really showing what she can do. But I'm not really sure what that will be, since we don't know what to measure her against."

Is, for example, Koko just an intelligent ape? Is she a mere quirk? The evidence tends to point against this notion, since other primates are learning to "talk". But Patterson and Hiller believe Koko may at least have "special" learning capabilities.

And what will this new frontier, this brave new world of animal communication, mean? Isn't that the real question here? So what if an ape can talk or, in the future, learns to communicate "with competence"? Detractors aside, what if Koko even became, for example, a master of complex grammar?

Again, the answers depend on whom you ask. Take, for instance, the central idea that man is "special", that he stands head and shoulders above other animals. According to the Bible, man shall "have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth".

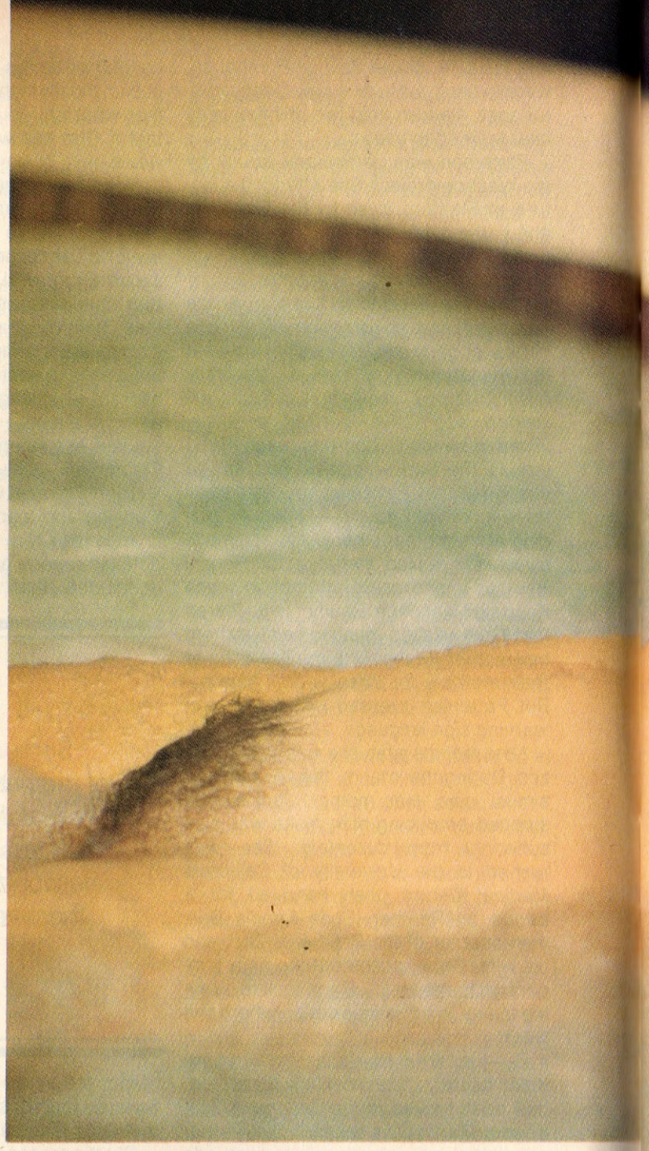
"Personally, I find it very comforting that we're not so different," insists Barbara Hiller. "I know it upsets a lot of people. They feel threatened." Dr Melvin Payne of the National Geographic Society, believes that man's "status or position" is still in place. "Project Koko", he says, "hasn't changed our rank, but this work and the work of others has shown that primates have a learning capability. What we're doing is measuring the ability of great apes, who are somewhere down our family tree, to understand things."

Patterson, who envisions a refuge in which signing apes could live "in relative freedom", believes the truth lies somewhere in between.

"We're still special," she says, "but I'm totally against the people who say primates can't learn to communicate. They are really saying that to infer that animals don't have the rights. They positively, absolutely do."

Already, the projects involving Koko and other apes are paying off *for humans*. In a direct spinoff from the experiments with primates, psychologist Benson Shaffer has been teaching autistic youngsters to use sign language, then English. So far, the program seems to be working.

How does Koko, the superstar of the animal kingdom, feel about the controversy in which she is presently embroiled? Will she stop "talking" so we can go back to being "special"? When we asked her she raised those wide, hairy fingers of hers, made a few gestures, and walked to the back of her room. Patterson's translation of Koko's message to the world: "Lazy, on vacation."



NONA, NATURALLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENNIE ELLIS

"I'm definitely not modest," confesses 20-year-old Nona Batey of Sydney. "I like being looked at and I like looking good. I got a kick out of doing these photos for *Penthouse.* It was fun!" Our 34-23-34 Pet, who was on holidays in Melbourne when we found her, is into natural foods and "unusual things — cosmic things. I'm interested in the Bermuda Triangle and the occult — everything trippy and cosmicky, in fact, anything that sounds logical."

"I am fascinated by astrology and I have had my zodiac chart done. Most of my planets are in my career zone, and I'm definitely going to be famous. I'm doing an acting course at the moment because I think I have potential in that area, but I don't really have an ambition because I know something's going to happen to me. I'm a Leo — very generous and loving and a bit egotistical, but in a good way," says Nona, "and we Leos definitely like a lot of attention."

"I like gentle, sensuous love," says Nona. "I don't like a man to insist that we do only what he wants in bed. There are times when I want to take the initiative. Making love should be a situation where both partners work towards making the experience as pleasurable as possible for each other."

Clothes by Chintamani, Elsternwick; location courtesy Jane Grant; spa bath courtesy Barry Bissell.

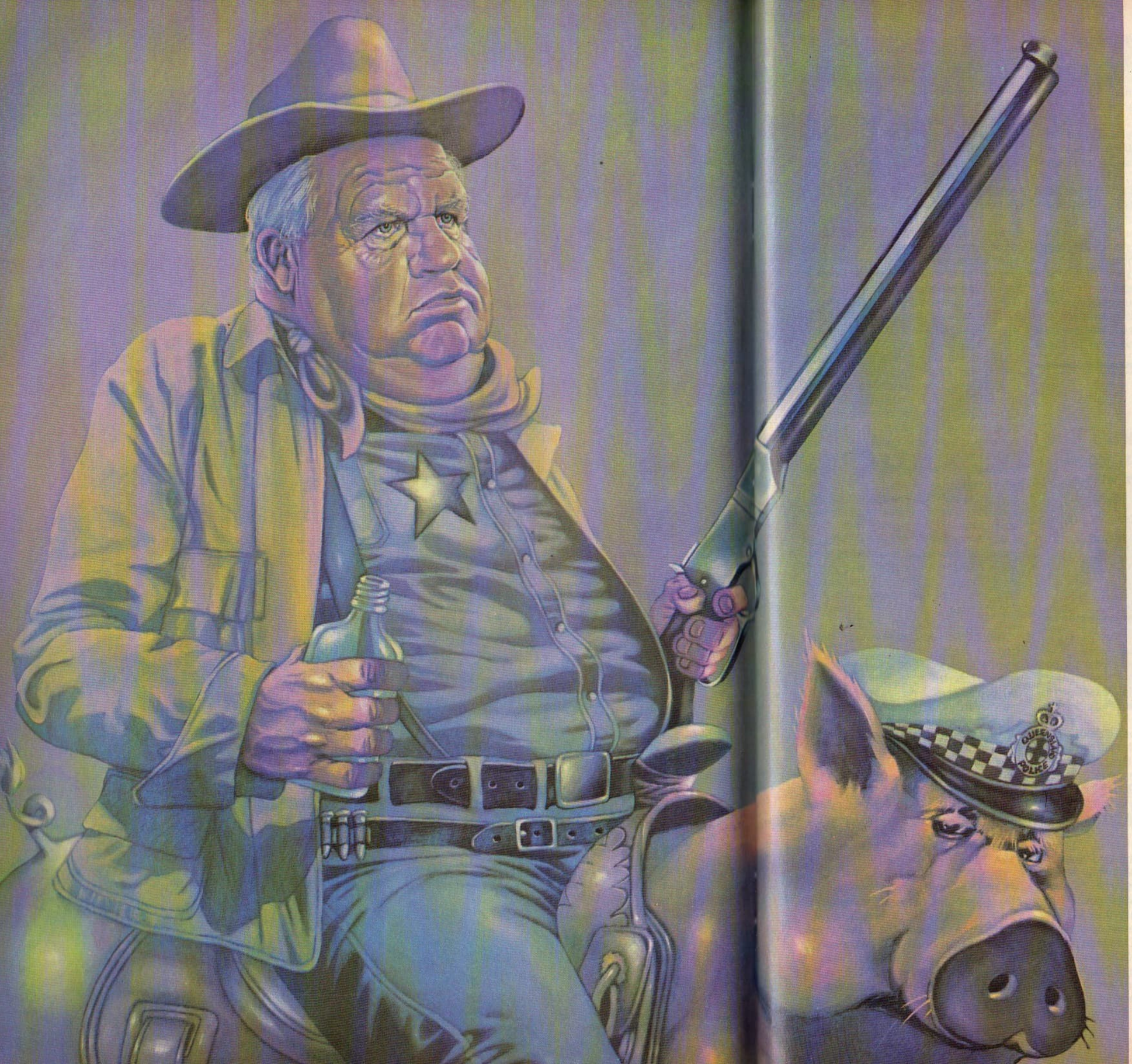


Illustration by Time Winds

This is not another probe into the fiscal machinations of the heir apparent to the Peanut Throne. This is . . .

HINZE, THE MAN

BY FRANK ROBSON

Stir as they will, Australia's "third-rate Watergate bastards" have yet to land Big Russ Hinze and his 57 varieties of alleged scandal in the soup. They've been trying for six years now and somehow Big Russ's description of them as third-rate is the only encouragement they get. If the investigative journalists who have worked out so thoroughly on this nation's most reactionary right-wing politician had been first-rate Watergate bastards . . . well, who knows what might have happened. However, Mr Hinze's lawyers can now turn to Pet of the Month. This is not another interminable probe into the Large One's fiscal machinations. This is an idea suggested by Queensland's Colossus of Roads himself — just before he changed his image.

A few months back I got a call from the office of the 20-stone Minister for Main Roads and Local Government. A press secretary said Big Russ wanted a journalist to join him on the road for a week. The important thing, he prodded, was to forget all that old crap about scandals and capture the essential Hinze. "You could call the piece," the PS said, dropping his voice to a fair impersonation of John Wayne, 'Hinze The Man!'."

Corny? It sure was. But it was also strangely appealing. Here was the only politician anywhere who admits being to the right of Joh offering himself, great big warts and all, for a week under the microscope. Here, in fact, was *the* Queensland politician — the embodiment of everything behind that old pot boiler: are Queenslanders different?

I would have to drink oceans of grog and pretend to dislike poofters and blacks to last the week, but it would be worth it. Within a fortnight I called Hinze the man to accept the invitation.

But since the invite went out Big Russ had firmed his resolve to be the next Premier. "He says if he appears in *Penthouse* before the State election Joh will have his knackers," the press secretary apologised. "Could you do the piece for *Woman's Day*?"

After that, peculiar things began happening. Hinze took to wearing sombre dark suits in preference to his ex-ringmaster fashions. He toned down his attacks on women,

blacks, dole drawers and migrants. He could no longer be relied upon to make loud noises in public, he drank less.

In no time at all he had become Police Minister and was making statements about his chances of becoming Premier after the election. Finally he made a statement, very formal and serious, that in readiness for becoming Premier he would not be able to be his "old outspoken self anymore".

No one at the press conference even cracked a smile when the Colossus, 61, added: "This grieves me somewhat because it is against my better instincts." Hinze promised, probably to mitigate the gloom he imagined his metamorphosis would spread throughout the land, that he would not "become a fairy".

Just in case he ever does, I have decided to forge on with "Hinze The Man", starting with my first encounter with him — as a decidedly third-rate Watergate bastard — five years ago.

Working for a Brisbane paper I'd spent several days looking into claims that Hinze had improperly rezoned a block of his own land on the Gold Coast to enable highrise development by him. I prepared a list of devious questions that as a newcomer to Queensland I figured would really get Big Russ squirming. I even took a witness, a girl from the office with a terrific bum, to Hinze's office for the showdown.

Sitting across the desk from him and yapping out my damning evidence, I noticed that Hinze wasn't paying attention. He was holding my witness by the hand and looking into her eyes.

"Ages since we had a drink," he purred, "whatta yuh doing later on?" The witness chuckled amiably and for five minutes they ignored me completely. I'd cleared my throat maybe 20 times when Hinze's massive head slowly cranked to face me.

"Yeah?" he snapped, "what am I supposed to have done this time?"

The rest was even more demoralising. Hinze alternated his attention between me and the witness until the conversation was going like this:

ME: "Isn't it correct that by approving this rezoning you are effectively lining your own pockets?"

HINZE: "Bullshit. (to witness) You really are looking a million bucks . . . remember that piss-up at the National when . . ."

ME: (sternly) "What would you call it then?"

WITNESS: "Oh yeah, the night we all ended up drinking Galliano and . . ."

HINZE: "And C_____ fell down the stairs singing Coming Round the Mountain and the silly bastard got . . ."

ME: (shrilly) "Shouldn't a man in your position avoid compromising his . . ."

HINZE: "Lissen, Brother, I'm compomising nothing! Now I reckon you have enough for your story . . . (glances affectionately at witness) Pity you can't stay for lunch . . ."

As we left I turned to see Big Russ waving from his office door. I was raising my hand to wave back when I noticed that the witness was already taking care of that . . .

After our first interview I devised a new plan for dealing with Hinze. I would only argue with him when he was on TV and I was in my living room.

"Sex offenders should be whipped and castrated," the Colossus would snarl, "hanging's too good for 'em!"

"Starting with you!" I'd scream, punching furniture, pacing the room. "Starting with you, fatguts!"

And so on — across a whole range of issues: bludging migrants, bludging Aborigines, bludging unemployed, civil libertarians who should crawl back into the gutters and shiftless folk who should be made to wear dog tags to make bureaucrats lives even easier. Everything Hinze came out with showed him as the worst type of political red neck, a bullying, self-opiniated heavy who had confused his flair for selling real estate with what was required of a senior government minister.

> Hinze grabbed the tea lady and barged at her with is voluminous body in what was probably an attempt to dance.

And almost every week there was a new so-called scandal. Hinze Narodny Bank scandal. Hinze Overseas Junket scandal. Hinze Telephone scandal. Hinze Property scandal, scandal, scandal, boring, boring . . . until, suddenly on a day I don't remember, I lost heart in our nightly arguments.

Have it your way, I mildly told the familiar bulldog face barking from the screen, who cares? This is what's known as becoming a Queenslander.

There must be some way government people can tell when this happens because only a few weeks later I was invited to Hinze's media Christmas party at the new Parliamentary building.

Hinze was on stage, yelling: "You bloody media bastards give me heaps all year — but you still come and drink my piss!" A concentrated guffaw from the crowd, murmurs of "Good old Russ!" and "You gotta like the bastard!"

Then Hinze grabbed old Miss Glinnie, the tea lady, dragged her on to the stage and barged at her with his voluminous body in what was probably an attempt to dance. He made a speech about her invaluable services, while Miss Glinnie glowered at all of us (she doesn't like reporters) from inside the fold of the minister's enveloping arm. When he released her she took off like one of Harry Butler's on-camera wild creatures.

As things livened up an old Jewish-looking man in a long coat wandered through the guests playing a quavering violin; incredibly funny against the background of drunken journalists, broken glasses and shouted oaths.

Hinze radiated *bonhomie*. He filled our glasses, passed the prawns, told self-effacing anecdotes and laughed like a storm drain at ours. All around the room I kept hearing that familiar exhortation: "You gotta like the bastard!"

A few old Queensland hands went further and explained why I had to like him. Sure, they said, Hinze was a political bulldozer who ran over anyone in his path — but he was a likeable bulldozer because he was so up-front, never hiding behind meaningless rhetoric like a lot of those oily Liberals.

"Hinze always calls a spade a spade," snorted one veteran hack, "and the abos appreciate it!"

About this time I noticed the Colossus cutting out with a local television hostess, whom he had earlier promised a tour of the building. A couple of press secretaries came over and began a Big Russ Anecdote Hour.

The Trifle Anecdote: After pretty women, champion trotters and OP rum there's nothing Big Russ enjoys more than a bowl of trifle. So imagine his delight one evening after a Cabinet meeting in Cairns when the good ladies of the local CWA put on a spread — including huge bowls of fresh trifle. Hinze knocked off a whole bowl himself, then started on another. He'd just finished that when a smart-alec press secretary brought him yet another bowl.

"Here Russ," said the PS, "you missed one." Hinze looked up with an enormous burp. "What do you think I am?" he roared, "a fucking pig!?" In front of the CWA ladies, too.

The Transistor Anecdote: Appropriately enough the Colossus' favorite restaurants include the Colosseum at the top of Lennon's Hotel in Brisbane, where he recently dined with a lovely young acquaintance.

The only sounds in this very plush place were the clink of fine china and the swish of the Maitre d's slipstream . . . until Big Russ, glaring suddenly at his

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders–most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies–had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester–a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

RITMEESTER

PMC/117

watch, dragged out a large plastic transistor and tuned to the first race of the Gold Coast trots. When the race finished he turned it off. But the same thing happened with every race. Out came the trannie, up went the aerial . . . "Racing this time . . ." They say the Maitre d' cried a little and was placated in the kitchen.

The Bar Stool Anecdote: As we know, Russ Hinze is a fat man with an enormous bottom — so big that some bar stools simply won't do the job. Drinking after Parliament adjourned with reporters at the George Hotel, Big Russ just couldn't get comfy.

Alternating cheeks worked for a while, but the unsupported side soon grew tired. Russ got even with the stool later. In a fit of rage he wrestled it to the door and hurled it into the middle of George Street traffic.

Hinze does have a volatile temper — and no one has come closer to actually mixing it with the Colossus than his long standing political antagonist, Kev Hooper.

On the July day when Hinze replaced Ron Camm as Police Minister I rang Hooper — Opposition police spokesman — expecting the usual tirade of abuse about Hinze. But Hooper (also shadow spokesman on road safety) was in court that day on a dangerous driving charge.

Which gives the first indication of similarities between Queensland's two most bitter political enemies. Both are physically impressive (although Russ wins a few stone on the portly Hooper) both are ruthless, opportunist, cunning and thick-skinned.

Hinze's astonishing business-political indiscretions have given Hooper fuel for six years of sustained warfare against the big wheeler dealer.

Their screaming matches in the Queensland Parliament are unrivalled — for entertainment value and for sheer, spontaneous, mutual loathing. Hooper, whose florid pointed features give him the appearance of a large amiable fox, is mentally more nimble.

But Hinze has more experience, more contacts and a lot more to defend than his jocular fellow-cowboy across the House.

Hooper has twice succeeded in forcing Hinze to return from overt overseas junkets by bringing him under such ridicule in Parliament and the press that Big Russ was ordered home by Joh.

The last time it happened the Colossus was swanning around the world with swimtrunks and binoculars, visiting among other things, horse racing centres and holiday paradises with $11,000 of taxpayers' cash to cover "incidentals".

The jaunt was cut short by Hooper's damaging oratory and yet another so-called scandal involving yet another of the Minister's own real estate developments on the Gold Coast.

The day Hinze arrived back in Brisbane to face the music, says Hooper, he limped into the House looking hung-over, a victim of jet-lag and foul temper.

Of course the last person Big Russ wanted to see was Hooper . . . but there he was, already on his feet: "Why so glum, Mr Minister," cooed the ALP fox infuriatingly, "didn't you back any winners overseas?"

In the melee that followed Hinze called Hooper "a slimy mongrel bastard" and labelled two journalists who'd been digging on the latest scandal story a drunk and a drug taker.

The outburst shocked even the Queensland Parliament — but Hooper, of course, was delighted.

"Our relationship deteriorated after that," observes Hooper drily. "But believe it or not I still like Russ on a personal basis. He uses plain language and shoots from the hip.

"He's ruthless, sure — so am I." The fox grins slyly. "But I'm definitely more pleasant."

Late last year Hooper lashed out at Hinze over a rezoning matter in which a gift of land was said to be involved. "We had the usual screaming match . . . but the hatred seemed more concentrated that day," says Hooper.

"When the House adjourned Hinze came straight toward me and you should have seen the look in his eye. I thought 'shit! It's on' but I was packed in tight and couldn't get away.

"Hinzie came right up, face to face, and hissed 'that's the last fucking time you ever call me a crook!' " Hooper grinned sheepisly when I asked if he *had* ever repeated the word to Hinze.

"Nah," he said, "there's other words . . ."

The most publicised of Big Russ's tantrums occurred in April this year at a joint party meeting, apparently triggered by Bruce Bishop (Lib-Surfers Paradise) calling Hinze a slob.

> In my youth it wasn't a good night out unless you fought someone. It didn't matter a bugger who you fought — anybody would do.

"I'll get you, you prick!" roared Hinze, lunging across the room toward Bishop as chairs went flying and Rosemary Kyburz (Lib-Salisbury) ran sobbing from the meeting.

Later Premier Joh and Liberal leader Dr Llew Edwards both denied reports that punches were thrown.

Hinze and Bishop are old political rivals and their relationship wasn't improved when — according to an impeccable source of trivia — the Colossus pinched Mrs Bishop on the bottom at a public function last year.

Russ Hinze learned to fight as a kid when his dairy farming parents moved to the tough Brisbane neighborhood of West End. "Street fights? — love 'em," Hinze once said. "I've been in thousands. In my youth, it wasn't a good night out unless you fought someone. It didn't matter a bugger who you fought — anybody would do."

He left school at the age of 12 to take up a milk run and had no formal education. Instead, like so many powerful Queensland businessmen and politicians, Hinze came up through the school of hard knocks. And like the others he is enormously proud of this. It is, without doubt, the basis of his anti-intellectualism and the reason why — even now as a senior Minister and a senior man — Hinze is such an unwavering yob.

He entered local government as a shire councillor in 1951 and became Country Party member for the South Coast in 1966. In 1974 he became a minister, and immediately began threatening to knock other member's blocks off.

Even Joh got sick of Hinze roaring like a bull in the House and once had him suspended for shouting.

But Russ, some say from pure momentum more than anything else, surged on up the political ladder amid a sea of homilies, insults, obscenities and quotable quips.

Here's a few I dragged from yellowed press clippings, but which Hinze has been known to adapt to different circumstances and use as if they'd just come to mind.

- At a beer festival where a brewery strike had limited supply of Hinze's beloved amber fluid: "Bloody Poms are nothing but trouble makers. Why is it that every time you rake through the muck of a strike you will find a Pommy union organiser behind it?"
- As a backbencher Hinze advocated castrating sex offenders — and flogging them — because hanging was too good for them. He has since claimed to have "matured" away from this stance.
- Referring to Aborigines on mission stations: "Frankly, I wouldn't give you two bob for some of them."
- On national television he told Senator Neville Bonner: "You couldn't go two rounds with a revolving door . . . you're just so much hogwash!"

There seems little doubt to me that Hinze *means* the essence of what puts across in these "off-the-cuff remarks" — they represent his point of view. But, amazingly, many Queenslanders think the racist, chauvinistic and authoritarian image of the man is a media myth, tenuously linked with and maintained by the colorful quotes.

Even Hinze has been encouraged to believe he can get away with saying anything and later disowning the sentiment. The day after being named Police Minister he blithely announced his change of image and elaborated: "As Police Minister I could not be seen to be saying that I believe in amputation, castration, or flogging or hanging and that sort of thing . . ."

The key words, of course, were "could not be seen to be saying . . ."

But jolly old Russ finds no such nit-picking among his country admirers. During a Hinze visit to outback Quilpie, a local told reporters: "If you are silly enough to take everything he says literally, you're silly enough to vote for the Labor Party."

Until a couple of years ago Hinze openly admitted to consuming roughly a gallon of beer a day. But, approaching the proportions of the Hindenberg, Big Russ switched to whisky — a bottle a day. This had the effect of making his heart race like a jackhammer and he needed Serepax to slow it down or he couldn't sleep.

So he switched again — to OP rum, a bottle a day, sometimes drinking the stuff, according to journalists, in seven ounce glasses and matching them shout for shout as they drank beer.

Rumors are that Joh Bjelke-Petersen had more than a few words with Hinze about his drinking, although no one I spoke to in or out of government had ever seen the Colossus genuinely out of control on grog.

There was a night, however, when Flo Bjelke-Petersen had what for her must have been a hideous experience involving a rummed-up Russ in his underwear in the corridor at the Parliamentary annexe.

Hinze had crossed from his own suite to that of another senior minister in quest of more grog. The other minister gave him a bottle of the beloved OP rum (Chairman's Special) and went for a leak.

He returned to find Hinze sprawled on his bed in his giant underpants, snoring in a particularly awful way. It took a lot of shouting and tugging for the other minister to get Hinze on his feet. Then he launched the Colossus through the door toward his own suite across the corridor — just as Flo and a gaggle of her country friends tittered by.

"Have you ever watched a dog trying to run on linoleum?" asked my impeccable government source of trivia. "That's how Flo and the girls looked trying to escape from Russ!"

Nowadays Hinze claims all his business interests are handled by his family (he has three grown sons and three daughters) with his only participation being to offer advice when needed.

The most sensational of the famous Hinze fizzing scandals concerns the loan to his family investment companies of $550,000 by the British-based Moscow Narodny Bank.

A number of companies involving Hinze were mortgaged to the bank on December 28, 1978.

The same bank is financing a huge land development at Samford Valley, near Brisbane. As Local Government Minister, Hinze took recommendations on the project's zoning application to Cabinet to allow it to start.

But when the smoke cleared on this bunfight the bottom line was spelled out by Hinze, with complete support from Joh, to the effect that a Queensland Minister has no obligation to clear with his Cabinet colleagues a major business transaction which could be seen to overlap the interests of his portfolio.

And this, in general terms, adequately covers (from Big Russ's point of view) all the other so-called scandals.

Russ Hinze's sudden change of image undoubtedly is connected with the rift between Queensland's coalition partners, now no rift but a yawning chasm. The Liberal Party has finally announced that it *will* stand a candidate against the South Coast Colossus — but it will need a swing of 9.2 percent to oust him.

Premier Joh, no particular fan of his Cabinet's hardest-living larrikin, nevertheless knows Hinze is effective and quite possibly popular enough to become Premier. Joh and Hinze together cooked up the cowboy's laughable "new image" as part of an overall plan to become as colorless as their new Liberal opponents.

With incredible disregard for public intelligence, Hinze as Police Minister is already back-flipping away from his red neck political past to urge less police interference with individual liberties, more patient arbitration to iron out conflicts. This is the same hombre who wanted to castrate sex offenders and dog tag dole bludgers.

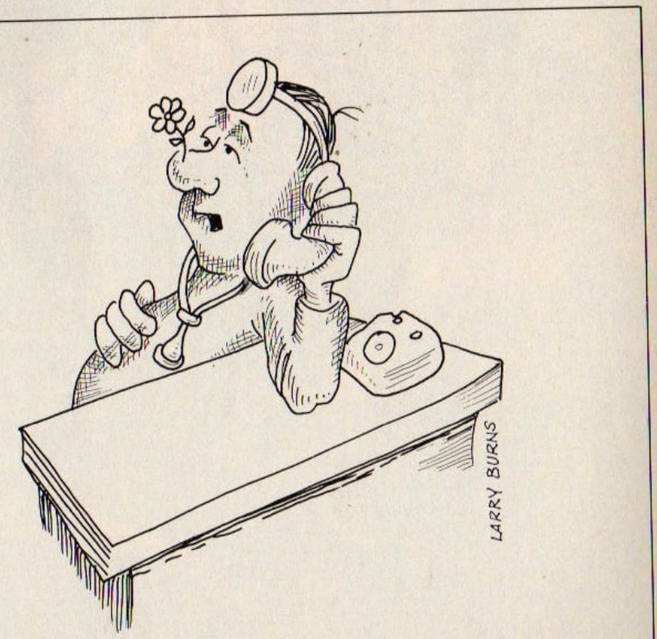
But, for what it's worth, a confession: I *can't* dislike the Colossus. God knows I've tried. The problem is his style. Hinze, as he might put it, just doesn't give a rat's arse.

The stories about him are not exaggerated — so how can you dislike (as opposed to snootily disapprove of) such a rare and wild political specimen? It may be just another symptom of terminal cynicism, but there it is.

Moreover, I'm confident that Big Russ will always be a street fighter at heart.

In spite of the sombre suit, he was essentially the same good ole boy at the National Party annual conference in Surfers Paradise in July. To open the conference a bevy of wonderful girls in tiny bikinis marched through the crowd and stood about on the dais until we'd all finished perving.

"Jeez they were lovely," Big Russ groaned later. "I bloody near cracked a fat . . ." O+



"No, it doesn't hurt — I just feel silly."

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

Increasing concern over the methods and costs of drug referral centres has forced the NSW Government to proceed with a much delayed inquiry.

THE BIG BUSINESS OF DRUG REHABILITATION

BY IAN McMINN

Peter Johns sits in the lounge room of a comfortable suburban Sydney home and tells his story slowly, almost with indifference. He is a thin boy of 17, not quite punk but far from straight, a gold ring hangs from his left ear, and you feel that his surly attitude comes more from his basic personality than any affectation. He is a child of his age and his city, not particularly well educated and in no way motivated to join the great treadmill.

Peter Johns has become a flash-in-the-pan minor media personality because he has a drug story to tell. His mother, Billie, an attractive brunette, is there to prod him on. Mrs Billie Johns explains that life has not always been easy for Peter. His father died soon after he was born and she remarried, but divorced. Her present husband, Charlie, is Peter's second step-father. It all began last year when Peter admitted to Billie and Charlie that he smoked marijuana and occasionally used LSD. The parents panicked and rang WHOs, which stands for the We Help Ourselves Fellowship and is a self-help drug referral centre.

A couple of WHOs counsellors, both reformed addicts, turned up and explained to Peter and his parents that he had an addictive personality. This meant he would use drugs or alcohol as a means of overcoming his feelings of being different. It was like being born a redhead and there was not much you could do about it on your own.

The counsellors were persuasive and arranged for Peter to go to Greentree House, the WHOs rehabilitation centre at Goulburn on the NSW Southern Tablelands.

When her son was gone, Billie Johns had second thoughts, protective maternal thoughts.

She spoke to the managing director of WHOs, David Gordon, and asked could she speak to her son. Gordon said she could but only if she and her husband attended six mandatory parental meetings at WHOs which were designed to explain the program of which Peter had become a part.

Unfortunately Billie Johns had slipped in her backyard a few days before, breaking her leg and could not attend the meetings, so WHOs would not let her see her son. She says now she was misled by Gordon, but he says she was not and had known the restrictions of the centre all along.

To break through the restrictions Mrs Johns tipped off the ABC *Nationwide* program that she planned to demand entry

even if it meant arrest for trespass. Her bid failed when Gordon refused her access and called the police who charged Mrs Johns and her husband with trespass. As though to rub salt into the wound, Gordon told Mrs Johns that her son did not want to see her.

The trespass charges were dismissed without penalty, so Mrs Johns dealt what she saw as her ace-in-the-hole. She had her son charged with smoking marijuana so that at least she could talk to him when he was brought to court in Sydney.

The case was dismissed but Mrs Johns communicated with Peter, and when he went back to Goulburn that night he waited for the 3am head check at the centre, pretending to be asleep, then bolted into the night, arriving footsore at his parents' home 12 hours later.

Peter Johns tells his reasons for escaping from the centre with the same indifference he has told most of the story. He says simply that he missed his parents and girlfriend, he hated the food and had a general feeling of being run down and tired. He said that on more than one occasion he had been forced to stay awake for 42 hours as punishment for calling his fellow residents arseholes.

Was David Gordon telling the truth when he had said Peter did not want to see his parents? "No, I wanted to see them but I was afraid to say so," Peter said. "It would have meant getting confronted and being told you were selling the place out. I just couldn't stand the hassle."

A confrontation is part of the ritual jargon of the centre and means a trial by members of the same group. Peter and others describe them as verbally brutal attacks on individuals which can lead to great distress.

When Peter got into the news others followed him with stories of what they saw as the horrors of the WHOs program or how it had failed them.

They were admittedly negative, but through them ran a theme that aroused fears of the sort of enforced cultism and brainwashing that had brought a new dark side to American life.

Whether it is good or bad, WHOs is certainly big business. It now has six centres and its projected budget for 1980-81 is $989,853. Of this, $419,233 will come from the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority and the rest from donations and the social security payments made to the people being treated. They have to register with the Department of Social Security as having a nervous disorder and all their money is paid to the fellowship. All their food and cigarettes are provided for them.

The accounting for this money has been questioned by the Drug and Alcohol Authority but the money keeps coming in.

The NSW Minister for Health, Kevin Stewart, admits that more than the accounting has been questioned. Last April he said that specific allegations against WHOs were sexual improprieties by David Gordon, enforced detention, harsh living conditions, parents being refused permission to visit their children and the administration of S4 drugs such as Valium and Mogadon by unqualified people. Stewart promised a full-scale investigation that would involve the police and the Department of Youth and Community Services as well as his own department. The inquiry was unofficially shelved until recently.

The WHOs program demands that a person who is deemed to have an addictive personality spends at least a year at Greentree House, after which they have to spend at least six months working in the system without pay to repay the organisation for what has been done for them and presumably educate people off the street. The program is supposed to make them gradually more responsible and aware of their inadequacies. It uses the carrot and stick approach with greater privileges for conforming and penalties for transgression.

A confrontation is part of the ritual jargon of the centre and means a trial by members of the same group.

Gordon says it works. He says the Drug and Alcohol Authority can never attack the credibility of the organisation on its success rate or its value to the community.

He places the success rate at 10 percent, 35 out of 350 over a decade. On the undeniable premise that the saving of even one life is beyond mercenary considerations, WHOs can claim to be a success.

But the fact is that the drug problem exists in a very real world where there has to be some way of measuring cost against effectiveness. The most effective treatment must find the right way of coping with the innumerable personality problems associated with drug addiction.

To evaluate WHOs you have to look at David Gordon because he is its founder, the man who developed it to its present size, and the one who defends it with uncompromising vigor against its critics.

Gordon is a Scot, fortyish, lean, intelligent and highly articulate. His persuasive powers are so finely honed that it is hard to walk away from him without believing that everything he has said is absolutely right.

He sits across the desk at the fellowship's Crisis Centre in the northern Sydney suburb of Crows Nest, adjusts his maroon leather coat, brushes a hand across a wispy reddish beard, stabs out a Camel plain and freely admits he is a reformed drug addict and alcoholic.

Like Peter Johns, his life has not always been easy. "I grew up in the slums of Glasgow," he begins. "My mother and father were divorced after the war and I went later to live with my mother down in England."

At 15 he was in the Merchant Navy and during his travels married a girl from Tasmania. "That was a bloody disaster," he says. "I went overseas again, flew her and two children over to England. I deserted them later because I was crazy with drugs and booze."

As he talks his tone is confessional: "I joined a ship in Canada and I was in the hollows of the ship. I was really sick."

Gordon deserted the ship in Melbourne. "If I hadn't I think I would have committed suicide," he says. "I was in a world that was three steps past reality. I did not know where I wanted to go or what I wanted to do. I just wanted to get away from that bloody sickness. I did some pretty weird things on that ship and on other ships prior to it. Where I was going I did not know, but I was lucky to end up in a situation two years later where I was able to get straight and get sober."

Gordon crashed at the old Matthew Talbot home in Sydney and was introduced to Alcoholics Anonymous; he was involved in the concept but frustrated by what he saw in the streets. He met a girl named Faye McCartney and together they started a tiny drug rehabilitation centre in Blues Point Road, North Sydney. It was 1971, and for David Gordon it was the start of a new life.

They were exciting days coinciding with a time when heroin addiction was seen not as an escape by a fringe element but as a growing epidemic that threatened the fabric of youth. WHOs became a refuge for the hardened drug user and alcoholic.

One of the junkies who sought help was Gordon Gately, a slight, heavily bearded figure. Gately has finally managed to free himself of heroin and now works for the NSW Health Commission as a welfare officer in the Sydney western suburbs. From devoted admirer, he has become one of Gordon's most outspoken critics. Yet he remembers the Blues Point era with a certain fondness:

"It was a strange experience; to see one junkie trying to help another and seeing that junkie fall and another get up and another get up . . . I'm not out to destroy anybody. David has got heart, he tries hard but there are still many things he's got to answer for his own sake and try to clarify what drug addiction is all about. This whole emotional issue."

For David Gordon, Blues Point also marked a turning point in his personal life. A 16-year-old girl admitted herself to the program. She was to become Mrs Margaret Gordon and bear him two children.

Over the years Gately, like so many addicts, drifted in and out of WHOs on a regular basis until he was kicked out by Gordon in 1977. Apparently, Gately challenged Gordon's authority and methods. As far as David Gordon was concerned, there was only going to be one boss, David Gordon.

Taking the basic AA premise that some people are genetically or behaviorally unable to handle booze, Gordon developed and refined the concept of the addictive personality. His critics now allege the concept is a means of bringing people into the program that shouldn't be there. They increase the population of the centre and hence attract greater funds from social security, donations and provide an argument for greater assistance from the Drug and Alcohol Authority. It's an assertion that finds an abrupt denial from Gordon.

"If we were doing that, in an attempt to get a bigger cash flow, then we would be concentrating on only bringing people into the fellowship that would create income, and adolescents under 16 do not," he says. "We have 21 children and, in fact, this increases our financial problems. It does not solve them in any way.

"We are not terribly evangelistic about the addictive personality because in the final analysis we don't really care whether people believe it or not. It is a working hypothesis and it allows you to push all the chemicals to one side and forget about drugs and start treating the problem; and the problem is the person."

The theory has it that there are personality traits that all addicts have in common: inability to cope with their emotional state and inability to communicate. "We believe these things are in the individual before they start using chemicals," says Gordon. "We are not particularly concerned whether people believe it or not. I know lots of addicts who don't believe it, but they believe in a solution to their problem and that gives them something tangible to grasp on to, other than the chemicals they're addicted to."

Gordon stops speaking. There is a slight pause before I ask: "Do you think you have ever lost perspective. From a person who jumped ship, you've become a powerful person in the community."

The answer is immediate and point-scoring: "You said I was powerful. I didn't. I don't believe I am."

I press my question: "Working in the business, you would know a fair bit about heroin, the structure of the sale of the drug in New South Wales, if not Australia. And that knowledge alone would put you in a powerful position."

"I would say it puts me in a very dangerous position," says Gordon. "I don't have any contact with the people who are involved in illegal activities. Believe it or not, I lead a very narrow, social life. I am a very strong family man and most of my free time is spent with my wife and two children."

Gordon says he is still trying to get some written allegations from the — Drug and Alcohol Authority about his alleged sexual activities.

"When some of these people came to this organisation, they got their kicks, their sexual kicks, out of having sex in graveyards and digging up graves and they enjoyed having knives stuck in them. It goes through a whole range of that kind of thing. The parents of these people are in no better shape and I would be quite happy at any time, under the right circumstances, to sit down with a judge, senior officer of the Department of Youth and Community Services or anybody, provided confidentiality would not be breached, and answer any specific charge."

"Have you ever been approached by any of the girls?"

"No comment."

Then the allegations of confrontations and penalties. A confrontation can be called at any hour and if it is deemed valid there can be no defence. The penalty is applied by the group. Some residents claim they were forced to stay awake for up to 102 hours. Gordon says the confrontations and penalties are both justifiable and necessary.

"The idea of the confrontation is to make people aware of their behavior, of their attitudes and where those attitudes and behavior are detrimental to the welfare, and well being of other people," he says. "They're made aware of it in a situation in which they're made deliberately uncomfortable."

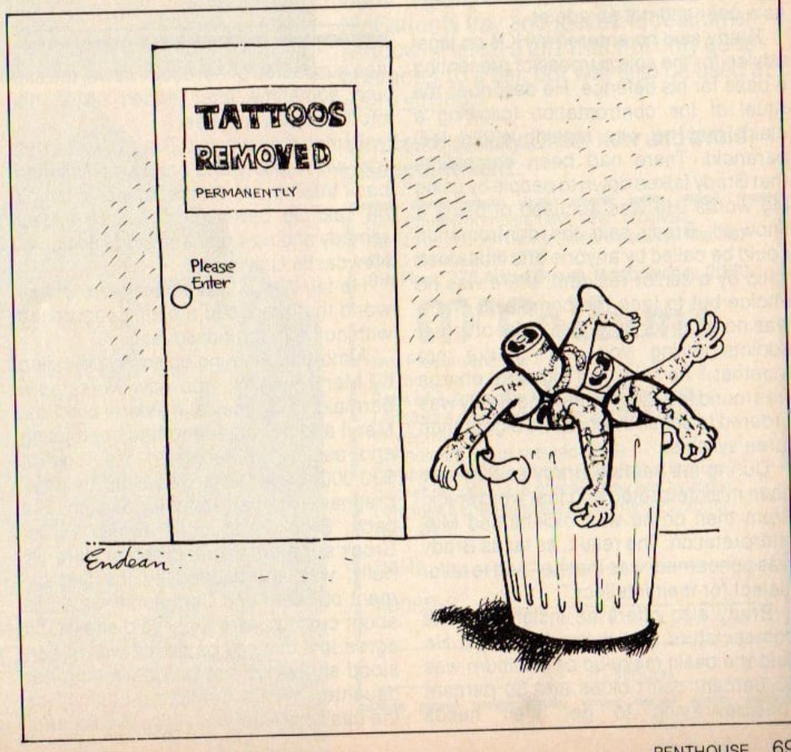
What about the bans? Bans on talking and certain forms of behavior. Some people are banned from playing the guitar.

"A therapeutic community is a talking therapy in many ways," Gordon explains. "If you don't talk about your problems or if you just talk a lot of shit instead of really getting down to the nitty-gritty, then nobody can help you. Some people who come into the fellowship are fine musicians who use music like a drug, and they are so comfortable with music that on occasions we put a ban on that person from playing a guitar for a few months, until he gets more real with the people around him. I don't see anything harsh about that."

Gordon says talking bans are put on people because they refuse to say what is really going on.

"We say until you're prepared to get up front about what is really bothering you then you aren't allowed to talk to anybody," he said. "Just verbalising and saying anything that comes into your head is not satisfactory communication."

On the question of parents being



refused permission to visit their children, Gordon is quite specific. The program is designed to allow the new resident a cooling-off period of about six to eight weeks, a time for both parts of the family to re-orientate themselves and accept the tenets of the Fellowship. Parents are told they must attend at least six meetings initially and at least one meeting a month thereafter.

Nor does enforced detention exist, as far as Gordon is concerned. He does acknowledge, however, that considerable group pressure is waged against a resident wanting to leave (known as a "splitee"), but sees nothing wrong in trying to point out the error of returning to society before the cure is completed.

Gordon admits that non-professional people administering drugs to detoxicate addicts is a valid criticism but defends it. Firstly, on humanitarian grounds. Swift action is needed in an emergency, particularly with alcoholics and barbiturate addicts. Secondly, Gordon insists the fellowship does not have the funds to employ full-time professional people.

Although Gordon denies all but one of the major allegations made against him to the NSW Government, other allegations keep coming in.

Typical is the case of Peter Brady (not his real name), who phoned from Silverwater Prison where he was serving a four-year — 18 month non-parole — sentence for the possession of 194 grams of heroin. Brady, at the time of arrest, ran a photographic design studio in North Sydney and for a year had been dealing in the drug. He described himself as a user and not an addict.

Brady said he entered WHOs on legal advice for the sole purpose of presenting a case for his defence. He describes the ritual of the confrontation following a claim that he was making a girl feel paranoid. There had been complaints that Brady talked down to people by using big words. He was accused of being a know-all. Brady said the confrontation could be called by anyone and if deemed valid by a senior resident, there was no choice but to face the complaint. There was no room for defence. "A lot of street addicts telling you that you're not together," he said. The big word charge was found to be legitimate and Brady was ordered to speak in words no bigger than three syllables.

During the hearing Brady said he had been misinterpreted and that word stuck. From then on he was nick-named Misinterpretation. The result, as far as Brady was concerned, was that he "had to tailor dialect for their intellect."

Brady also offers an insight into the nomenclature that exists in WHOs. He said the basic make-up of Goulburn was 50 percent court blues and 50 percent "people trying to get their heads together." Court blues were people, like Brady, who saw the fellowship as a means of showing a judge that they had reformed. Court blues also called themselves the look-gooders. Brady describes a society where you couldn't trust a neighbor for fear that a non-conforming word or deed would bring about a confrontation. It was an isolated environment where the lifestyle and mental approach had to revolve around the fellowship. In one incident a 2SM radioprogram on drugs was banned, apparently because it didn't fit in with the accepted ideology, and the ABC pop station, 2JJ, was banned totally because it was a drug station.

Brady escaped one afternoon after his wife was refused a visitor's pass by Margaret Gordon. It was a Sunday and Brady was working in the garden, or as he puts it, "raking rocks and moving leaves".

Brady gave his shadow, a senior resident whose job was to keep tabs on a person suspected of heretical views, the slip and sometime later ended up at his mother-in-law's house.

> Gordon acknowledges that considerable group pressure is waged against a resident wanting to leave.

During the next year Brady awaited his trial with anxiety and once again slipped back into heroin. At the time of phoning he said he believed jail was the best remedy and now plans to study design at Newcastle University.

He felt WHOs was an isolated, unreal world that proposed a blanket approach with no room for individuality.

A more frightening episode is recalled by Meryl Stanley, who now works as a barmaid in Sydney's western suburbs. Meryl and her boyfriend had been using and dealing in heroin to the tune of $30,000 a year. She was eight months' pregnant when arrested for dealing. The baby, Brook, was born inside WHOs. Brook's maternal grandmother, Mrs Jill Kelly, was approached by the Department of Youth and Community Services about custody. Mrs Kelly said she would agree to a custody battle if it was understood she would not be combatting her daughter. WHOs contested custody on the basis that Meryl Stanley should learn to accept responsibility for the baby, who was born an addict. In court, Mrs Kelly approached her daughter but was told there was no possibility of conversing. There had been a speaking ban placed upon Meryl. Mrs Kelly asked David Gordon to lift the ban and a few words were exchanged. The magistrate found for Mrs Kelly and later, according to Mrs Kelly, Gordon became nasty and said before a number of people: "She hasn't had much success raising her own daughter, how fit is she to raise a baby?" Mrs Kelly has raised eight children of her own.

In court Meryl said she was surprised to see her mother as she believed custody would be fought with the Department of Youth and Community Services. She claims WHOs did not tell her that Mrs Kelly was involved. Meryl told the magistrate she had no objection to her mother looking after Brook.

She recalls that the drive back to Goulburn was done in silence. Gordon appeared very angry and on arrival she was confronted and accused of selling out the place. That night she split.

She also recalls when a speaking ban had been placed on her for two weeks. A naturally loquacious girl, she remembers a night when forced to clean a room she saw a spider and overcoming an innate fear taunted it. She hoped the spider would bite her so she could go to hospital and "the chance to talk with someone".

Some of the allegations against WHOs have been made to the Drug and Alcohol Authority.

In one of these, a married couple were worried about their son who was drinking heavily and using a lot of marijuana. The boy was an asthmatic prone to violent epileptic fits.

After being admitted to WHOs he was given a number of brain scans by a Macquarie Street specialist who said the boy was abnormal. A second doctor suggested the abnormality could be caused by excessive drugs.

The mother attended WHOs parental meetings and felt they were nothing more than cultism, so she contacted a psychologist who advised her to seek the opinion of an asthma specialist.

The mother rang David Gordon to discuss the suggestion and he told her he was sick and tired of parents trying to tell him how "to run his organisation."

Gordon went on to say that he had had more experience in treating asthmatics and epileptics than the so-called experts and could learn all that he needed from a blood test that is apparently taken from each new applicant.

The parents were refused a visitor's pass because their attitude was no good. The mother wrote: "To me it is a frightening situation and carries with it the strong stench of quackery."

A spokesman for the Drug and Alcohol

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Authority wrote a postscript to the story: "On the completion of his course the boy was released and went on holidays with two friends. He had been convinced that any chemical, including medication for asthma was superfluous. He had an asthma attack and was rushed to hospital where doctors said there was a strong possibility it could have been fatal."

Another declaration is from a girl who left the organisation. When admitted she'd been injecting hard drugs, and in an apparent attempt to attain a needle high had injected a combination of Vegemite and sugar.

She describes a toiling day, lasting from 6am wake-up to 11pm lights-out. She complains of poor food, "you'd be lucky to find a decent piece of meat in a stew", but more particularly she describes the work at the centre: "It is acceptance and patience. You're told to dig a hole and fill it and dig another. Acceptance is doing what you are told without knowing why or the reason. You just do it. Blind acceptance."

The criticism of WHOs is aimed at its ideology as much as its treatment of individuals.

With the whole rehabilitation program based on the addictive personality, many outsiders feel that just about everybody in society is eligible for treatment. The WHOs Fellowship pamphlet, which is aimed at parents, has the heading: HOW CAN WE IDENTIFY THE CHILD WITH AN ADDICTIVE PERSONALITY?

It then suggests such a person "is usually emotionally immature, highly imaginative, artistic and creative" and is prone to extreme changes of mood. It goes on to say, "the addict child senses early in life that he is different but cannot explain it . . . once the chemical is introduced, it dissolves the feeling of *difference*, and dependence on the chemical is formed."

There are other traits such as fear, guilt, inferiority, loneliness and self-consciousness. Then there is the rhetorical question: "If they are born with the *addictive personality*, does that mean we cannot do anything, that our children will use drugs and we just sit by and let it happen?"

The definition is so broad that the child addict does not even have to have used a drug of any description and there are, in fact, people at Greentree House who have never used drugs. The definition certainly includes all people with an artistic tendency and, taken to its logical conclusion, people who use any form of escape to cope with the world, including music, reading, meditation or even fast cars.

Gordon also faces criticism for using politics to achieve his ends. He defends himself by saying that the latest wave of attacks on him are politically motivated.

Gordon is apparently very direct in his politics. A Drug and Alcohol Authority report on WHOs quotes from a letter it says Gordon wrote to the NSW Premier, Neville Wran, on December 9, 1977.

The letter says in part: "As we feel that we do not want the drug questions to be viewed as just another card in the game of politics, an issue as profoundly serious as this requires to be lifted out of the political context. Unless these bodies include ex-addicts they are doomed to failure.

"We, at WHOs, have been approached by members of the Liberal Party. So far we have resisted their overtures but unless some prompt aid is forthcoming from your government and we are left to fend for ourselves, events may overtake us and against our will, our involvement on the side of the Liberal Party in the next State elections, could have dire consequences."

About the same time Gordon appeared in a number of television commercials attacking suggested reforms on marijuana by the NSW Attorney General, Frank Walker.

> Beyond money, the main concern of the Drug and Alcohol Authority is whether WHOs is helping people.

The Drug and Alcohol Authority document said the commercials were criticised by all experts for their sensationalism and counter productivity. Gordon had admitted that not getting money from the State Government had a lot to do with him making the commercials. Gordon had said: "I fully concur the ads are not very nice."

A lot of the friction between Gordon and the authority and the State Government comes from disputes over his accounting for money.

In the year 1980-81 Gordon is seeking an untied grant of more than $400,000 from the authority, which is, almost 20 percent of its entire budget.

The authority says that audit certificates from WHOs had signatures which were not legible and WHOs did not include Social Security money received and private donations as a source of income.

The authority says the WHOs submission for 1979-80 was for a total $298,781, made up of $281,281 for operating expenses and $17,500 for the purchase of three vehicles. The submission was on the basis of 85 residents. As there was no estimate of the income from social services or donations, the authority based its figures on previous WHOs submissions and gave the fellowship $63,300 for operating expenses.

For 1980-81, WHOs says it will spend $989,853 made up of $135,100 executive and administrative expenses, $355,260 for Crisis and admission services, $69,940 for parent counselling and $429,553 for treatment service.

WHOs estimates that private donations for the year will total $80,000 despite Gordon saying donations for 1979-80 were $200,000. The fellowship also expects $419,230 from Social Security payments and $419,233 from the Drug and Alcohol Authority.

The budget anticipates 290 residents — 70 up on the present level — with 23 paid staff working at five centres. Cigarettes will cost $74,000, slightly less than a packet a day for all residents including 75 children and adolescents.

The Drug and Alcohol Authority finds the expected salary bill of $243,200 high. Included in this are $21,000 for Gordon and $13,000 for his wife, who works as a senior house director at Greentree House.

WHOs doesn't have the self help drug rehabilitation market to itself. Its main rival in NSW is Odyssey House, which has its origins in the US. Odyssey gets its money basically the same way as the fellowship and has a similar live-in program, minus the addictive personality theory and, more importantly, without complaints of brainwashing. There are other methods (some using methadone) while others employ a communal approach, establishing self-contained groups around the State.

Beyond money, the main concern of the Drug and Alcohol Authority is whether WHOs is helping people. Gordon Gately points to what he sees as a basic flaw: "If a kid goes into WHOs and believes he has an addictive personality he will believe for the rest of his life he is an addict. He hasn't really grown up in society as such, he's been put into a little balloon and isolated."

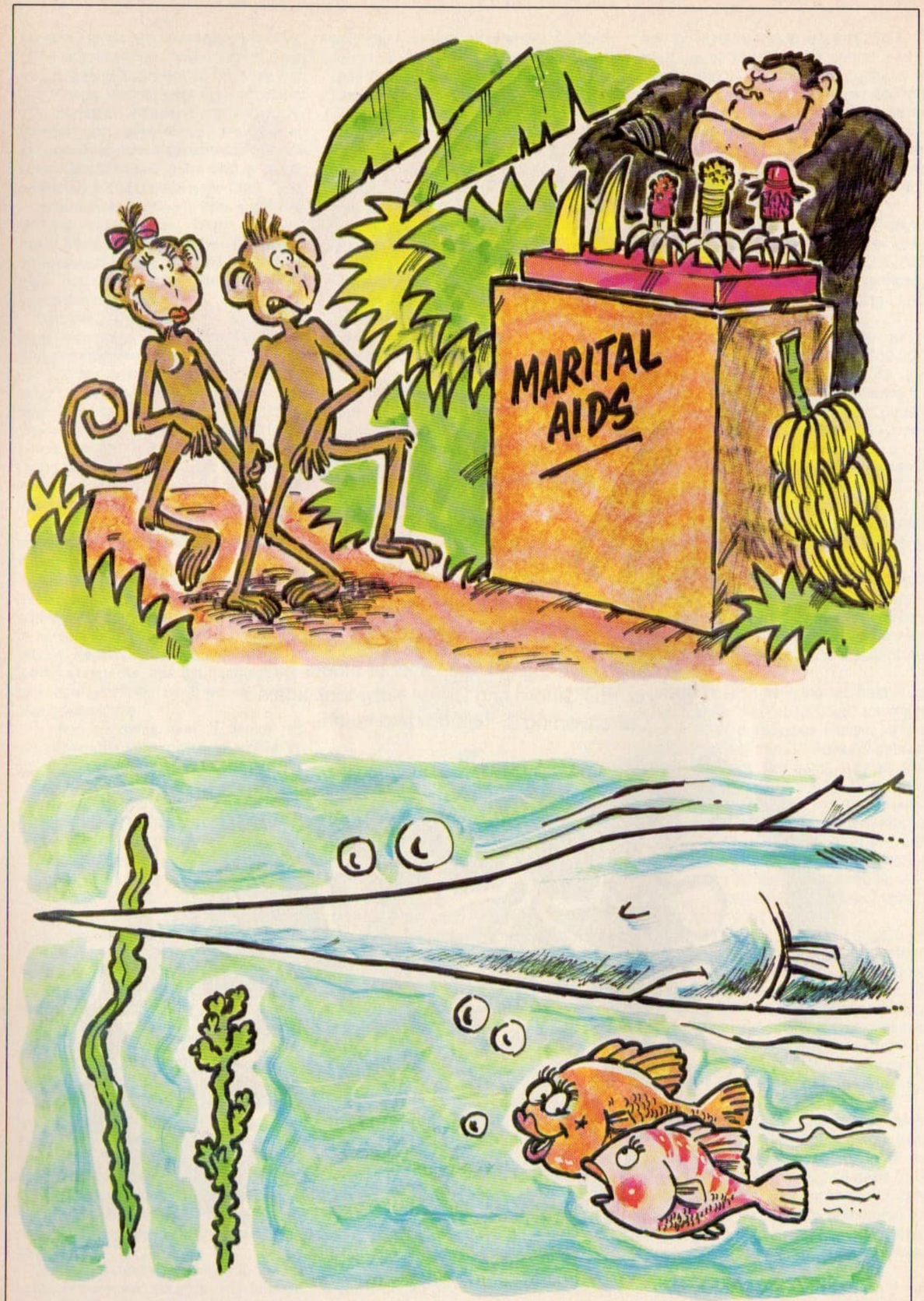
The problem is that while WHOs does not have a good record of putting cured people back into society, it continues to grow. The reformed addicts it does turn out usually keep on working for the fellowship. To cater for the growing number of people going in there will be more and more centres, more staff, more expenses and more handouts.

Ultimately there could be a large isolated community across Australia, answerable to no one and able to pull political purse strings. ○—

MORE FILTHY BEASTS

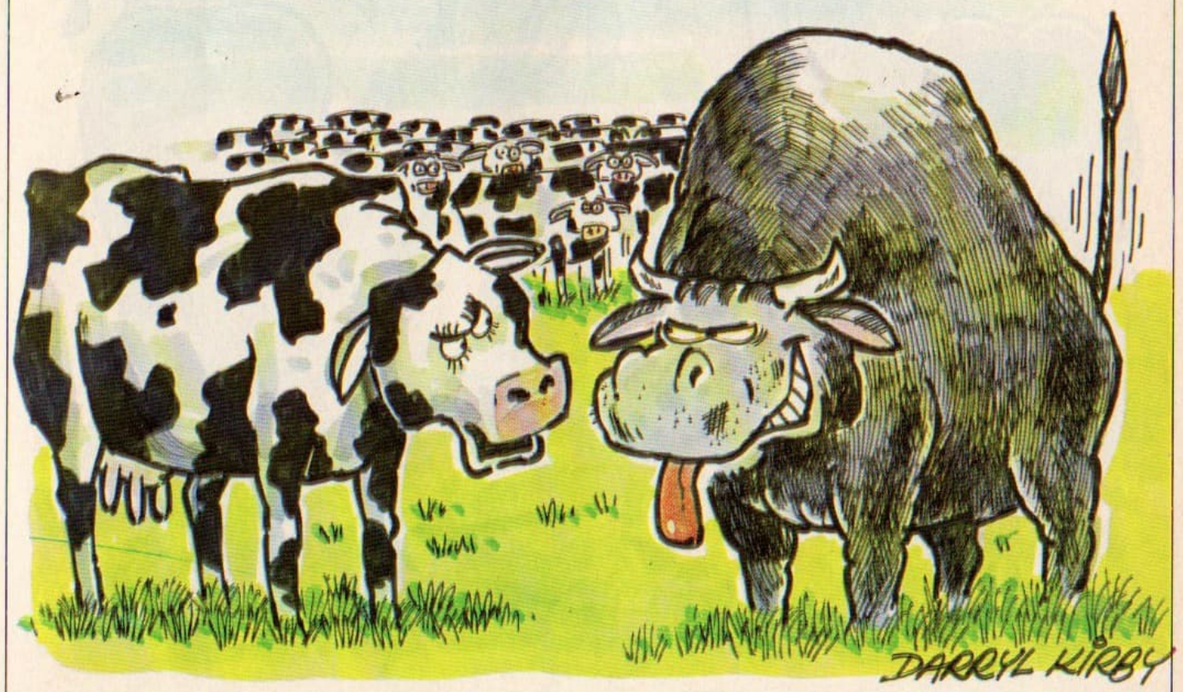
Birds do it, bees do it and by the shaking of trees and quivering of knees a lot of others do, too. Phil Gifford and Darryl Kirby look again at cavorting in the flora and fauna.

"Ah, ha! A rat after my own heart."



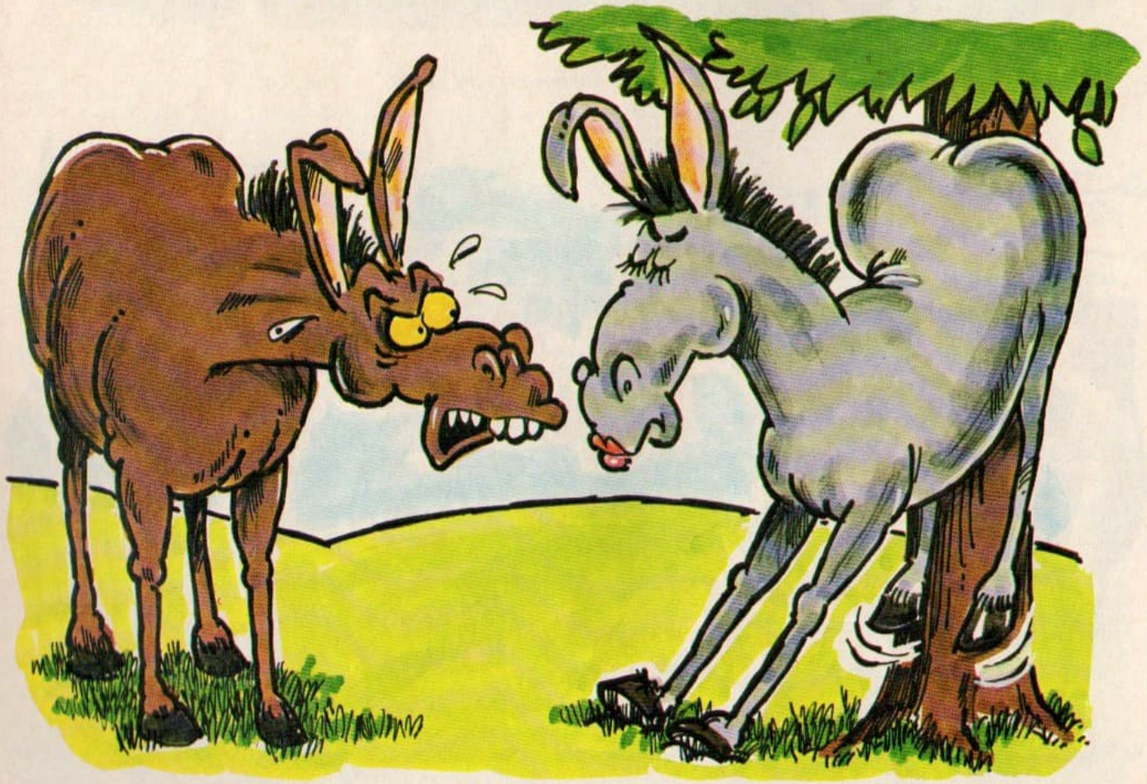
"You know what they say about big noses, don't you, Glenda?"

"There goes Cyril, the queen of the jungle."

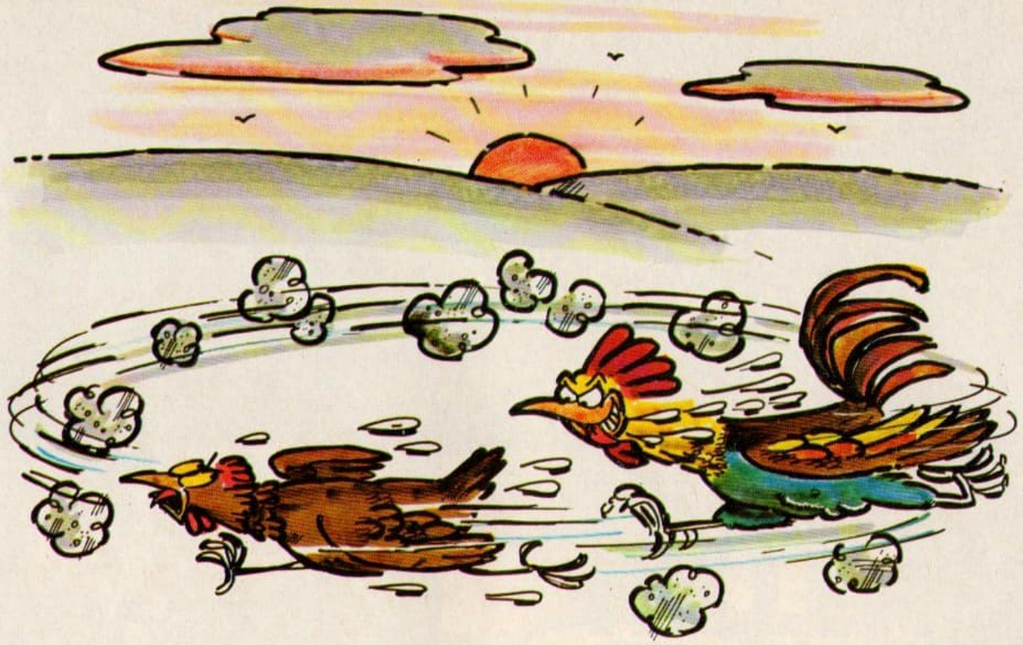


"Yes, but will you still respect us in the morning?"

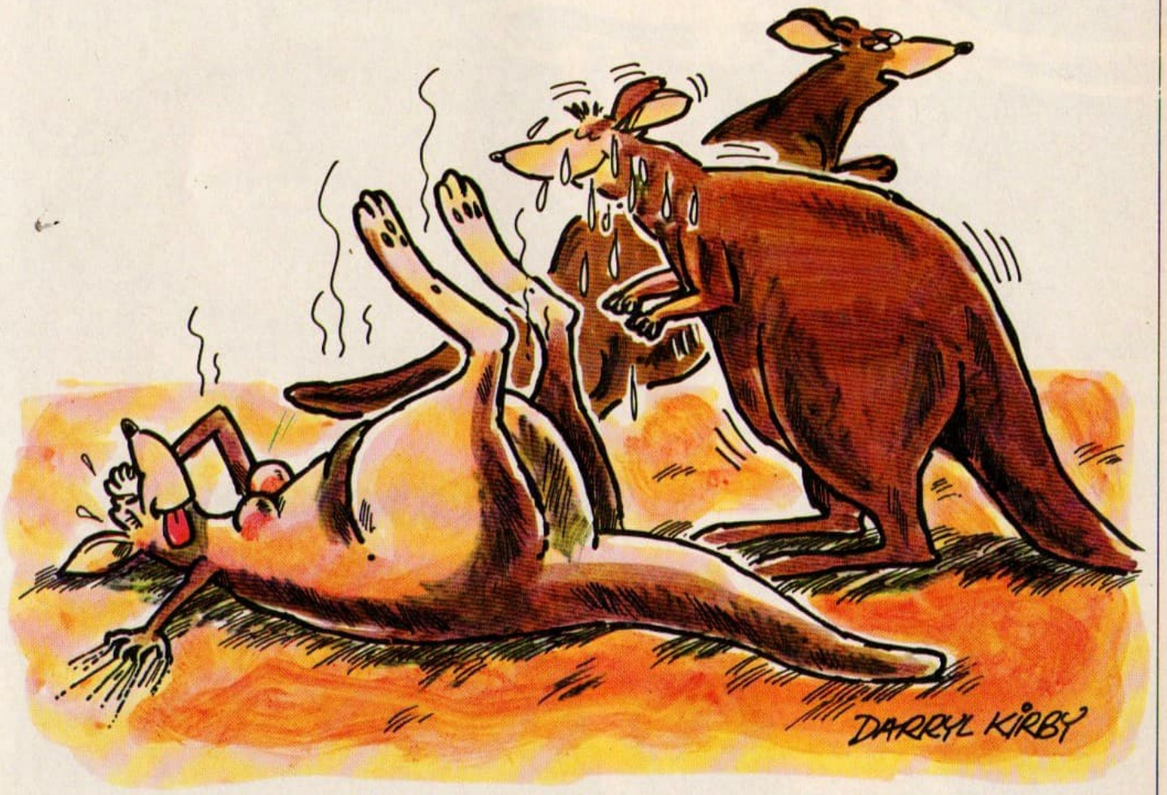
"I wish you'd never seen that 'Fly United' T-shirt!"



"Now listen, Matilda, in Tijuana people pay just to watch."



"Why can't you crow in the morning like all the other roosters?"



"Got her on the rebound then, eh, mate?"

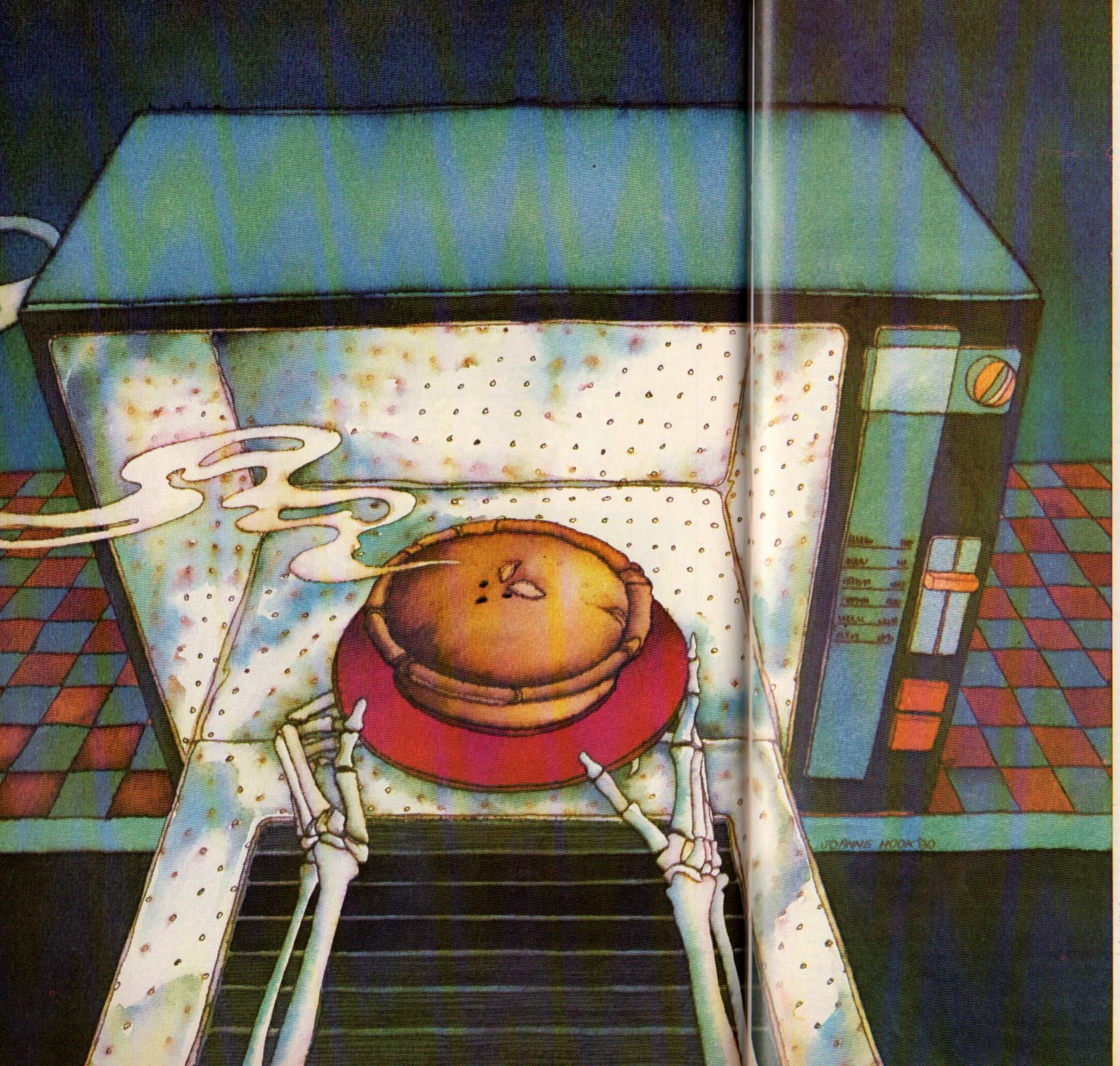


Illustration by Jo Anne Hook

Evidence is mounting each year that microwave technology is responsible for an array of disorders from heart attacks to genetic disease.

THE INVISIBLE KILLERS

BY TIMOTHY HALL

It is odd that Australians, for the momentary convenience of being able to thaw a frozen pie in 15 seconds, should bring into their kitchens an appliance that as well as the familiar hazards of burning and electrocution can it is claimed, turn them blind, make their hair fall out, induce heart attacks, cause sterility and, if they survive all this, deform their unborn children. Yet these are exactly the forces which scientists say are at work inside every microwave oven.

But ovens are only one part of the story, for microwave technology is now an inseparable part of modern living. It is only the truth about the unique dangers of these microwaves which has been effectively kept from Australians, while the industry, aided by a succession of seemingly indifferent governments, pursues its deliberate policy of deception.

Microwaves, like infra-red, visible light and ultra-violet, are just one part of the electromagnetic spectrum, which ranges from the very low radio frequencies used for communicating with submarines at one end; through short wave radio, television and FM; and finally up to X-rays and, at the other extreme, Gamma-rays. Microwaves themselves are quite short waves, measuring between one millimetre and one metre and having a frequency of between 100 and 300,000 MHz.

Their first applied use came in 1933 with the invention of an Anglo-French wireless system that beamed signals across the English channel; and it proliferated during World War II, particularly with the development of radar.

Since then, the radio frequency background level in cities and towns, airports and radar stations, has increased between 100 and 200 million times over the background levels that emanate naturally from the sun and the stars and in which man evolved. We are bombarded constantly by a stream of radio waves and are immersed in an electronic smog created by countless radio frequency devices.

The uses for microwaves are almost limitless with microwave links criss-crossing the country and CB radio, satellites, radar, ovens, even pocket pagers and remote-controlled

garage doors all making use of this remarkably adaptable part of the spectrum. It adds up to an enormous amount of radiation, and although much is still not understood about the effects on man of these radio waves, or microwaves, what is known is alarming enough to stop us in our tracks. For the evidence mounts each year that microwaves are responsible for an array of disorders, from deep burns and cardio-vascular disease to genetic damage and particularly damage to the eyes.

Says Peter Crosby of the University of Sydney's Department of Ophthalmology and the Principal Biomedical Engineer at the Royal North Shore Hospital: "There is no doubt that exposure to microwave radiation can cause cataracts."

What is more, the evidence grows that these dangers have been known to governments and to industry for almost 40 years, but have been concealed from the public by a massive cover-up involving the deliberate manipulation and distortion of the facts.

Each form of electro-magnetic radiation varies in its wave-length, frequency and the energy that it carries, but they all have at least two things in common. They travel at the speed of light and they all affect the human organism.

Our bodies may be totally transparent to the waves, as they are with broadcast band radio waves; or some parts of them only may be transparent, as with X-rays. Alternatively, they can reflect them, as they do with visible light; or absorb them deeply, which is what happens with microwaves.

People were aware of the possible health hazards of radiation very early on and X-rays, for example, were shown to be extremely hazardous within a few years of their discovery by Roentgen in 1895. The technicians operating the X-ray machines noticed lesions on their hands which later developed into skin cancer.

Microwaves, on the other hand, were known to generate heat — they are not themselves hot, but produce heat by vibrating the molecules of the object they are bombarding and so cause friction, in much the same way as two sticks rubbed together generate heat — but in other respects they were considered to be entirely benign.

The occasional controversy broke out, often between German and American scientists and health authorities, about other possible harmful effects, but their safety was never seriously questioned.

A critical factor is the ability of microwaves to burn at various depths, depending on their frequency. The burns may occur on the skin or just below the surface, or they may take place deep within the body. And they will burn *only* at this particular depth, without causing direct harm all the way down from the surface.

One peculiarity of the frequency at which microwave ovens operate in Australia, 2450 MHz, is that it causes burning below the surface of the skin. And while the skin is generously supplied with sensory nerves which produce the sensation of warmth and warn us that we are burning, the interior of the body is not nearly so well endowed. In many cases there is no warning at all and the damage is done before we are even aware that it is taking place.

This poses special problems with medical diathermy units which are used for applying heat to damaged muscles beneath the skin.

They are widely used by physiotherapists, but there is a disturbing trend for them to be used without any skilled supervision by athletic and football clubs and even at home.

The first serious suggestion in America that microwaves might be more dangerous than had been thought came during World War II when rumors began to spread through the US Navy that radar was making men sterile and causing their hair to fall out as well as producing an array of other alarming symptoms.

> There is no doubt that exposure to microwave radiation can cause cataracts.

The navy ordered an investigation but predictably, in the middle of a war where microwaves were filling a vital role, Government doctors dismissed the claims and reported that the men's symptoms existed only in their imagination.

The US continued to maintain that the only possible adverse effects of microwaves were in its heat properties and this had the greatest influence for years to come on the attitude of almost every other western country, including Australia, towards microwave technology and the standards which were adopted.

But while the Americans were curtly dismissing these symptoms as subjective, the Russians and several other eastern European governments were taking the matter much more seriously. Even before the end of the war they had begun their own studies into the health experiences of radar technicians and electronics workers. And what they discovered was almost diametrically opposed to what the Americans were claiming.

At exposures far lower than those needed to cause burning, they found that microwaves were responsible for numerous disorders ranging from changes in the blood and cardio-vascular system, to deterioration in the functioning of the brain and lowered effeciency, insomnia and sterility. The lens of the eye was shown to be especially vulnerable to microwave radiation and particularly at the microwave oven frequency of 2450 MHz.

If the eyes are exposed to even moderate radiation, small opacities, or areas which are impervious to light, develop at the back of the lens. It is a gradual and irreversible process which leads eventually to the formation of cataract and to blindness.

One man aged 56 had been exposed to microwave radiation for 15 years without any apparent ill effects. Then in just a few weeks he became totally blind in both eyes, the result of prolonged exposure finally catching up with him. Surgery to correct this type of cataract is difficult and often unsuccessful.

Clearly either the Americans, who still insisted that the only danger was in burning, or the Russians were wrong. Both countries promulgated their own standard which was taken up by many other countries within their sphere of influence. The Americans took as their starting point the amount of radiation known to cause perceptible burning, 100 milliwatts per square centimetre, and then quite arbitrarily divided this by 10.

Ten milliwatts is still the general standard in Australia, although it takes no account of the extensive damage that is known to be caused by radiation at levels too low to actually burn.

The Russians and many other eastern bloc countries, on the other hand, imposed their own standard which was an incredible one thousand times more strict than the American equivalent. It still is today. While the Americans skirted round the whole issue of industrial exposure to microwaves, the Russians imposed very strict work procedures for anyone working in an area that might expose them to microwave radiation.

Transmitters are positioned very carefully in factories so that people are not brought into contact with microwaves even by chance, in marked contrast to many Australian electronics factories where the heat is so intense from the radiation that it can be felt as you walk down the aisles.

In most eastern European countries, not only pregnant women, but any woman of childbearing age, are kept away from possible exposure to microwaves, a far cry from the situation in Australia where it is quite normal to find young and even pregnant women working for many hours a day in close proximity to microwaves.

It was not necessary to look very far to find the explanation for this major discrepancy between the findings of the two countries' scientists. In America, the widespread military use of microwaves and the belief that microwave technology was vital for the defence of the nation were ample justification for suppressing what they knew as well as the Russians to be the truth. They reasoned that if all the facts came out, political pressure would bring an abrupt end to the development of this new and vital technology.

Even more relevant was the vested interest of the multi-billion dollar industry which grew up to satisfy the Government's needs and to commercialise the numerous spin-offs, particularly microwave ovens, which promised profits quite huge enough to warrant the suppression of the truth.

The industry argued to the Government that if the full biological and neurological effect of microwave radiation were ever made public, it would face ruin and that the interests of them both would be best served by saying nothing.

It was on this basis that the dangerously false standard was set, and there is no calculating the number of people who have been damaged and probably killed throughout the western world by the decision taken in Washington to suppress the truth.

The Soviet Government was not troubled by such niceties and published its findings. Theoretically the Russian papers were available to any western scientist who wanted to read them, but at the time the CIA was providing the service of translating virtually all Russian government documents. It then made them available to interested parties. It was a simple matter to doctor the information and censor all mention of the Russian research into microwaves and the stringent safety standards which were being imposed.

By the mid-1970s, scientific scepticism about the worth of the original research on which the US standard had been based, had reached such a point that the American Government was finally forced to set up an independent committee to examine the known and likely dangers of microwave radiation.

Dr David Hollway of the CSIRO, and a persistent critic of the ineffectual standards being applied in Australia, maintains that "the calculations used to set the Australian and American standards were so simple and elementary that they would be dismissed out of hand today". To accept the American standard for any longer, Hollway dismisses as "quite unnecessary and a most foolish hazard".

To the surprise of very few scientists, the American investigation almost duplicated the Russian research of 20 years earlier. It found the same symptoms and disorders and the same apparent mental breakdown which followed excessive exposure to microwaves.

Radar technicians are necessarily a group exposed to extremely intense microwave radiation and many are known to have suffered severe disablement or to have produced defective children.

Typical was technician Arthur Kaye who worked on the high-powered radar units on U-2 spy planes. He worked on the aircraft while they were parked on a metal ramp and the microwaves emitted by the radar bombarded this ramp and reflected upwards and sideways. It was says Kaye, "like being baked in a microwave oven".

Today he has 33 distinct disabilities, from almost unbearable headaches to recurring heart attacks. His teeth fall out without warning and he is totally blind in one eye and has cataract in the other.

> Three otherwise healthy men dropped dead with coronary attacks while they were installing a microwave generator.

Another victim of the microwaves is Tom Montgomery, who was also a radar worker. Today, thanks to his exposure, he is completely blind and deaf and can only answer questions "written" on the palm of his hand by his daughter. Four doctors have independently certified that the damage was caused by the microwaves.

As American research gained momentum, the danger of heart attack was repeatedly seen. Laboratory animals are sometimes killed with microwaves when an instantaneous death is required to prevent the loss of any enzymes. Then three otherwise healthy men dropped dead with coronary attacks while they were installing a microwave generator in Thailand; and three more also died at about the same time when they were repairing a radar factory.

It is known that much of the damage caused by microwaves is the result of the heat which they generate — they cause cataracts, for example, by burning the rear of the lens in exactly the same way that they cook a T-bone steak. But the radiation which microwaves emit is equally believed to be responsible for several of the microwave-induced diseases and disorders, among them cancer, sterility and foetus damage.

Another theory is that the brain acts like some kind of radio receiver for the microwaves and in the process stops functioning properly.

Research along these lines is being conducted into the possibility that microwaves are in some way responsible for cot deaths.

A recent study of 632 cases of cot death disclosed that almost without exception they occurred when the baby was either close to an unusual magnetic field or to stray electric currents.

Professor Milton Zaret, of the New York University School of Medicine, an ophthalmologist and also one of the world's foremost authorities on the medical consequences of microwave radiation, suspects that "outside currents" may be interfering with the function of the nervous system.

He believes that the radiation may in some way be causing the baby's brain to "forget" to breathe and to maintain heartbeat, with the result that it just dies for no apparent reason.

The early Russian research had shown that there was a very real possibility that microwave radiation causes genetic damage, and a Warsaw geneticist, Premyslaw Kerski, has reported that levels of microwave radiation as low as 50 microwatts, or half a milliwatt, can reduce the blood count and lower antibody production and lymphocite formation in the blood, seriously weakening the body's ability to fight infection.

As long ago as 1964, it was shown that microwaves can damage chromosomes; and recently, at a plant which made extensive use of microwave technology, men were joking that they seemed unable to produce anything but baby girls. The joke ended when they learned that a Russian survey had revealed an overwhelming majority of females being born to parents exposed to excessive levels of radiation. And that the risk of deformity in their unborn children was significantly high.

Hospitals are warned never to warm blood in microwave ovens because the method by which microwaves create heat causes the blood to disintegrate to the point where it could kill anyone receiving it. And visual display units (VDUs) have been highlighted as a significant potential hazard. The same type of cataract seen in other cases of microwave radiation has been diagnosed in workers exposed to stray radiation from faulty VDUs. The group most at risk are sub-editors on newspapers and magazines, working for long hours in front of

VDUs which are linked to computers. Employers point out correctly that when the VDU is working properly, there is no leakage; but they are far from foolproof and when they are not working correctly, they emit stray radiation which inevitably comes in contact with the eyes. The operator would have no idea from any of his own senses that he was being exposed to this stray radiation.

Stray radiation is always a problem with microwaves because the beam is never clean or direct. It is a special danger with diathermy machines when any part of the body in the region of the head is being treated, for there is a real risk of damage to the eyes.

Although the Russians were quick to protect their own people against microwave exposure, enforcing standards that are far higher than anything so far adopted in Australia, they are still capable of applying an extraordinary double-standard when people of other nationalities are at risk.

In one region of Finland, for example, bordering on the Russian State of Karelia, health officials recently discovered the highest incidence of sudden death from heart attack ever recorded in the world. Not only the men were dying, but the women and even the children. And unlike the normal pattern of heart disease, which tends to be highest in densely populated urban areas, this region was almost entirely rural, with only a scattered population. To complete the bleak picture, two towns in the area were also experiencing a grossly abnormal rise in the incidence of cancer.

The immediate assumption that the Russians must have a major radar installation across the border proved to be true, for that remote corner of Finland had the misfortune to lie exactly on the line between Moscow and Omaha, Nebraska, where the Americans housed their main sensors for their ballistic missile sites.

The Russians had moved their own civilians out of the area before the installation began operating, but they had not bothered to warn the Finns across the border.

Even more bizarre was a long term plan by the Russians to beam low levels of microwave radiation at the American Embassy in Moscow. It began in 1962, and at first American security experts in the 10-storey yellow stucco building assumed that the Russians were using the microwaves to eavesdrop. The years went by before they realised that they had something much more insidious on their hands.

For what the Russians were doing was deliberately attempting to alter the behavior and so the efficiency of the Embassy staff.

As efficiency was noticeably affected and embassy diplomats and staff began to suffer more disturbing physical symptoms, the American Government authorised an urgent and secret research project, code-named Project Pandora, in which monkeys were exposed to the same strength of signal as that being beamed at the embassy.

Animals and humans both displayed the same symptoms and then, in routine blood tests, it was found that one in three of the embassy staff was suffering from a condition known as lymphocytosis, an abnormality of the white blood cells thought by many medical experts to be the precursor of leukaemia.

Ambassador Walter J. Stoessell began bleeding from the eyes and suffered from a form of anaemia, well-recognised symptoms of low level radiation. Young women returning to the US from the embassy were secretly tested for genetic damage, under the pretext of a routine health check; but when damage was found, the information was deliberately kept from them.

> The US Ambassador began bleeding from the eyes and suffered from anaemia, well-recognised symptoms of low level radiation.

Indeed, nobody at the embassy was given any information about what was going on and the last straw came when US National Security Advisor, Zbignibew Brzezinski, told a reporter in Tokyo that the rate of cancer at the embassy was one of the highest in the world.

With the staff threatening to expose the whole affair to the press, Ambassador Stoessel called them all together and confirmed for the first time that they had been the victims of an extraordinary laboratory experiment by the Russians.

The radiation, which was probably aimed at the embassy from radar type antennae located behind the windows or walls of a nearby building, has continued until this day; and nobody can yet predict what the lasting effect of the microwave exposure will be.

The embassy itself has belatedly been classified as an "unhealthful post"; Ambassador Stoessel, now a very sick man, has been transferred to Bonn; and about 10 years too late, the embassy windows have been sealed with aluminium foil. One marine guard who served at the embassy has sued the US government for $1.75 million for his severely retarded child, claiming that the disability would never have occurred if the American Government had given him proper protection.

Ironically, when the Americans eventually lodged a formal complaint, the Russians pretended to be amused and asked how any American could protest about radiation levels of 18 microwatts when their own standard was 500 times higher. Indeed this is one of the most remarkable features of the whole bizarre incident, for the amount of radiation beamed at the embassy never did exceed 18 microwatts.

In Australian terms, almost anybody living in a high-rise city building or near an airport is likely to be exposed to these levels of microwave radiation. In fact, anyone can receive this level of radiation by just sitting behind the steering wheel of their car when a truck goes past transmitting on its CB radio. The rod of the steering wheel acts as an antenna.

For most people, the best known source of microwaves are microwave ovens, and the recurring stories of the fearful things that can happen to owners of these appliances have kept many prospective buyers from purchasing one.

"Every Christmas," says one Sharp sales executive grudgingly, "there seems to be another scare that knocks the hell out of the market."

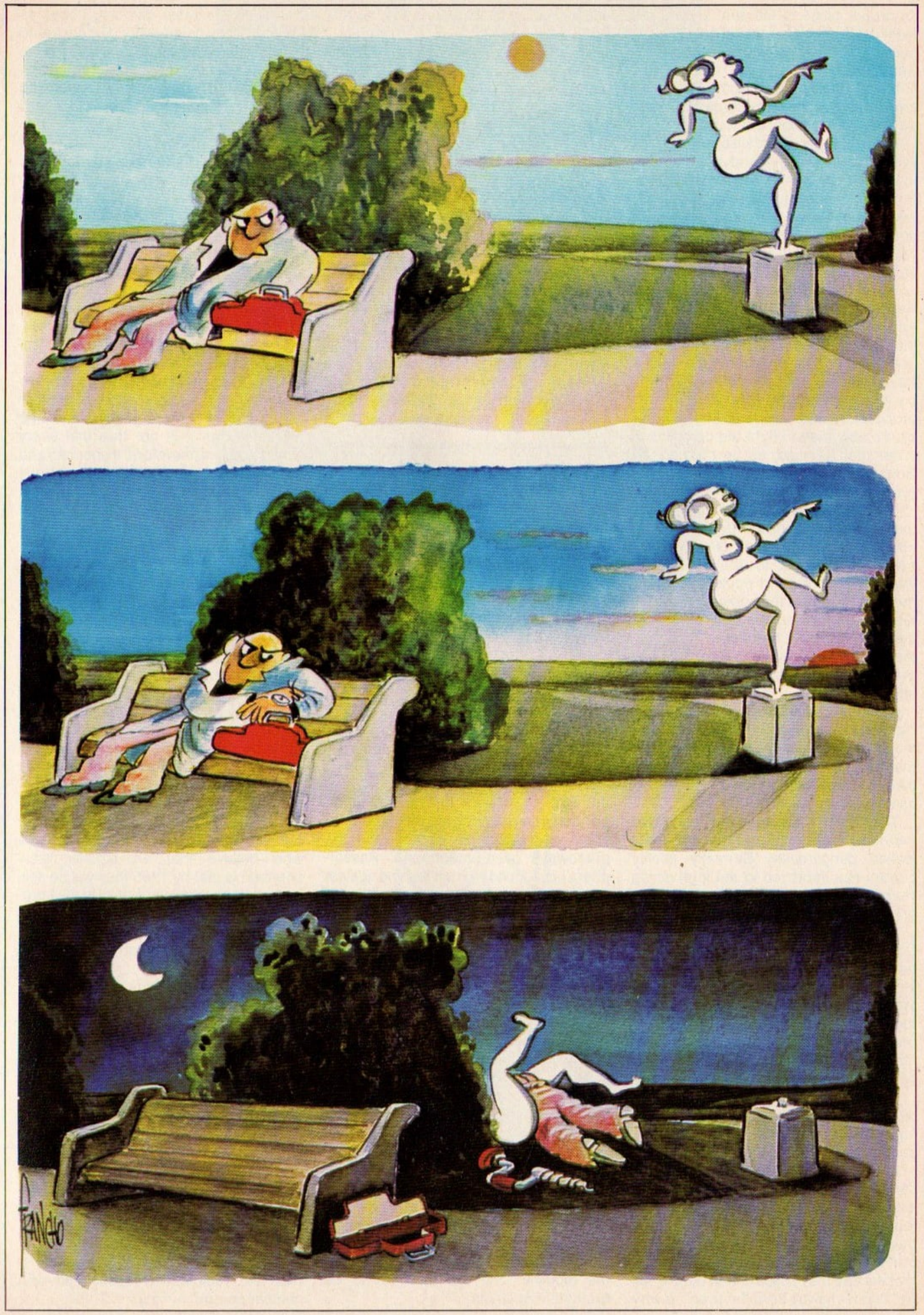
In Britain two years ago, a single television documentary describing how two women developed cataract from a microwave oven almost brought the industry to a standstill. And there was good reason for the concern.

In microwave ovens, an electronic tube called a magnetron produces the microwaves which in turn set up the molecular friction that cooks the food. There is a story that the idea for the microwave oven first came during the war when radar technicians found that the birds which crashed into their masts had been cooked to a cider.

The same technicians whiled away the time frying marshmallows and shattering eggs with bursts of microwave radiation at a range of 30 metres.

After a great deal of concerned lobbying by scientists and doctors, the standard for permissible levels of leakage for microwave ovens was set at five milliwatts per cubic centimetre, half the normal standard. It is still so high that a Russian, if he wanted to comply with the Russian standard, would have to stand at least 1.3 metres away from the oven at all times it was operating.

The extreme danger of what is going on *inside* a microwave oven when it is working is no longer seriously disputed. All that keeps this unwanted radiation in



its proper place is the seal around the oven door, which inevitably with the passing of time and with use, becomes weaker.

Many retailers and some manufacturers openly state that microwave ovens do not leak radiation, but it is a lie.

What few people realise is that they are already leaking — and are permitted to leak — even when they leave the factory in mint condition. For the standards which manufacturers must observe are *not* an insistence that microwave ovens must be leak-proof, but a requirement only that they must not leak too much.

When the US Bureau of Radiological Health, the agency of the Food and Drug Administration responsible for studying the biological effects of microwaves, had compliance hearings recently, nearly 100 of the 1900 ovens tested leaked in excess — and sometimes far in excess — of the permitted standard. The industry predictably tried to fight the compliance order that followed, but in the end the General Electric Company was forced to recall 36,000 microwave ovens.

Shortly before this order was made, the American Consumers Association also tested a wide range of microwave ovens and came to the conclusion that not one of them could be recommended "because the popular makes we tested, leaked radiation at levels we cannot be sure are harmless." Says ophthalmologist Dr Milton Zaret: "They are very dangerous, cataract-producing appliances."

Criticism of these ovens is far from being new in Australia. As long ago as 1972 the NSW Electricity Authority warned of the "disturbing situation" that the ovens then on sale were probably exposing users to radiation hazards.

The authority's inspectors found that the design was poor and that the doors leaked dangerously. Certainly quality control has improved in the intervening years, but it is known that many of these original ovens are still in use.

In 1976, the Australian Federation of Consumer Organisations described microwave ovens in this country as "a serious health hazard, with nobody having any definite idea about how to make them safe". In 1979 an international symposium of microwave experts called for "the most urgent reappraisal of the dangers of microwave ovens"

Commercial ovens used by fast-food outlets are regularly found to be leaking far in excess of 10 milliwatts per square centimetre.

It is *never* safe to be nearer than five centimetres to a microwave oven when it is in use, and many experts believe that this is much too close. Peter Crosby of the University of Sydney, believes that arm's length is quite close enough and makers say they assume that people will be "two feet away from the oven", a very dangerous assumption in any normal kitchen.

Says Crosby: "The design of some ovens prohibits this to start with." And ophthalmologist Dr Milton Zaret adds caustically: "If that is the case, they ought to put a two-foot cage in front of every oven."

It is often difficult and inconvenient to be an arm's length away from any oven when it is in use, and for most people familiarity breeds contempt. Children in particular are fascinated by them, peering into the window of the oven to watch the food cooking in front of their eyes. They turn on the oven when there is nothing inside — adding greatly to the risk of escaping radiation — to see how it works, particularly with newer models which have intriguing refinements like turntables and browning devices.

In some kitchens the microwave oven is not kept on a working top or built into the wall at eye level. Instead it is incorporated into a unit which has a conventional cooking stove on top and the microwave oven underneath. Researchers have found women leaning against the edge of the microwave oven while it is working and while they were cooking on the hot plates. Inevitably they are being irradiated.

> It is *never* safe to be nearer than 5cm to a microwave oven when it is in use, and many experts believe that is much too close.

As long ago as 1968, the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare warned that another organ, the testes, is especially vulnerable to microwave radiation, with only slight temperature changes affecting the sperm-producing process. Birth defects and sterility are both clearly established as resulting from exposure to microwaves — but how many men have leant nonchalantly against the microwave oven while it is cooking?

Recently the first American housewife was awarded damages (of $20,000) against a microwave oven manufacturer for damage to her eyes caused by the oven, and there are many similar cases in the pipeline. The first has yet to be brought in Australia.

One of the most damning cases involved two women who demonstrated microwave ovens for 18 months, always standing on the same side of the oven. Both women subsequently developed cataract — and in the eye that was nearest to the oven.

Ignorance of *any* of the dangers of microwaves on the part of domestic users of the ovens is a source of concern to medical experts. (One story which the industry does not encourage its salesmen to repeat is of the woman who decided to use her microwave oven to dry off her unfortunate cat after it got wet in the rain. She had to scrape it off the oven wall with a knife). But some manufacturers have a knack of applying half-truths to their ovens, presumably to confuse potential buyers.

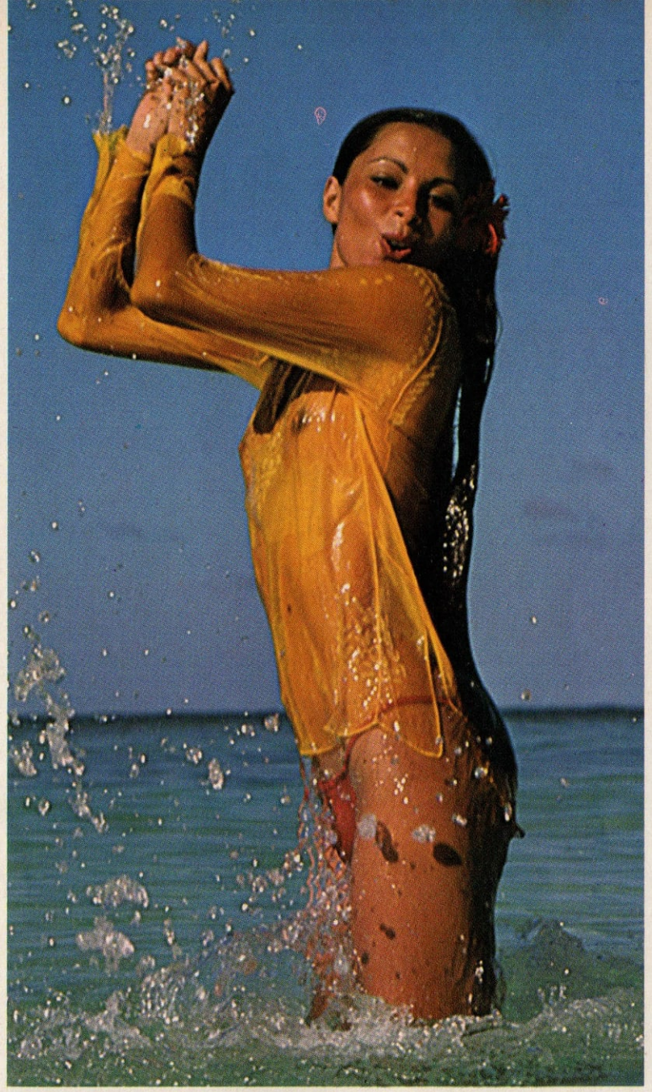
It is true, for example, that microwave ovens have to be approved by the State governments before they can be marketed, but it is not true that every single oven is therefore inspected and passed. In fact, in most States, just one oven is tested as a sample of the whole production run and on the strength of this, thousands like it are put on the market.

This inadequate testing is particularly important in States such as NSW where there is no compulsion on users to have their ovens checked regularly (every six months is considered preferable, every 12 months absolutely essential) and no power allowing the Government to force a manufacturer to recall faulty products.

By the end of 1979, Australian sales of domestic microwave ovens, which account for about 40 percent of the total market — most of the remainder are bought by fast-food outlets — were running at about 50,000 a year. The industry claims that by 1982 this will have risen to 500,000 annually, but there are many who believe that an equally likely scenario is that by 1985 they will be selling no microwave ovens at all in their present form. Instead they will have been relegated to the status of Madame Curie's first primitive and lethal X-ray equipment.

To counter mounting criticism of their product, some manufacturers have begun a high-powered lobby and have geared their sales campaigns to playing down or simply ignoring the very real dangers of microwaves. They shore this up by either skirting the truth or, on occasion, simply lying.

It should not prove too taxing for companies which, in many cases, contributed to putting a man on the moon, to make an oven door that does not leak. Perhaps they will not make the change, and physicist Sir Mark Oliphant is right when he suggests that the results of this kind of technology "may prove more devastating than the radioactivity associated with nuclear energy"



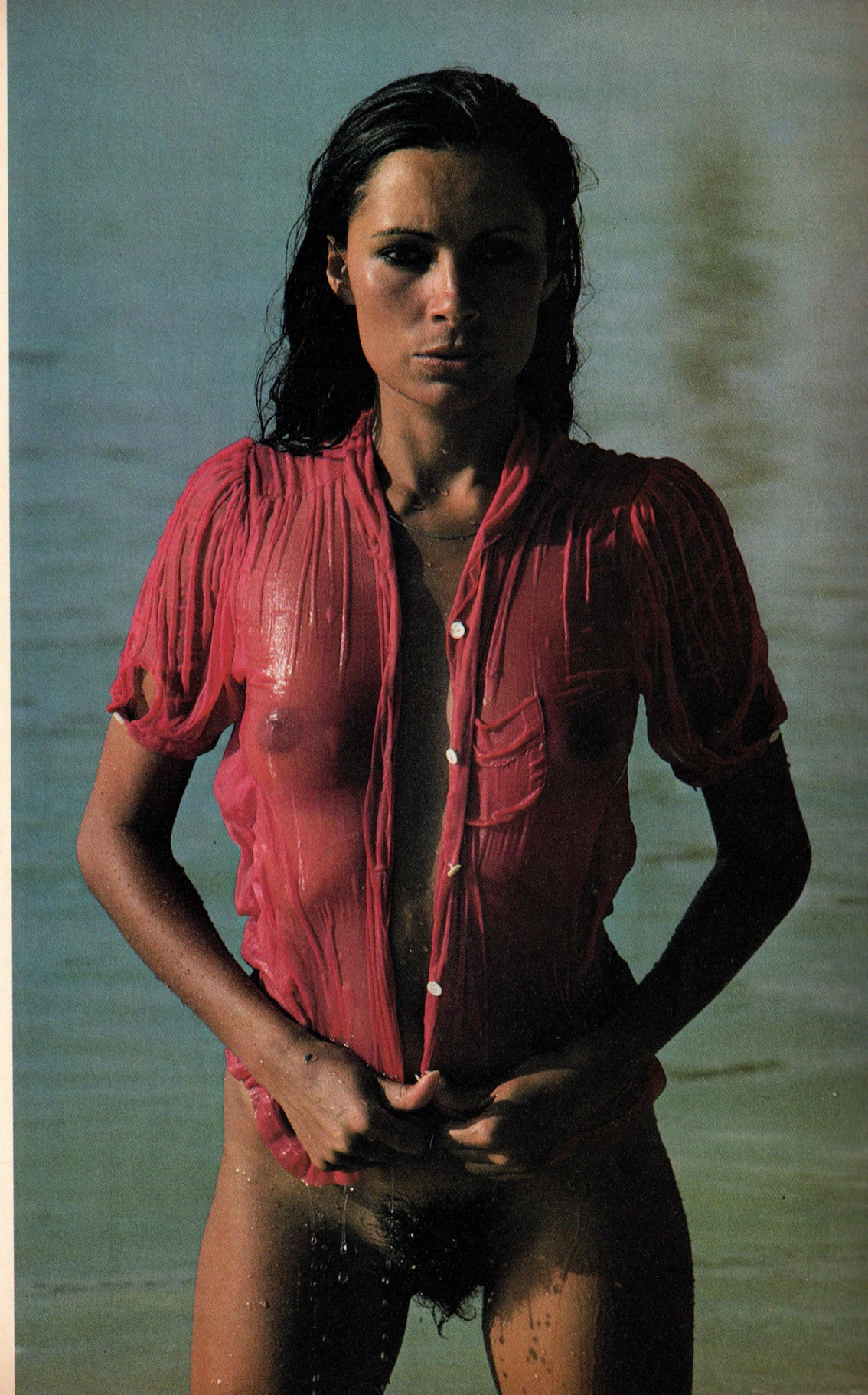
JONI

FELICITY'S TEACHER

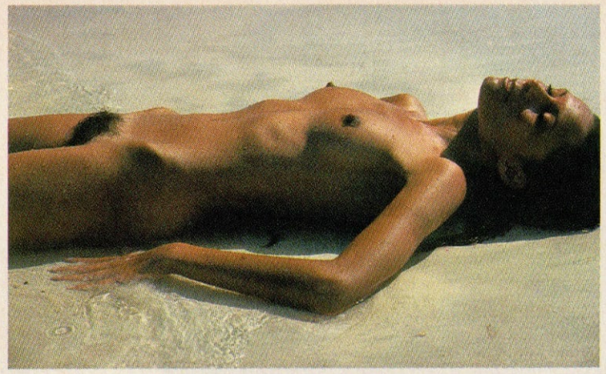
When Australian film-maker John Lamond was assembling a cast for his acclaimed R-rated movie, *Felicity,* he chose our exotic Pet of the Month, Joni Flynn, as one of his two leading ladies — and these photographs show that the choice wasn't difficult. Joni, a Eurasian beauty, played the part of the older woman (she's now all of 25!) who helps awaken Felicity's sexuality. The movie went on to be Australia's most successful movie in that field and made a lot of fans for Joni.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD H. MILNE

Joni is the totally liberated, sensual daughter of an Indian mother and a Scots tea-planting father, and is proof that Rudyard Kipling was wrong (or merely misguided) when he wrote: "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet."



"I first learned about sex at boarding school," admits Joni. "We were really naughty girls. We would stand at the window, where the boys could see us, and we would slowly strip off our clothes. Today there is still nothing quite so exciting as the awareness of that young girl's first sense of sexual power."



"When I make love, my lover must dominate me," says Joni, "but he must also know that I have to follow my sexual instincts. When the time comes that I desire another partner, he has to understand. It's not a put-down of him, it's just part of my animal sexuality."

Joni, who was born in Assam (her father still lives there), played the part of Me Ling opposite Glory Annan's Felicity in the movie. Joni's work in films and modelling has taken her all over the world, and she has appeared on TV and radio to promote the film. "But," says Joni, "no matter where I travel, there's no place like Australia for fun and excitement in the sun, the surf and the sand!"

MISS JONI FLYNN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY MIKE KABLE

The author is motoring editor of *The Australian*, and is one of Australia's most authoritative and respected motoring writers.

CAR WARS: THE JAPANESE ARE WINNING

"I live for the day," W.O. (Bill) Bourke once said in what was to become the most famous of his fiery one-liners, "when there will be no more Japanese cars in RSL car parks." This seemingly casual remark, following an expansive lunch washed down by a selection of wines at the All Saints vineyard near Melbourne after the presentation of Ford's Escort in the early Seventies, was good for a hearty laugh among Australia's motor noters.

Bourke, the flamboyant former American boss of Ford Australia, was living up to his reputation for always giving the press a controversial quote. Some journalists, their senses dulled perhaps by over indulgence in the knowledge that a coach was waiting to return us to Melbourne, overlooked this little gem. But a couple of the more enterprising scribes rushed to their nearest telephones.

Their stories, at a time when Japanese cars were high on an editor's list of priorities (they still are!) made page one the following day — and caused a hell of a reaction.

The Japanese, to put it mildly, were not amused.

Nor were the World War II diggers, who had buried the Samurai sword and were driving unashamedly to and from their local RSL clubs in their bargain-priced Toyotas, Datsuns and Mazdas.

Bourke, as usual, was unrepentant. He had meant exactly what he said. He did not mind offending the Japanese, who were starting to make their presence felt in the nation's showrooms. But Bourke, adept as he was in marketing cars — he fathered the fabulous Falcon GTs and approved of Ford going motor racing in the grand manner — clearly underestimated the strength and future repercussions of the Japanese challenge.

It was a mistake many other contemporary motor industry executives, not only those in Australia, but also the US, Europe and Britain, made.

Like Bourke, they tended to regard Japanese cars, eating into the markets they had established and so carefully nurtured, as something of an aberration. An irritant that would eventually go away when the people tired of the novelty and returned to the traditional fold of good old Chevvies and Caddies, Mustangs and Mavericks, Falcons and Fiats, Holdens and Humbers and Vauxhalls and Valiants.

This hasn't happened, of course. And the executives who have survived (they do not include Bourke, who went on to become chief of Ford Europe, then a vice-president of Ford about number four from the top, only to toss it in earlier this year after the retirement of his long-time ally, Henry Ford II) are very much sadder and wiser.

Their failure to come to grips with the threat, their total lack of perception, has cost their companies billions of dollars in lost sales — plus many billions more now being spent to try to turn back the Japanese tide. Try is indeed the operative word. For the frighteningly efficient and cleverly managed Japanese car making machine has ground on so effectively in recent years that Japan this year will probably overtake the US as the world's biggest car manufacturing nation. Its total vehicle output in 1979 topped the 10 million mark, compared with the US production last year of 11.48 million vehicles.

Japan has really hit top gear this year, capitalising on a renewed demand for small, fuel-efficient cars at prices people can afford, that US manufacturers and their Australian counterparts have been unable to satisfy. Japan's share of the previously patriotic US market has rocketed to more than 25 percent — up to about 40 percent in some areas of California, which is bearing the full brunt of the Japanese invasion.

Most estimates put the anticipated 1980 Japanese output at around 11 million vehicles, of which about 30 percent will be exported. All four US big league makers — GM, Ford, Chrysler and American Motors — have incurred staggering financial losses for the first six months of this year, when they

"The frighteningly efficient and cleverly managed Japanese car-making machine this year will probably overtake the US as the world's biggest car manufacturing nation."

are committed to costly front-wheel-drive economy models that are positively radical by past US standards.

GM for example, has struck a five-year worldwide budget of $US40,000 million, while Ford is spending half this amount. Chrysler, teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, is being propped up by US Government loans and supporters like Ol' Blue Eyes Frank Sinatra, who has volunteered his services for one year for one dollar to make TV commercials endorsing the company's cars. AMC has opened the door to Renault, who want a bigger slice of the US cake.

Their Japanese counterparts, in contrast, are banking most of the yen, dollars, pounds, deutschmarks, francs, schillings, florins and bahts that their cars are generating. They set their course long ago, steady as she goes, and they haven't deviated from it except for minor corrections. Their success is immense — and there appears to be no end to the rainbow while they have the enemy on the run.

No other country, in sales percentage terms at least, has succumbed so completely to the lure of Japanese cars than Australia, the first major export market to be exploited by the Japanese. They have used Australia as a model of what they can accomplish elsewhere, of how heavily they can tread on the toes of local manufacturers before incurring the wrath of governments and unions. And when the blast does come, how they can circumvent it with promises of co-operation, new car plants to create employment and so on.

This subtle approach has certainly paid off in Australia. Over the years, the Japanese have agreed with virtually everything our governments have thrown up, with a minimum of investment compared to the vast amount of capital GM-H and Ford have spent and are spending here. They've also used their links with US companies to advantage in offsetting political flak, links that enabled Mitsubishi to buy out Chrysler Australia earlier this year for a total of $80 million — less than the cost of building a new engine plant — without so much as a murmur from the Federal Government. Mitsubishi after all, was guaranteeing continuity of employment to several thousand South Australians who would otherwise be out of a job.

And Isuzu, in supplying Gemini components to GM-H, is helping the General achieve nearly 30,000 sales a year it might otherwise lose because it hasn't a competitive small car of its own.

Ford has also submitted to the Japanese superiority, via the Mazda-designed Laser it will be marketing in Australia next year, in direct competition with Mazda's own front-wheel-drive Familia, which will be fully imported. And Ford's future, when the XD Falcon falls out of favor, appears to be very much in Mazda's hands.

Japan's conquest of our car market has been astonishing, from a mere 1.4 percent share in 1963 when GM-H commanded a comfortable 35.5 percent domination with literally one Holden model, to around 60 percent at present counting all imported, locally assembled and locally built makes and models.

Their manufacturers have ridden on the back of the energy crisis — and there's no denying they are making and selling — cars that are in tune with the requirements of a majority of buyers. But competitive pricing has been their single biggest advantage, one the local makers have rarely been able to match because of the huge difference in economies of scale. And Japan's highly developed automated technology, besides the sheer productivity of its workers who also scarcely know the meaning of the word strike, do not even bear comparison.

As the Japanese continue their unrelenting thrust into Australia, the morale of the local motor industry controlled by GM-H and Ford is definitely on the decline. GM-H has been stunned by the extremely bitter reaction to its rather heavy-handed closure of the Pagewood assembly plant in Sydney, an outmoded factory that has long been on the skids.

Facts such as that GM-H has Australian assets of $675 million, spent almost $700 million last year with Australian components and materials suppliers, paid out $291 million in wages in 1979 to its 16,000 employees and is lavishing $240 million on a new four-cylinder engine plant which 1650 people are directly engaged in building, do not wash with the General's detractors. And GM-H, like Ford, still has manufacturing and tooling skills and facilities that the Japanese to a large extent haven't had or do not want to introduce because their local activities are still on a relatively low budget, using only as much Australian participation as is necessary.

This article is not a defence of GM-H, or Ford, who certainly haven't always done the right thing by the Australian motorist. They have built some appalling cars in past years, over-engined and over-powered, with terrible handling qualities. And they totally neglected the four-cylinder market when it was obvious this was the way to go.

But they have at least given us a manufacturing industry capable of producing good cars and helps keep money circulating within Australia. The implications of Pagewood, with regard to the Japanese onslaught, are disturbing. There are unmistakable warning signs now that this industry, aided and abetted by union insouciance, is headed for ultimate disintegration, a victim of incompatibility between manufacturing costs and insufficient volume.

GM-H and Ford may have the best possible intentions of providing us with a new generation of world class cars. If their quality is suspect though, or they are too expensive, then they won't even get off the ground. The Japanese, already apprehensive that the major US and European manufacturers intend to really strike back during the Eighties, will see to that with cars such as the Mitsubishi Mirage, Mazda Familia and Datsun Pulsar, that will have been on sale long before the Australian newcomers arrive.

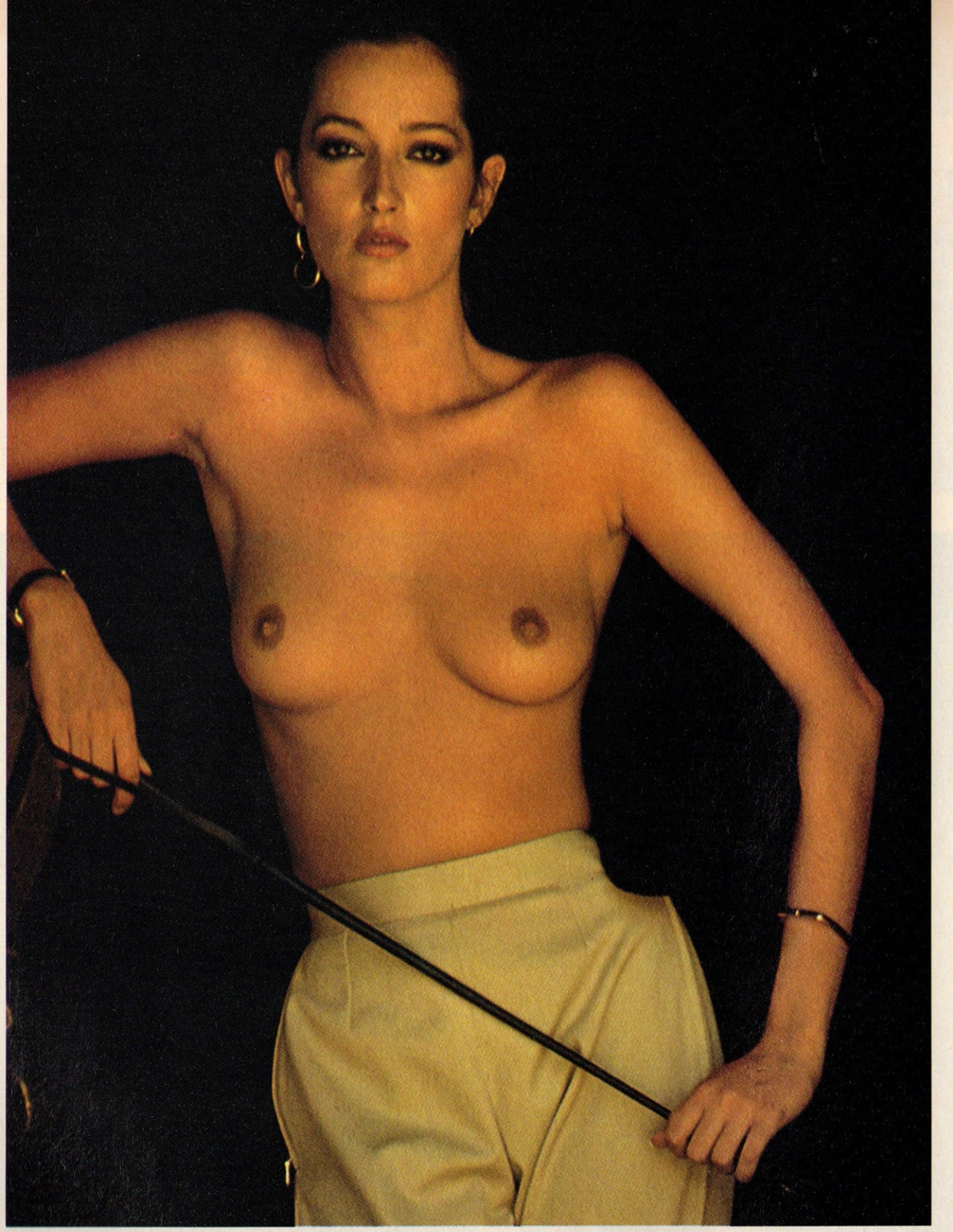
If the market does turn sour towards them — more than it has at present — then GM-H and Ford cannot be expected to continue their benevolence as manufacturers rather than assemblers. Profit after all, is still the name of the game in motor cars as in everything else in which the multi-nationals have an interest.

US PET OF THE YEAR FINALISTS

KATE SIMMONS

This British rock singer and poet was US Pet of the Month in September 1978. Kate, whose real (non-theatrical) name is Felicity Buirski, is overwhelming — and not just because of her 35-23-35 figure and sea green eyes. Aside from her singing career, Kate is in great demand as a television and fashion model. But despite her independence, Kate readily admits to always needing a man in her life, because "I'm basically a *very* passionate person." The only problem with being so beautiful, brainy, and blunt, is "many men will try to put me down when they first meet me, because they're intimidated." We're merely enthralled!

The triumphant reign of our own Cheryl Rixon (above) as US Pet of the Year is drawing to an end, and on these pages we present the four finalists for this year's US title and the $200,000-plus prize, and some highlights of Cheryl's exciting year. In the course of her reign, Cheryl came home to help launch *Australian Penthouse,* starred in a major motion picture (*Used Cars*), and became a sought-after guest on radio and television programs in Australia and the US.

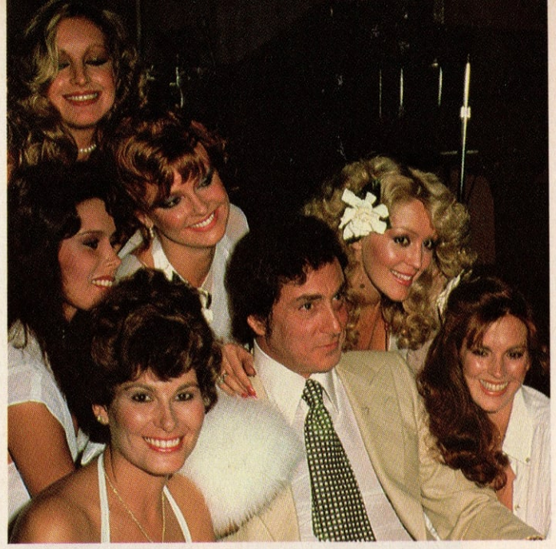


CONCETTA ARDIGO

"I like to be playful in bed," says this beauty who was US Pet of the Month in April 1979, "letting my imagination have its free rein. Sometimes I follow my lover's lead; sometimes he follows mine!" With an attitude like that, Concetta could probably launch a second Italian Renaissance all by herself. Concetta admits to a weakness for wine . . . especially when "shared with a handsome man and followed by an afternoon in bed."

LYNDA CLARK

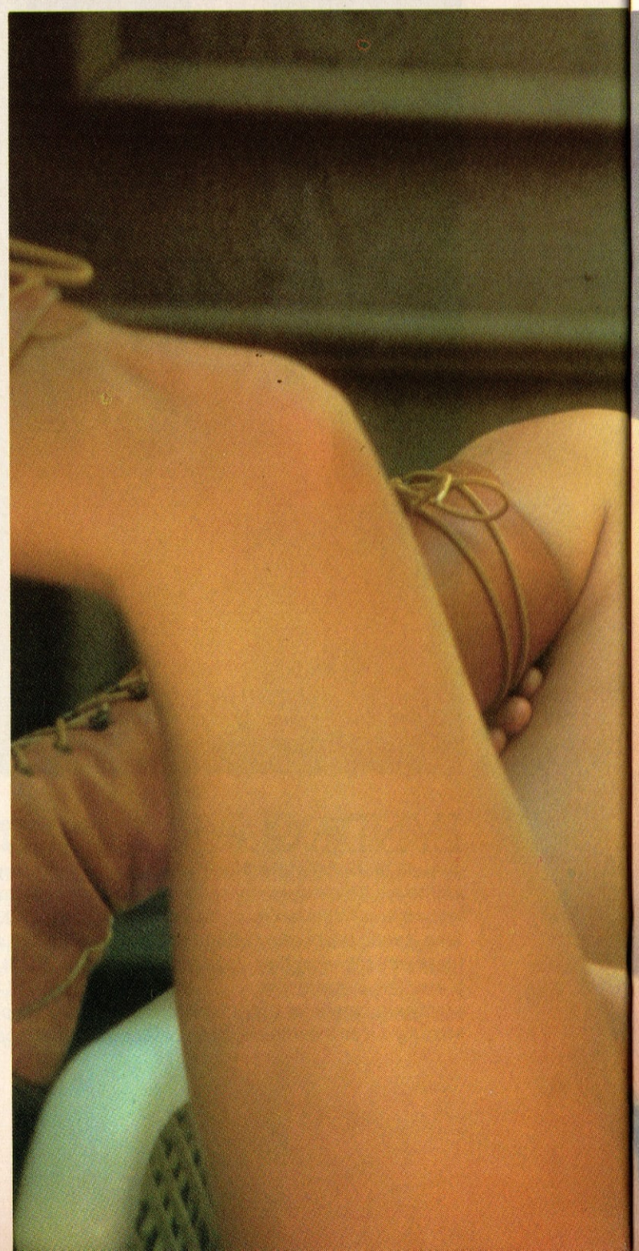
"I want men to admire me," says the June 1979 US Pet of the Month, "but I don't want them to *idolise* me. That makes me feel more like a pin-up girl than a real woman." With her fresh face and astonishing 37-23-36 form, Lynda might seem utterly self-assured. But she confesses that "on my first night with a new lover, I still get butterflies in my stomach . . ." She's deeply involved in a promising career as a costume designer and is happily starting out as a wardrobe mistress for a theatre company.



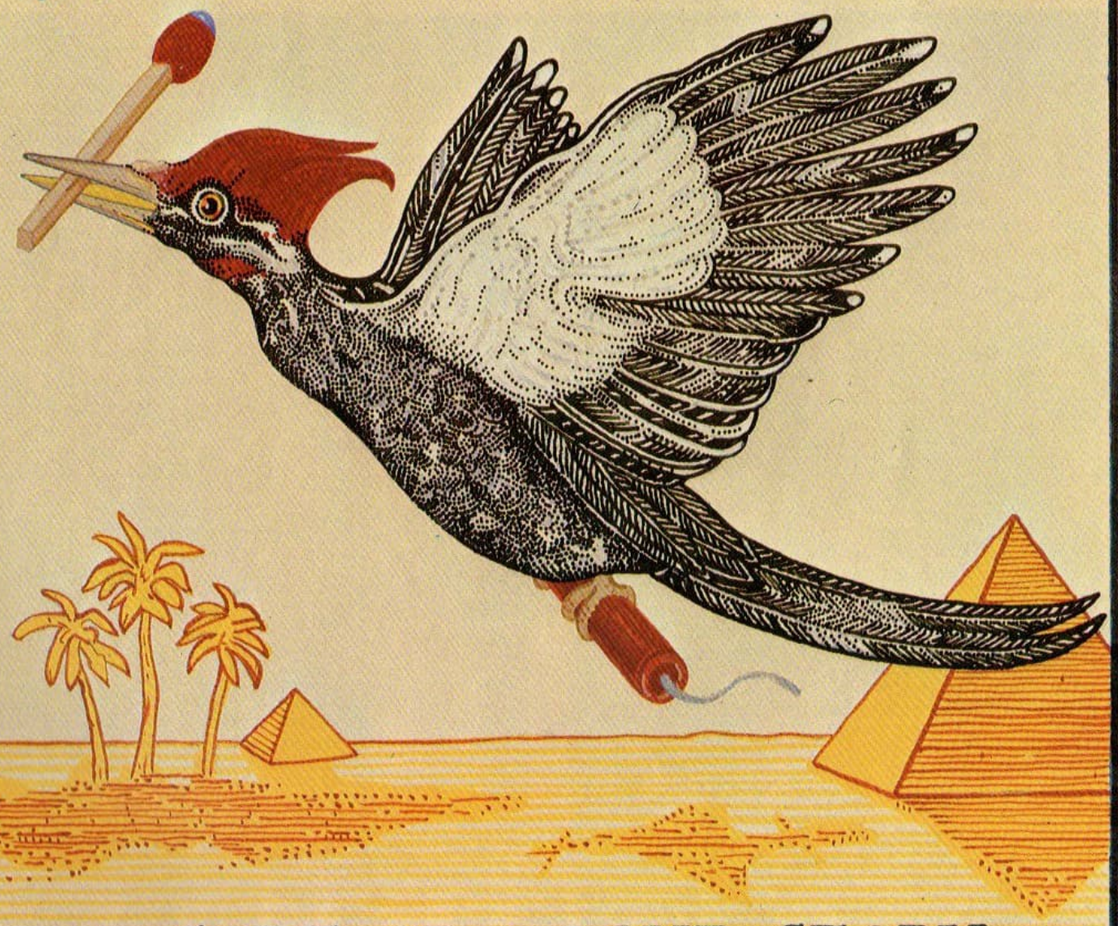
You can see Cheryl and many more Pets in an American television special, *The Penthouse Pet of the Year,* compered by Tony Curtis and Bob Guccione (opposite page) to be shown nationally on the Seven network in the week beginning October 19. Check your local television program for exact dates and times.

DUSTY JACKSON

"I learned two things at a very early age," claims the US Pet of the Month for January 1979. "One, that I can sing like an angel; two, that I can flirt like the devil!" This lucky combination of talents has given her a restlessness. "No man," she warns with authority, "will ever fence me in." Dusty's greatest ambition is to be a lead singer in a country-western band, a feat that will enable her to exercise her talented vocal cords and show off her saucy 36-23-36 figure at the same time. She also likes being made love to, she allows, "but only by aggressive, supermasculine men."



STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER



A SORT OF A LOVE STORY

TOM ROBBINS

From the author of *Another Roadside Attraction* and *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*, a sort of love story that takes place inside a packet of Camels.

This may be said for the last quarter of the twentieth century: the truism that if we want a better world we will have to be better people came to be acknowledged, if not thoroughly understood, by a significantly large minority. Despite the boredom and anxiety of the period, or because of it, despite the uneasy seas that separated the sexes, or because of them, thousands, tens of thousands seemed willing to lend their bodies, their money, and their skills to various planetary rescue missions.

Co-ordination of those far-flung projects was a primary aim of the Geo-Therapy Care Fest, slated for the last week in February at Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii. Leading experts in the fields of alternative energy sources, organic farming, wilderness preservation, alternative education, holistic medicine, nutrition, consumer protection, recycling, and space colonisation were to lecture and lead panel discussions and workshops. Proponents of many diverse self-help systems and consciousness cures, ranging from ancient Oriental to contemporary Californian, would also be in attendance. Moreover, certain fururists, artists, visionary thinkers, shamans, and poetic seers had been invited to participate, although several of the poets and one of the novelists were suspected by the organisers to register on the lunatic scale. Don't think the news of that conference didn't melt the ice off the dog dish at 30 paces. If her life span were a salad, Princess Leigh-Cheri, heiress to the exiled throne of Furstenberg-Barcelona, would have dived into the dressing to present that conference with a perfect crouton. Not the least of her excitement was the information that Ralph Nader would deliver a key speech there and that one whole evening would be devoted to the subject of alternative methods of birth control. Even in the Siberia of celibacy, Leigh-Cheri was concerned with contraception. The problems associated with it had been more frustrating to her than the aggressive, competitive, assertive, egocentric, and crude behavior of the men with whom those problems *should* have been shared, and although she was presently free of the problem, she was too intelligent to mistake flight for victory.

The King and Queen hadn't seen their daughter so animated in months. True, this animation was a relative thing: Leigh-Cheri moved about like a zombie, yet a few days earlier she had more closely resembled a corpse. That was progress. Now there were moments when, speculating about the Care Fest, she actually appeared on the verge of smiling. What would any compassionate parents do? Give in, of course. Allow her her conference.

As the date approached, Queen Tilli decided that Maui was simply too barbarous. It was bad enough being stuck on the outskirts of Seattle, it raining trout teeth night and day, blackberry vines trying to force their way into the privacy of her own chamber, without transporting her posh poundage to some jungle island inhabited by surfer boys and vacationing strumpets, to whose company on that particular week would be added a couple of thousand coocoos intent on saving a world they didn't fit into anyway. The Seattle Opera Company was opening *Norma* with Ebe Stignani that same week, and although Stignani was well past her prime, she provided true legato, a rare commodity in those jagged times, and the Queen had been invited to be honorary hostess at a reception for the ageing soprano. Since King Max dare not travel because of his valve, it was agreed about the middle of February that Gulietta, the last living of the servants who had accompanied Max and Tilli into exile, would chaperon the Princess in Hawaii.

Gulietta was antique and couldn't mouth 10 words of English, but she was so generally competent and so fond of Leigh-Cheri that Max and Tilli were convinced that her chaperonage would be adequate. They looked at one another nervously, however, when the skinny old servant, upon learning of her assignment, went to a store and bought herself a bikini.

The sky is more impersonal than the sea. Above the birdline, higher than the last referential cloud, at an altitude that oxygen will not voluntarily frequent, across a zone where light drives the speed limit and never stops for coffee, crossing that desert in which gravity is the

only sheik, a vehicle, owned and operated by Northwest Orient Airlines, whistled through its nostrils as it bucked the current of the Pacific jet stream. Leigh-Cheri turned from the window through which she'd been gazing down upon cloud top and ocean top. Leigh-Cheri looked at the old woman asleep in the adjacent seat. Leigh-Cheri had to smile. Rippling the canned air of the first-class cabin with her gentle snores. Gulietta was so serene that it was difficult to imagine her causing all the trouble she'd caused back at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport a few hours before.

Leigh-Cheri had been as surprised as anyone by the frog. Although the frog was relatively large and uncommonly green (a distant cousin, at best, of Prince Charming), there had been no hint of its presence in Gulietta's little wicker case. No sign of frog at all until the sudden shriek of the uniformed woman at the security check station.

A bit of a row had resulted. PLEASE, NO JOKES said the sign above the checkpoint, and this *must* be a joke. Mustn't it? The incident was complicated by the fact that Gulietta could offer no English explanation, that her surname resembled a line from an optometrist's examination chart.

Security guards conferred. Gulietta and the Princess were searched again. Their hand luggage was re-examined. The frog was X-rayed to ascertain that it wasn't some kind of weapon. Could they be positive it wouldn't explode? "It's her pet," said Leigh-Cheri, who, in fact, had such a dim idea what the frog was doing in the old woman's case that even the memory of a European folk tale couldn't illuminate it. "It's her little pet." Leigh-Cheri batted her lengthy lashes, breathed in such a way that her round breasts seemed to rotate 12 degrees on their axes, and smiled so broadly that certain tiny mouth muscles, long neglected, struggled painfully to break free. "It's her little widdle pet."

Having extracted a promise that Gulietta would keep the amphibian enclosed — it was nestled in damp towels inside her bag — the charmed guards decided to let the two women and their widdle pet proceed. Aboard the jetliner, however, moments before takeoff, a different set of guards, accompanied by an official of the airlines, abruptly appeared and demanded the frog. "You can't take a live frog into Hawaii!" one of them exclaimed. They were quite agitated.

Leigh-Cheri motioned to Gulietta, who was lashing the guards furiously with the vilest invectives in her strange language. Leigh-Cheri motioned for Gulietta to give up the frog. The crone was unconvinced. She hesitated. The captain, co-pilot, and flight crew had joined the administrator and guards in the first-class cabin. Passengers in coach and economy were in the aisles, peering up front to learn what the commotion was about. One of the guards yanked the wicker case from Gulietta's gnarled hands. The lid flew open. The frog took a tremendous leap. It landed on the head of a stewardess, who sent shocked whispers the length and breadth of the plane by screaming: "Aiii! Get that fucking thing off of me!"

The frog took another leap and came down on an empty seat. Several men dived for it. They missed. Dives and misses continued for a while, until the frog was cornered in the cockpit, where a guard captured it, but not before he had slammed his elbow into a navigational instrument, causing a possible malfunction. The device had to be checked and rechecked. All in all, the flight was delayed one hour and 46 minutes.

Gulietta hadn't flown before. She was confused by the objections to the contents of her luggage. She refused to eat

Bernard Mickey Wrangle sat in the rear of the aircraft with seven sticks of dynamite strapped to his body.

the snack served by the still-flustered stewardess.

How could Leigh-Cheri make Gulietta understand the Great Hawaiian Mongoose Reaction?

Hawaii once had a rat problem. Then, somebody hit upon a brilliant solution. Import mongooses from India. Mongooses would kill the rats. It worked. Mongooses did kill the rats. Mongooses also killed chickens, young pigs, birds, cats, dogs, and small children. There have been reports of mongooses attacking motorbikes, power lawn mowers, golf carts, and James Michener. In Hawaii now, there are as many mongooses as there once were rats. Hawaii had traded its rat problem for a mongoose problem. Hawaii was determined nothing like that would even happen again.

How could Leigh-Cheri draw for Gulietta the appropriate analogy between Hawaii's rodents and society at large? Society had a crime problem. It hired cops to attack crime. Now society has a cop problem.

The answer, of course, is that Leigh-Cheri could not draw that parallel at all. That parallel had never occurred to her. It had occurred to Bernard Mickey Wrangle, however.

Bernard Mickey Wrangle sat in the economy cabin of the Northwest Orient airliner and pondered the rat/mongoose-crime/cop analogy. Bernard Mickey Wrangle sat in the rear of the aircraft with seven sticks of dynamite strapped to his body.

Bernard Mickey Wrangle was clever. Most likely, he could have successfully boarded the flight to Hawaii with seven sticks of dynamite strapped to his body under any conditions.

Certainly, though, the frog had helped pave his way.

(The frog, incidentally, was released at a pond near the Sea-Tac runways. For being close to a busy airport, it was a pleasant pond. It featured lily pads and cattails and fat mosquitoes for lunch. But let's face it, damn it all, it wasn't Waikiki.)

The jetliner, missing one small green traveller but carrying a bonus seven sticks of dynamite, continued its crossing of what every novice surfer knows to be the most inappropriately named body of water on earth.

The jetliner whistled to conceal its fear of gravity. Leigh-Cheri read magazines to conceal her excitement.

Excitement widened in her eyes like periods at the end of billboard sentences. Commas of excitement wobbled in her tummy, and question marks squirmed in there as well. Every once in a while, she felt as if she were sitting on an exclamation point.

Such a wonderful idea was the Geo-Therapy Care Fest that it was surprising to her that it hadn't happened before. An assembly of the best thinkers, the most advanced technicians, the most concerned scientists, the most enlightened artists, pooling their knowledge and their dreams for the betterment of all.

At the Maui conference, Buckminster Fuller would deliver a paper on "Harvesting Pollution: Thar's Gold in Them Thar Spills." Gary Snyder would talk about "The Buddhist Approach to Fighting City Hall." The lecture by the environmentalist Dr Barry Commoner (his name induced in the Princess a twinge of superiority followed by a deeper twinge of guilt) would be entitled, "There's No Such Thing As a Free Lunch." The Alternative Birth-Control Workshop would be led by Linda Coghill, the woman who single-handedly slashed the illegitimacy and abortion rates in Portland, Oregon. On the morning of February 26, Leigh-Cheri would have to choose between a demonstration of the photovoltaic cell (a breakthrough in reducing the expense of solar power) and a panel discussion led by Dr Linus Pauling on Vitamin C as a prevention and a cure. Oh my, this *was* exciting. Was there any planetary problem of significance that the Care Fest overlooked? Leigh-Cheri couldn't think of one.

In the rear of the aircraft, Bernard Mickey Wrangle reached inside his jacket . . . and pulled from his breast pocket . . . not a detonator . . . nor a fuse . . . not yet . . . but a package . . . of biscuits.

The airliner circled Honolulu the way a typing finger circles a keyboard, awaiting the message from the control centre that would instruct it when and where to land.

And they land . . .

. . . on A.

Runway A.

A for "attic".

A for "amore"

What we have here is an unexpected touchdown on the runway of the heart. This flight could only terminate in a room close to the moon.

The No Smoking sign was on. (In the attic, the Camel cigarettes were never to be lit.) The signal to Fasten Seat Belts was given. (In amore, belts fasten and unfasten at delicious intervals.) Gulietta clutched her wicker case, which now bore but the slightest spoor of frog. Leigh-Cheri clutched her thighs, as dry now as princess thighs ought to be. Bernard Mickey Wrangle, listed on the passenger manifest as T. Victrola Firecracker but once known to millions as the Woodpecker, clutched nothing, not even his black powder underwear. The Woodpecker knew better than to clutch and to hold. The Woodpecker simply grinned.

He grinned because he had reached Hawaii without detection. He grinned because it was the last quarter of the twentieth century, and something momentous was happening.

Even when intoxicated, Bernard Mickey Wrangle was a master of blast. He planted the dynamite in such a place and in such a way (breaking four sticks in half, then laying them outside the walls at 20-foot intervals) that the convention centre at Maui's Pioneer Inn shook like a wet mutt; every window in one end of it shattered, wallboards cracked, lighting fixtures and potted plants plummeted to the meeting hall floor, smoke and dust roiled for half an hour, and saucerites, scorched and scratched, scattered as if the Jewish Mother Ship had landed in their midst, spraying scalding jets of chicken soup — yet not one person was seriously hurt.

On one hand, it was a masterpiece of delicate dynamiting, on the other a *faux pas*. When he awoke Monday morning, much to his hangover's delight (a hangover without a head to torment is like a philanthropist without an institution to endow), and learned that he'd dropped his load in the wrong bin, the sheepish expression of the premature ejaculator crossed his face.

At breakfast, where, hoping to avoid attention, he tried to conceal from his fellow diners that he was pouring beer over his Wheaties, he said to himself, "Yikes." Then he said "Yikes" again, not pausing to ponder that there might be *three* mantras. "Yikes, that was close. Of course, close calls are the only calls an outlaw should accept, but O my Woodpecker, that business last night bordered on the crazed. Considering the tequila level of my gorge and the number of human coconuts that hula around Lahaina at every hour of the clock, it's a miracle I wasn't seen."

Yes, even in the last quarter of the twentieth century miracles occurred — although this was not one of them. There *was* a witness to Bernard's deed. Old Gulietta had watched the whole thing.

To Gulietta, indoor plumbing was the devil's device. Of all the follies of the modern world, that one struck her as most unnecessary. There was something unnatural, foolish, and a little filthy about going indoors. On the European estates where she was reared, it was common practice for servant girls to lift their skirts outside. Gulietta had seen no reason to alter her habits in Seattle. Despite the difficulty there of doing one's natural duty without being rained upon or receiving from a blackberry bramble a bite as sharp as haemorrhoids, she felt comfortable — happy, even — when she could squat in fresh air. Besides, it was an opportune way to spy frogs.

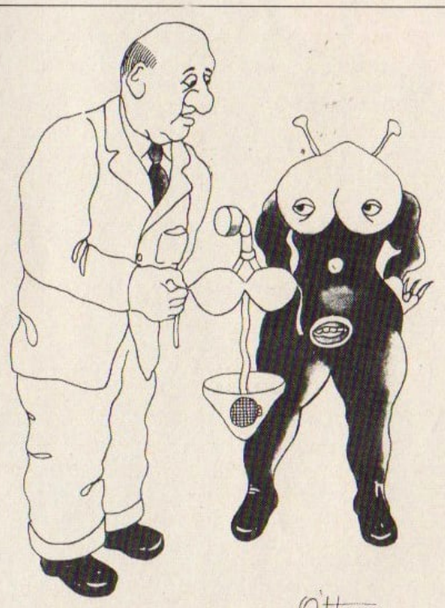
Leaving Leigh-Cheri in their room, pouring over programs and press releases, the old woman had gone out looking for a sensible spot to void her bladder. The soft, warm, sweet Lelani night seemed perfectly suited for that. The Pioneer Inn, unfortunately, was in downtown Lahaina and had no grounds. It had a courtyard which at 11pm on Sunday had been fairly deserted, so Gulietta had slipped into the banana trees next to a wall and dropped her drawers.

Before she could direct a stream, Bernard had slipped into the foliage not 20 feet from her. She thought he'd come for a piss as well, and that was fine with her, but the length of the thing he pulled out of his jeans almost made her gasp. When he snapped it in half, she did gasp.

She was small. She knew how to sit very still. Like a toad. Undetected, holding her water, she had watched the whole thing. After the fuse was lit, the Woodpecker flew. Yanking up her bloomers, Gulietta fled, too. She returned to the room just as the explosion sounded. Suddenly, she knew what it was like to pee indoors.

In the world according to the positivist, the inspiring thing about scambled eggs is that any way you turn them they're sunny side up. In the world according to the existentialist, the hopeless thing about scrambled eggs is that any way you turn them they've scrambled. In the world according to the outlaw, it was Wheaties-with-beer for breakfast, and who cared which crossed the road first, the chicken or the egg. But any way you turned the Geo-Therapy Care Fest, you had to notice that Bernard's blast had indirectly scrambled it.

With Pioneer Inn's meeting hall in bad state of repair, with cops, newspeople,



"I know how silly our attitudes must seem to you, but I'm sure you'll find this comfortable!"

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and curiosity-seekers milling around the place like bargain-minded lemmings at a suicide sale, and with the hotel management indulging a nasty attack of nerves, conference organisers spent all of Monday attempting to relocate. They made a halfhearted effort to obtain space at one or another of the luxury hotels a few miles up the coast at Kaanapali and were partially relieved to learn that there wasn't room. Old, wooden, and South Sea funky, the Pioneer Inn had been far better suited to the sensibilities of the Care Fest. This was, in truth, the first time since its opening in 1901 that the Pioneer was to host a formal convention, a fact that appealed to the Care Fest staff but an error the inn was not likely to repeat.

At last, on Tuesday, Lahaina officials granted permission for the world rescuers to convene under the giant banyan tree whose branches covered three-quarters of an acre in the city park. Terrific. Many considered this an even more appropriate site than the Pioneer Inn, which, after all, was built to cater originally to the whaling trade, an irony not lost on those Care Festers to whom preservation of whales and dolphins was an important and rather emotional goal. By the time anything could get organised beneath the banyan, however, it was already Wednesday, the week was half-shot, and a number of the luminaries who were to address the gathering had left or had decided not to attend. Many simply couldn't adjust their busy schedules to the amended program, while others were worried about the possibility of further explosions, a not unreasonable concern considering that the Woodpecker was still on Maui with three sticks of dynamite left in his clothes.

When the organisers of the Geo-Therapy Care Fest announced their intentions, they were blizzarded by applications from manufacturers and salespeople of "ecologically sound" stuff who wished concessions to peddle their New Age wares — teas and herbs, sleeping bags and hot tubs, tipis and windmills, water distillers and air purifiers, wood stoves and frozen yoghurt, arts and crafts, books and kits, bio-magnetic underwear and carob chip cookies — on the premises. The organisers refused. They had no complaint against ecology fairs or the cosmic profits to be reaped from them. It was just that their Care Fest was conceived to traffic, as they put it, "in ideas not objects".

Now, the line that separates objects from ideas can be pretty twiggy, but let's not unzip that pair of pants. Galileo was right to drop objects rather than ideas off of his tower, and the Care Fest might have been wise to stick with objects , as well. *Within the normal range of perception,* the behavior of objects can be measured and predicted. Ignoring the possibility that in the wrong hands almost any object can turn up as Exhibit A in a murder trial; ignoring for the moment, the far more interesting possibility that every object might lead a secret life, it is still safe to say that objects, as we understand them, are relatively stable, whereas ideas are definitely unstable, they not only *can* be misused, they invite misuse — and the better the idea the more volatile it is. That's because only the better ideas turn into dogma, and it is this process whereby a fresh, stimulating, humanly helpful idea is changed into robot dogma that is deadly. In terms of hazardous vectors released, the transformation of ideas into dogma rivals the transformation of hydrogen into helium, uranium into lead, or innocence into corruption. And it is nearly as relentless.

The problem starts at the secondary level, not with the originator or developer of the idea but with the people who are attracted by it, who adopt it, who cling to it until their last nail breaks, and who invariably lack the overview, flexibility, imagination, and, most importantly, sense of humor, to maintain it in the spirit in which it was hatched. Ideas are made by masters, dogma by disciples, and the Buddha is always killed on the road.

> If babies aren't brought by storks, they ought to be, and maybe the storks could be trained to rear them, as well.

There is a particularly unattractive and discouragingly common affliction called tunnel vision, which, for all the misery it causes, ought to top the job list at the World Health Organisation. Tunnel vision is a disease in which perception is restricted by ignorance and distorted by vested interest. Tunnel vision is caused by an optic fungus that multiplies when the brain is less energetic than the ego. It is complicated by exposure to politics. When a good idea is run through the filters and compressors of ordinary tunnel vision, it not only comes out reduced in scale and value but in its new dogmatic configuration produces effects the opposite of those for which it originally was intended.

That is how the loving ideas of Jesus Christ became the sinister cliches of Christianity. That is why virtually every revolution in history has failed: the oppressed, as soon as they seize power, turn into the oppressors, resorting to totalitarian tactics to "protect the revolution". That is why minorities seeking the abolition of prejudice become intolerant, minorities seeking peace become militant, minorities seeking equality become self-righteous, and minorities seeking liberation become hostile (a tight arsehole being the first symptom of self-repression).

The foregoing sermonette was brought to you by the Essential Insanities Dept. at Outlaw College. It was delivered in the hope that it might explain how the Care Fest, with so many masters on the roster, so many juicy ideas on the grill, went haywire.

At the Wednesday morning session, Dr John Lilly had no sooner completed his lecture on sea mammal intelligence, ending with the idea that "a continuing dialogue with cetaceans could transform our view of all living species and the planet we share", than he was challenged by a segment of the audience that considered it a waste of time and money to try to communicate with animals when we couldn't communicate with each other. "What about human communication?" they demanded.

"My ex-husband," said one, "couldn't understand a word I said. Do you think he could understand a porpoise?" "Is any big fish," asked another, "gonna get my people outta the ghetto and on to the payroll? If not, I ain't wasting my breath on the sucka."

Tunnel vision.

Leigh-Cheri thought the questions made some sense, although the questioners were rude. She felt embarrassed for Dr Lilly and was cheered when he handled the antagonists with grace. Actually, the morning session went as slick as dolphin sweat compared to the turmoil of the afternoon.

Because the Care Fest was running two days behind schedule, thanks to that birdbrained son-of-a-bitch Woodpecker, some doubling up was necessary. (If one must double up, then Hawaii, home of mahi mahi and loma loma, was the place to do it.) The panel on birth control had been combined with the panel on child-care. The platform beneath the banyan boughs was end-to-end with experts, facts and figures forming at their lips like froth. The discussion was scarcely underway before a prevailing philosophy was established. It was this: if babies aren't brought by storks, they *ought* to be, and maybe the storks could be trained to rear them, as well.

To be sure, this viewpoint was proffered by only a couple of panel members, but a large and loud contingent in the audience supported it with such volume and menace that it carried. "We don't want birth control, we want prick control!" shouted a female in the third row. The applause that followed drowned out the woman who was lecturing on, yes, carrot seeds as an oral contraceptive. "Oh, dear," thought Leigh-Cheri. "I wonder if that isn't overstating the case?"

On stage, a magazine editor from New York, a chic executive of whom it had been said, "She has a mind like a steel trap — and a mouth, heart, and vagina to match," was attempting a summation. She said, first of all, that childcare began with conception and claimed that it was egregiously unfair to expect women to babysit for nine months, night and day, without relief or assistance. In a voice that reminded Leigh-Cheri of a jackhammer at work on a string of pearls, the editor described to the conference the latest techniques for obstetrics, maintaining that women would not begin to realise their personal or societal potential until artificial insemination and controlled out-of-body gestation became routine practice around the globe. The editor hadn't stopped at virgin birth. Once born, our babies must inherit the advantages of collective professionalism, she said, and urged the Care Fest to adopt a resolution petitioning the federal government to make funds immediately available for the subsidisation of day-care centres where experts would insure standardised improvement for the young and independence for the parents.

The Princess was feeding this through her computer to determine how many shares she would buy when a poet, an ageing humorist who'd been placed on the panel to provide a "different perspective", did. He told the editor that her notions were a sift of sulphur on the roses of the race. The poet was snockered, but that has never been considered a handicap by those in his profession.

"What kind of babies will those be who are made of the formula instead of the fuck?" asked the poet. "No doubt they'll possess two eyes each, and the recommended number of toes, but can the heat of their will be hot enough, can their imagination have all of *its* fingers, can their souls be expected to fully connect to the unravelling spool of the natural universe and not to the gunk in the bottom of the test tube? Will the infant pulled at the timer's bell from a plastic womb where it has been deprived of rhythm, mother-bond, and the jostlings of everyday life not have some small space between its eyes filled with synthetic fluid, not bear, if nowhere else, in the core of its heart, the android's mark?"

The editor shared with the audience her long look of practiced exasperation. "Are you afraid," she asked the writer, "that a child not conceived in the old way won't understand your jokes?"

From the audience, someone yelled, "Can the mystical bullshit!" at the poet.

By then the booing and catcalling had become so loud that the poet couldn't be heard past the first few rows. He produced a gin bottle and spoke into *it*. Softly. The New York editor was smirking. Numerous accusations and at least one ripe papaya were lobbed at the podium. There followed an extended general exchange familiar to all who lived in the last quarter of the twentieth century. Women said the men had eaten the cherries out of the chocolates. Men said the women were peeing in the pool.

A teacher from the Delphian School in Sheridan, Oregon, got the mike for an instant. "It seems to me that in the midst of this bickering we are forgetting the children. When we neglect the children, we neglect the future, the future this conference is designed to serve." He wore the mildly triumphant look of a man who has led a return to reason. Someone slapped him in the face with a bloody Kotex. "Existentialist!" the teacher cried.

"If you like babies so much," a woman yelled, "have them yourself."

"Right on, sister!" encouraged a young man in her vicinity. The man and woman firmly shook hands. The solution to the overpopulation problem might rest in such handshakes.

In an attempt to restore order, a well-known yogi, a Care Fest delegate, strolled on to the platform. He assumed the lotus position. He beamed. Serenely, meticulously, he took a cobweb apart, then put it back together. (There were no parts left over.) He swallowed three butterflies, then burped them up unharmed. Only that portion of the crowd that was already orderly was impressed. The yogi had the stink of eternity about him, and in many circles eternity was simply no longer fashionable.

The situation became increasingly unsavory. Also, tedious. You'll be spared the details. Enough is enough. A banyan sends its adventitious roots to the ground, sometimes causing it to spread over a wide area. Under proper conditions, it bears figs. Thomas Jefferson was fond of figs. It was Jefferson's genius that kept the American Revolution from being sucked into the tunnel faster than it was. Jefferson had red hair. Nothing is implied here. Except the possibility that everything is connected.

With the debate on the verge of violence — or worse, of being turned over to committee — Leigh-Cheri fled the park. The palm trees she passed, the romantic palms of Hawaii, were covering their ears with their fronds. Her sentiments exactly. "Jesus," she swore. She felt like the gourmet who was goosed in Strasbourg. "It's my pate, and I'll cry if I want to."

In the Pioneer's bar, she sat under one of the harpoons that decorated the walls. She asked for a mai tai, then switched her order to tequila. Outside, the ocean banged its head against the jetty. She empathised completely. Inside, a different tide — young men with buzzing glands — swirled around her. From its eddy the news leaped like a sailfish: the police had finally solved the Lahaina bombing case. "Made da bust 'bout da hour ago," she overhead a local say.

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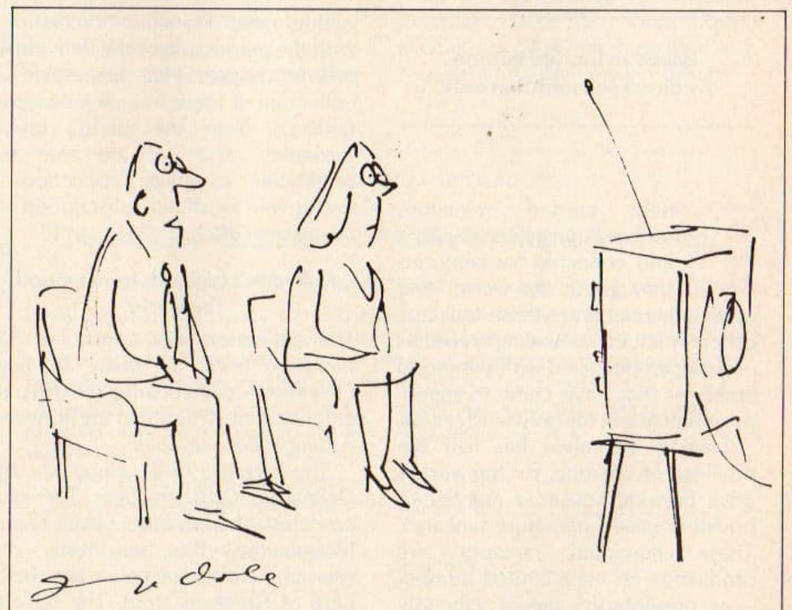

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BT/PH

Photograph by Walter Glover

Three times
Australian Sportsman of
the Year, Malcolm Johnston is
the most successful jockey never to
have won the Melbourne Cup . . . until this year.

LITTLE BIG MAN

When Malcolm Johnston was 15 he did not exactly appear to have life stacked his way. He was the eldest of seven children in a poor country family and under pressure to get out and find a job. What could he do? He was hardly robust, weighing only three stone 12 pounds. Those who saw him at the time say if he had turned up at a United Nations refugee post he would have got immediate aid. He looked like an under-nourished child of nine who did not stand much chance of growing any more.

Apart from his size, the only thing that made him stand out was his face. He smiled a lot and had an air of mischief; being small and broke did not worry him a lot. He loved sport, particularly football, but with his build the chances of him packing down with St George against Arthur Beetson were pretty slim. Alone with his family at Forbes, west of Sydney, he had made up his mind to be a jockey. He had been a bit of a flop at school. The thing against him being a jockey was that he could not sit on a horse — most times he tried he fell off.

Today he is arguably Australia's greatest jockey. At 23 he is still too young to claim the honor, and the list of things he has still not done is almost as long as the list of things he has done, but he is correcting the imbalance quicker than anybody before him. He has never won a Melbourne Cup, although he has ridden in the race three times. He says he will win it this year on Kingston Town. "In the past I have not had the right horse," says Johnston. "Kingston Town is the best horse in Australia and we will get it."

Ron Quinton has won the Sydney jockey's premiership four times — he beat Johnston again this year — against Johnston's two. But Quinton is eight years older than Johnston and Johnston won the premiership for the first time as an apprentice. Although he missed the premiership last season, Johnston kept the attention of the public and won the money. He still has that smile and air of mischief and the public love him. He is seen as a public personality while the less flamboyant Quinton is seen as a successful jockey. In March Johnston became the first Australian jockey to win more than $1 million in prize money in a season. He cleaned most of it up in the summer and autumn when, with a burst that reflects his flamboyance, he won the Epsom, the Champion Stakes, the Canterbury Guineas, the Australian Derby, the AJC Derby, the Rosehill Guineas, the Tancred Stakes, the Doncaster, the Oaks and the Sydney Cup.

Later in the year Johnston became the first jockey to be interviewed by the English television personality Michael Parkinson. Then he appeared on *This Is Your Life*.

He wears his success with pride. There is even a touch of the lair about him. He may respect the world but he does not mind telling it he is a success.

He walks with a jaunty exaggerated lifting of the feet. In another age it would have been called the walk of a cock sparrow but today it is almost hip. On his finger is a diamond studded horseshoe ring and he has another diamond studded horseshoe on a chain around his neck. He likes clothes. Leaving the track at Randwick he reminds himself that he has to visit his tailor that day. The clothes are not quite Double Bay. Perhaps he is aware that a very small man cannot wear exaggerated fashions.

Australian racegoers have always had a peculiar love-hate relationship with jockeys, the proportion of love to hate mainly depending on the number of winners they boot home. That they love Johnston even when he is suspended or on a losing streak says a lot for that in his character and personality which stands him apart from the rest.

His uncle, Les Coles, was a jockey who came from New Zealand and rode here with some success and probably more than anyone inspired young Malcolm to take up the sport. But whatever his natural attributes are, Johnston says he would not be the success he is today unless he had met two men, both horse trainers. The first, who got him started, was Theo Green and the second, who has

BY OWEN THOMSON

seen him to the top, is T.J. Smith. Johnston talks of both men with almost awestruck respect, but he has a special affection for Green. "He is the greatest man there is with teaching a boy," Johnston says. "He is more than a father to you."

Green was never a great jockey himself and, among other things, spent a bit of time as a boxer. People who know him say he is more interested in training jockeys than he is in training horses. His former apprentices include a long list of champions, Ron Quinton and John Duggan among them.

Green describes Johnston's arrival on the racing scene with affection: "He came along to the stable with his grandfather. He was only a baby and looked so small you expected him to still be playing with toys. But he was the oldest of seven kids and had to get out and work.

"I thought to myself, if I don't give him a job nobody else will. There was nothing he could have done but be a jockey."

When Johnston's apprenticeship began Green put him up on a pony. "He must have fallen off dozens of times," Green said. "There was nothing to him and he still wasn't very strong. He couldn't sit up on the horse properly but he had a lot of courage and would get back up again.

"I rode beside him morning after morning and he gradually learned the trade. He had a great desire to succeed and he took to it."

Quinton agrees that Theo Green helped to make Johnston. "He was small and light when he started and it took him some years to build up. But being with Green he had half the battle won.

"A lot of trainers exploit apprentices by using them as cheap labor, but Green is one in a million."

Green says he had to teach Johnston more than horsemanship. "He was apprenticed to me and I had to teach him everything," he says. "I had to teach him to speak properly and how to conduct himself properly. He was always a polite little fellow and in that respect is no different today from the day he walked in."

Despite the bond between them, Green will not put Johnston above any of the other jockeys he has trained. "He's just another boy as far as I'm concerned," Green says. "I've had just as good before him and I have others coming on. I feel very satisfied with him but I feel the same about the others, too."

Among other things, Green encouraged Johnston to go to England to ride and broaden his experience. "I learnt more there in three and a half months than I would in two years here," Johnston says. Before that Johnston was apprenticed for two years before he got his first ride. He came third at Kembla Grange and 18 starts later won his first race at Newcastle.

One of the first owners to notice him was Jack Ingham, the poultry millionaire, who set one horse aside for young Malcolm to ride at provincial tracks to gain experience.

While he was still apprenticed, Johnston discovered that he loved horses. "I just like being with them," he says. "I talk to them around the stables and when I'm working them. With some of them like Kingston Town you develop a very special rapport. You feel they are giving you something special so you give them something special back."

Everytime he wins a race Johnston has a special pat and a kind word for the horse. "If they lose I sometimes abuse them too," he says.

The debt Johnston feels to T.J. Smith is different to the debt he feels to Theo Green. He says simply: "If I was not Smith's number one jockey I would not be as successful as I am today. To be the leading jockey you have to be attached to the leading trainer, it's as simple as that.

> You just have to take the risks even though you know other jockeys have been injured for life or killed.

"I have no doubt I would be a success away from Smith but I would not be as big a success. I have no doubt that Smith is the best horse trainer there is. He's a very demanding man but also very sympathetic."

Quinton, who works with successful trainer Neville Begg, agrees that success as a jockey depends on being attached to a top trainer but Theo Green disagrees with both of them.

"Johnston won the jockeys' premiership while he was still apprenticed, before he worked for Smith," Green said. "It might be easier for him with Smith. Smith is the greatest trainer in the world but Malcolm could still win on his own."

Johnston says that nobody else can prepare the horses like Smith. "Earlier this year, Smith was injured by a horse I was riding and had to go to hospital," Johnston said. "All the papers said I had taken over the training of Smith's horses. That just wasn't true. I just went on doing what I had been doing for two or three years, working the horses. I spoke to Smith at the hospital every day and he told me what he wanted done. People would be mistaken to think that anybody but Smith was training the horses."

Johnston says that if other jockeys ever envy him it is because he is Smith's number one rider. "I'm sure a lot of jockeys would like my success," he says. "But to get it they would rather be Smith's number one rider than be Malcolm Johnston."

Johnston believes that away from the influence of Green and Smith the special thing he has brought to racing is his sense of balance. "I ride very short and my special asset is my balance," he says. "As far as I am concerned Ron Quinton is the master jockey in Australia. His special asset is horsemanship. He is a great horseman."

Quinton says: "If I am a better horseman than Johnston it is because I have spent my life among horses and he hasn't. Anyway being a great horseman doesn't make you a great jockey."

Quinton disagrees with Johnston on balance. "My balance is as good as his," Quinton says. "The special asset that Johnston has is that horses travel well for him. He has good hands but horses just travel well for him." He cannot say what it is that makes the horses travel well for Johnston. "It is something that some men have," he says.

Johnston says that whatever it is he has he cannot teach it to others. "It is a gift that you get from God or your parents and you just have to be grateful," he says.

Other jockeys say that the courage Green found in the young Johnston has been a major factor in his success. He never shows fear despite at least five bad falls in races.

Typical of his disregard for danger was when he was thrown heavily to the track from Noble Claudius during the running of the Kentucky Fried Chicken Handicap at Brisbane in July. After being attended by ambulancemen he got up and rode a winner after missing only one race. He then became ill from delayed shock and chest bruising.

Johnston says he has to keep getting up or he would lose his nerve. "The more falls you have the more scared you get," he says. "I had one fall at Canterbury I thought I would never get up from. My third and fourth vertebra were crushed and I didn't like my chances of ever riding again. But I came back.

"You just have to take the risks even though you know other jockeys have been injured for life or killed. There's a jockey in Melbourne who's been in a coma for four months from a fall.

"The worst thing was when my mate David Green died after a fall. He was only a baby and he fell in the last race at Rosehill. We had shared a flat together for three years and it was a terrible experience for me. The way I look at it is

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that other people take risks in other jobs and if I'm going to stay on top being a jockey I have to take them."

Johnston's courage and drive to take advantage of every opening has made him risk more than injury. In nearly seven years of riding he has been suspended 19 times but insists the frequency of his suspensions is getting less as he gets older. It might be a pointer to his maturity that while his first suspensions were always for interference or careless riding his last one was for not riding out Miss Budweiser in the Dorothea Mackellar Handicap at Randwick on February 9. It was the first such charge he had faced.

Johnston says his earlier suspensions were due to his immaturity. "I was just too eager to win," he says. "I would try to take advantage of every opening. I suppose I'm still as eager to win but I've settled down and understand exactly what I'm doing now."

He puts his last suspension down to plain bad luck. "The mare was tired and had had enough," he said. "I suppose I did drop my hands but I could not have ridden her into a place. I can't complain about it so I just have to forget it."

Both Theo Green and Ron Quinton agree that Johnston is now a more settled rider, less likely to be suspended. "He was never a nasty boy," says Green. "He was just over enthusiastic."

Despite his suspensions nobody has ever suggested that Johnston was anything other than honest in riding to win. He admits there is a seamy side to racing but says it is over-exaggerated in the public's mind.

"My advantage is that I ride solely for Smith so nobody is going to try to buy me," he says. "I certainly have never been approached to pull a horse. Racing might have been a bit more crooked 10 years ago but I think it is relatively clean today."

Johnston's enthusiasm for racing as sport is such that many race club officials feel he has done much to clean up its image. There is a boyish innocence in the way he tells what he feels about it. "Not for one moment have I ever regretted being a jockey," he says. "Racing has given me everything I have. I am very grateful. I cannot do enough for it."

He is aware that the way people see him is the way they see racing. He tells a story:

"I was out having dinner the other night with my girlfriend and some friends and this old lady and another lady came up and asked me for my autograph. They just stood there and were going on about what a lovely little chap I was. We were in the middle of eating our dinner but I still stopped and signed the autograph. I could have told them to come back later when we had finished but it would have been rude. I had a little talk to them and gave them my autograph and one of them said to me that I wasn't even her favorite jockey, Ron Quinton was. It was still fun and they go away happy and think well of the people involved in racing."

As well as wanting autographs people are always asking Johnston for tips. "Australians are just mad gamblers," he says. "They see me and say here's a chance to get a winner. They always come over very politely and talk for a while then put it on me for a tip. I always say the first thing that comes into my head. I suppose I must disappoint a lot of them because I'm not a very good judge. The trouble is I never gamble myself. The game's been too good to me to risk my career by gambling. I'm a percentage man who takes his share of the winnings and I like it that way."

Among racing people and other sportsmen, Johnston's politeness is legendary. He has a soft natural charm that is disarming. One friend says the reason he has won the ABC's Sportsman of The Year award three times is that he is so polite on camera the ABC is embarrassed into getting him back again.

> Not for one minute have I ever regretted being a jockey. Racing has given me everything I have.

A bit of this unusual polish may have come from Theo Green. Sydney journalist Lenore Nicklin recalls meeting him when he was at what she calls "the Theo Green School for young gentlemen and champion jockeys." Nicklin says: "In those days he used to present himself for interviews with neatly combed hair and a neatly kept scrapbook. He was so polite he called even photographers sir."

His manners flow through to every part of his life. He is an attentive host, watching his guests to predict their needs. At the track, where a lot of older successful jockeys are noted for the way they bully and are rude to apprentices, he treats everyone as an equal. He claims no allowance for fame.

There is no escaping the fact that Malcolm Johnston is a very small man. He is under five feet tall and does not have much trouble keeping his weight down to 7 stone 7 pounds (47.6kg). If he gets up to 7 stone 9 pounds (48.5kg) he is overweight and might have to watch his diet for a day or two or have a sweat. You get the feeling of his size when you go to his home at South Coogee not far from Randwick racecourse. He has come home from the track and dropped some clothes along the floor. All the clothes are tiny and look like a trail left by an errant child. Being small does not worry him. "If I wasn't small I probably wouldn't be so successful," he says. "People are always coming up to me and more or less patting me on the head and saying I'm a nice little chap. It doesn't worry me. I suppose I enjoy it even; I known I mean something to people. To be a successful jockey I have to be small and I suppose I'm lucky I don't have a weight problem."

Johnston's size has never worried him with women. He has a live-in girlfriend but admits he loves them all. "I think women are among the best things around," he says and smiles his darkly handsome smile. He receives dozens of fan letters, many of them from women who leave little doubt as to the sort of riding they would like him to do. Then there are the female fans at the track. "You get the odd ones who call out, then others who really scream and carry on. For a while there was this fad of wearing Malcolm Johnston T-shirts. I love it all."

Adding to the touch of larrikin lair in his personality is his use of an exaggerated form of the marked patois of Sydney's eastern suburbs. When he is spending a night at home watching television he tells his friends he will be in the front stalls. His whole speech is peppered with phrases which have become a code in the almost treeless suburbs which stretch south from Bondi.

Then there are his cars, two Mercedes. One is old — he says it is the first car he ever owned — and bears the number plate MJ 127. The other is a 450 SLC sports which he bought this year. It reeks of success and he has driven the point home by replacing the original Mercedes mag wheels with more sporting wire ones. To buy the car he traded in a red Porsche which, apart from developing a few mechanical problems, was getting too well known among his fans.

In contrast to the flamboyance of his public life, his home life is simple and warm. He says his family at Forbes with four brothers and two sisters was very close and, although his father is now separated from his mother, they all keep in contact. One of his brothers also became a jockey but, after riding on provincial tracks, gave it away this year.

Apart from his girl, his maternal grandfather, the one who took him along to meet Theo Green, also lives with him, helping him with renovations and looking after the house. Johnston calls him Gramps.

Johnston bought the house last year

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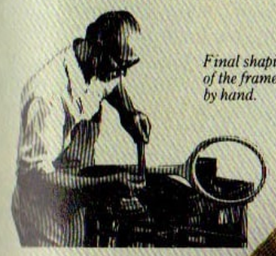

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Setting the scene.
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Planning the food.
Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your souffle but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.

Getting the drinks.
Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.

The setting.
Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.

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We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.

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and, apart from renovations, has furnished it quite lavishly. The main lounge is highlighted by a collection of delicate porcelain horses and jockeys. Despite this and other sophistication the house has almost the feel of a country home. The main focal point is the kitchen and there are pets everywhere, birds and fish inside and a Great Dane bitch and dog and their four pups in kennels out the back. The only thing wrong with the Great Danes is that they bite guests but they also keep intruders away. The two dogs are bigger than Johnston so he takes their pups inside to frolic with them. He is like a doting father with his children, cuddling them and playing games.

"The dogs are thoroughly spoilt," he says. "They sleep all over the beds and take up all the lounge chairs. There was only one pup survived from the last litter and when it got bigger it wouldn't let us sit on its lounge chair."

Johnston leaves to ride work at the track about 5.15 every morning after only a cup of tea and gets home about 8.00 for breakfast. It is a country breakfast with a massive serve of bacon and eggs and seemingly endless cups of tea. He drinks tea all day, saying he couldn't live without it. While he is still eating breakfast, the phone starts ringing and he talks to all the callers for an hour or more until he goes to sleep. Then everybody is told he is asleep and he will talk no more.

Everybody rings him — reporters, jockeys, friends, people who simply see themselves as kindred public personalities. An official from the Swan Hill, Victoria, racing club wants to know if he will ride there. "Yes," he says, "I'd love to. What's the date. Good. Will you send a plane to pick us up. Good, make it a Lear jet." He laughs at his joke.

All the time the television is going showing an old horror film. Johnston must be one of the world's most dedicated television addicts. He has a set in every room, two in some.

"I get fads," he says. "Sometimes I want to go out three times a week for a couple of weeks, then for the next three weeks I'll do nothing but stay home and watch television."

When he does go out he prefers places where he is known and the staff tend to protect him from too many fans. For a while his favorite spot was the San Francisco Grill at the Sydney Hilton.

If he drinks it is a glass or two of wine with dinner and then never at home. "I don't like drinking at home," he says. "I've seen what drink can do to people in the racing game."

Despite his love of home life Johnston has no plans to marry yet. He says he loves children and children love him but he is too involved in his career at the moment for marriage.

"Perhaps in four or five years I'll be able to give some time to it," he said.

In four or five years he should just about be Australia's most eligible bachelor. He won't talk about his earnings in detail but they are creeping up towards $200,000 a year.

He brought in close to $1.5 million in prize-money this year. He gets 10 percent of that as well as a fee for losing rides and whatever grateful owners want to give him as a bonus.

While he makes money he enjoys spending it. He has spent nearly $250,000 on his home as well as buying his mother a new home at Forbes. He is looking around for some flats to invest in and has begun investing in brood mares.

"I don't think I could go into breeding to the point where I would buy a stallion but I still think there is money to be made out of breeding," he says.

"I'll get some better brood mares and send them out to be served."

Johnston runs the business side of his life from a very business-like office in his home. He has a chairman-of-the-board size desk and the walls are lined with two unread sets of encyclopedias and, rather appropriately, the three volumes of the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. Pointing to what is still the mainstream of his life, the most prominent thing in the office is a rack of training and racing saddles.

> Johnston won't talk about his earnings in detail but they are creeping up towards $200,000 a year.

Johnston does not like giving money away. Like all successful men in the public eye he is constantly asked for gifts or loans.

"I'm afraid I'm a bit of a tight arse," he says. "I have found how to deal with these people. When they get in touch with me I tell them my accountant handles such things and get them to ring him."

You gather his accountant is a professional tight arse.

"The trouble is I've seen rough times myself and I sometimes get frightened that I might be soft with people," Johnston says.

An indication of how involved he is with his security is that he names his solicitor and business advisor Colin Love as perhaps his best friend. His other friends are just about everybody he knows but he is not really close to any of them.

"I suppose Ron Quinton is one of my best mates in racing," he says, " but we don't go out much together. I see him at the track and we talk about things but that's about all."

Quinton says Johnston is more of a friend than a mate. "A mate is a very special thing," he says. "You know who your mates are when you're off injured or something. Malcolm and I are not that close."

Johnston used to play a lot of squash and touch football with friends and would like to take up tennis when he gets the time but does not exercise.

He says he gets enough exercise out of riding work in the mornings. It is typical of his dedication to the sport that he is one of the few established jockeys eager to ride work. He rides between 10 and 17 horses every morning and would ride more if he had to.

"You enjoy work when you're in front," he says. "You can understand how a jockey who is not winning would not like it. I really look forward to getting out there and watching the horses develop."

In the grey morning light at Randwick he is about the only smiling face as he moves from horse to horse with only occasional breaks to talk to Ernie Smith, T.J.'s brother and foreman, about the horses. And he wants to go on doing it for a long time.

"I don't want to keep going until I'm finished," he says, "but I'd like to keep at it until I'm at least 38 or 40. I feel I'm still learning and have a lot more to give to racing."

In the meantime we would like to ride in the US. He's already ridden in England, Europe and Hong Kong and in January became friendly with the visiting American jockey Steve Cauthen.

"Jockeys have a different standing overseas," he says. "In England and Hong Kong they are looked up to like kings. They are the tops. Here they are just jockeys, like workmen. I don't suppose it will ever change so I can't complain, but it is better for a jockey there."

And when he does hang up his whip? "I want to go into television or radio. I'd like to have my own sports show on television best. I really love television and think I could do it well. I don't want to be a horse trainer. I'll always keep a link with racing through breeding but I've never seen myself as a trainer."

But will he ever give up smoking? You get the feeling that Johnston likes smoking almost as much as he likes riding and watching television. He smokes heavily from early in the morning until he goes to bed.

"I don't think I'll ever give up smoking," he said.

You don't like to tell him it could stunt his growth.

URSULA

VANITY FAIREST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

Now that I have seen the world," declares Ursula Obermoser, our beautiful German fraulein, "I will allow the world to see *me* — as long as they look but do not touch. That is a privilege I grant to only a very few men," claims our Pet, with Garboesque hauteur. Despite her sometimes reclusive ways, Ursula is a highly sought after European advertising and fashion model and has recently begun working in television films. At the moment our Munich-based sensation can be seen all over Germany, seductively gracing an advertising poster for cassette recorders. "I don't know if their stock has gone up since they distributed it," she teases, "but *mine* certainly has!" It's no wonder, considering Ursula's five-foot-eight inch frame, artfully arranged in the finest tradition of German craftsmanship and engineering. "A man once told me that I was too slender for his taste," she recalls with a fleeting pout, "and I told him 'I am built for *speed*, not comfort!' "

"A man once told me I was too slender, and I told him, 'I am built for speed, not comfort!'"

Now that Ursula has become a much-travelled jet-setting *cause celebre,* she sometimes wishes she had become a career diplomat. "Beauty, after all, is a universally persuasive quality. My motto would be 'Speak softly and carry a big smile.' " For the present, however, Ursula's main goal is to someday star in her own television series — maybe one on the saucy side. So far, the chief obstacle has been her irresistible self. "Every time I'm about to get a big break, the male producer seems to insist that I must first go to bed with him! It is very discouraging," she laments.

In case Ursula's flawless good looks convince us that she's perfect in every way, she hastens to set the record straight. "I am very obstinate and spoiled," she confesses, looking unrepentant. "And I am also a terrible hedonist. I adore drinking wine and sometimes have so much I lose control. Also, I often eat much too much — German pastry is so delicious! — and then have to practise gymnastics and jog the next morning to make up for it . . ."

Photograph by Geoff Fisher

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LANG HANCOCK

Basically, everything comes from the earth — you either mine it or you grow it, and you can't even grow it until you mine the iron to make the ploughshares.

When you meet Lang Hancock it is obvious that in spite of his outrage when his always-extreme views are contradicted and his visionary projects frustrated, he thrives on opposition. Like his chief opponent over the years, WA Premier Sir Charles Court, Hancock has an extrovert, almost aggressive, self-confidence which revels in taking on all comers. Onlookers have always been tickled by the fact that, in different political and economic circumstances, the two might have been blood-brothers. Both show the same contradictions — far-sighted yet tunnel-visioned; intelligent yet devoid of tact; advocates of individual freedom, yet intollerant of any other viewpoint than their own.

Stripped of its formidable hyperbole and technical expertise, Hancock's message is a simple and repetitive one; an updated, economic version of the postwar political slogan "Populate or Perish".

If Australia's potential and in particular its mineral resources are not exploited as soon as possible, he says, yellow, red or white hordes will move in to wrest them from us. The fact that a great deal of money could be made in this gallant defence of our liberty he sees as an added incentive.

He brushes aside allegations of fascism, and claims with an irritating degree of accuracy that as a northerner and a mining veteran, he knows a good deal more about his Promised Land above the 26th Parallel than most or all of his detractors.

Langley George Hancock was born on a million-acre pastoral property north of the Parallel. His sudden rise to prominence through his tremendous iron ore discoveries in the 1950s and 1960s, combined with the appearance and blunt manners of an old-style union boss, gave a wide impression that he was a johnny-come-lately in the classic rags-to-riches tradition.

In fact, he comes from one of Western Australia's oldest pastoral families — one that has rarely been short of cash and has always played a notable part in the state's development.

His great-grandfather, George Hancock, arrived from England in the early 1830s and settled in the infant Swan River Colony's first successful agricultural region — the Avon Valley, 100km inland from Perth.

His great-aunt Emma was the first white woman in the North West — bearing her husband John Withnell eight children in that arid wilderness with no neighbor within 1000 kilometres.

One of her sons, James Withnell, started one of WA's earliest gold rushes in 1888 east of Roebourne, when he picked up a stone to throw at a crow and found he was holding a lump of high-grade ore. It proved a fluke rather than a bonanza, and WA's classic Gold Rush did not begin until the dramatic discoveries four years later by Bayley and Ford at what became Coolgardie.

By then Lang Hancock's grandfather had joined his Withnell relatives in the North West. Lang's father, George, was a partner on the Mulga Downs spread near Wittenoom when his son was born in June 1909 — when brushes with local aborigines were still common and "civilisation" was weeks away by horse or camel.

The boy grew up with his uncle James' interest in prospecting. His first mineral find, in the early 1920s, was blue asbestos in Wittenoom Gorge, but the contemporary price of $36 per tonne made its extraction hopelessly uneconomic.

Ten years later a visiting geologist spotted a lump of blue asbestos propping open the verandah door on the station homestead — and told young Lang it was now worth $150 a tonne.

He and his schoolmate-turned-partner, E.A. ("Peter") Wright, laid the foundations of a sizeable fortune by opening the Wittenoom asbestos mine. But Lang Hancock's fame — some say notoriety — did not flower until his first iron ore discovery in November 1952.

The story has passed into the folklore of Australian private enterprise. Flying south from Wittenoom in his tiny Auster, Hancock and his wife Hope were forced low by storm clouds and flew dangerously through Pilbara gorges whose towering cliffs were rust-red. Hancock trekked through the gorges when the wet season ended and confirmed his stupendous find. But it was not until 1960 that the Menzies government lifted the pre-war ban on iron ore exports; another two years elapsed before the Hamersley agreement was drawn up between the American Kaiser Steel company and the British-Australian Rio Tinto group which got the

Pilbara iron ore industry under way. Its development has expanded Pilbara's population from 5000 to 55,000 and resulted in annual exports worth more than $800 million — more than 20 percent of world production with enough reserves to supply the world for a century ahead.

This was Lang Hancock's peak of glory — and the beginning of his longest period of frustration. Annual royalties of 2.5 percent from the Hamersley operation at Tom Price made him a millionaire almost overnight. His income is still believed to be the highest in Australia — but few of his schemes and ambitions have materialised since.

His own pet Pilbara project — a combined rail and port system to link all big iron ore producers in the region — has remained stalled for years. So has his plan to assemble enough partners to develop what he claims would be by far the biggest iron ore operation of all — near Wittenoom, his family territory.

As part of his campaign against governmental controls, he financed and organised a resurgence of the 1930s secession movement in WA, only to see it fizzle in little more than a year.

He founded a Sunday tabloid in Perth to expound his policy of unfettered capitalism, but soon relinquished personal control with the disgusted comment "All journalists are socialists".

Tolerance of his nuggety stance was stretched to its limits in his home State in 1978 when he reacted to news that many of his former asbestos miners at Wittenoom had developed potentially fatal lung diseases with the apparently unfeeling comment that he had been at the mine for long periods but felt all right.

Coincidentally, his health has not been good for the past year. For months, he had to give up his strenuous brand of tennis, and in January he was officially forbidden to fly his Falcon jet. (Typically, he drops dark hints about interference by the Pilots Federation and threatens to sell the plane rather than be forced into employing an extra pilot).

His dream of a 2000km railway to link Pilbara iron ore with Queensland coal has had another airing recently with the announcement of a feasibility study by the Federal Government.

He is far from subdued — either by his unpopularity with officialdom, or the widespread execration which greets his outspoken championship of such issues as nuclear power on a huge scale and the pre-eminence of unfettered capitalism.

In an era when most issues confidently regarded by our forefathers as simple black or white have merged into depressingly confused shades of grey, Lang Hancock marches to the sound of a different drum. And as Perth-based *Penthouse* contributor Dennis Hancock found in this interview, Lang Hancock is still quite certain he is the only one in step.

Penthouse: Quite a few years ago now, you gave as your personal creed 'I believe, bad and all as it is, the greed of capitalism is the only driving force there is'. Do you still believe that is true?

Hancock: Yes. There has to be some motivation if people's standard of living is to be maintained or even rise. Every civilisation on this earth has been developed because of the application of capital and the drive that comes from that application. Basically, everything comes from the earth — you either mine it or you grow it, and you can't even grow it until you mine the iron to make the ploughshares. This all flows from the application of capital and the drive behind it. If there is no drive behind it, people aren't going to invest their capital.

Penthouse: What should happen to people who are not lucky, or brave, or clever enough to make their own fortune — from finding iron ore mountains or from some other source — or who don't feel that a fortune is really their aim in life?

> It makes no difference who is Prime Minister . . . Australia is not a democracy, it is just an idle dream which doesn't work.

Hancock: Well, I presume that their aim in life is to exist. Now they cannot possibly exist without the application of capital. This is something that should be drummed into every four-year-old child, every journalist, every politician and every university professor — that there are 4000 million people on this earth, at least a thousand million of them below the breadline. Of those 4000 million people, at least eight out of 10 owe their very existence to energy applied to minerals. So every one of them should think what will happen to them if they interfere in any shape or form with the production of energy or the production of minerals. Any disruption of this is going to affect the underprivileged far more than it's going to affect the so-called privileged people.

Penthouse: Who, if anybody, do you think is entitled to welfare support — on what basis should it be judged and what form should it take?

Hancock: Well, this is something that has grown up and the best way to cure welfare is to have unbridled private or free enterprise to create jobs. Jobs and wealth don't come from governments — governments consume wealth, not create it. Therefore you've got to stimulate and encourage people who can create wealth and jobs. These are the people who count as far as looking after the underprivileged are concerned.

Penthouse: What do you think of the Fraser Government? Is it laying the right course back to national prosperity?

Hancock: No. No government could do that because all they are doing is expanding themselves. In Australia, the system has got bogged down by too much government. It makes no difference really-whether Malcolm Fraser is Prime Minister or whether Mr Hayden is Prime Minister. We have two socialist parties — the Liberals profess to be free enterprise but they are both socialist in their actions. Australia is not a democracy, it is just an idle dream which doesn't work. Whatever government you have in power has one objective — to increase bureaucracy, to increase its own power by creating more departmental jobs. So they have to increase taxes, and as you can't get blood out of a stone you can only get taxes out of people who produce goods.

Inflation, as you know, is too much money chasing too few goods. Why not reverse the process — take less money from the producer in terms of tax and increase the supply of goods? You would flood the market with cheap goods and the cost of living would go down.

Penthouse: That would be your own formula for a return to prosperity?

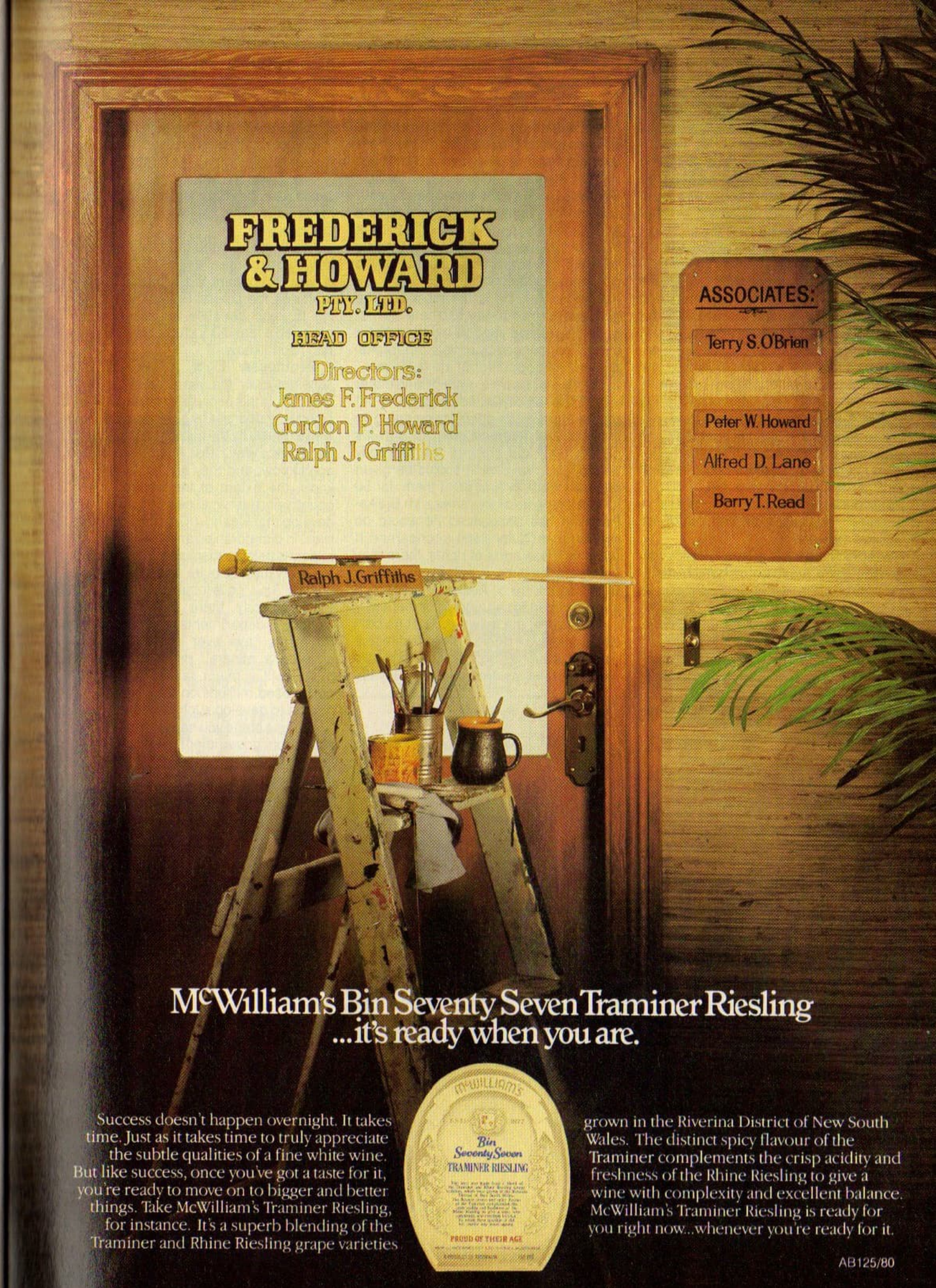
Hancock: Yes. Less government by a long, long way, and instead of too much money chasing too few goods I would have too many goods — chasing too little money [chuckle].

Penthouse: And less taxation?

Hancock: Less taxation by all sorts of means, including tax-free incentives for production areas such as north of the 26th Parallel where the basic wealth of Australia must lie. I would make those income-tax free with a reinvestment clause of 40 percent, so that you had to put 40 percent of your profits back. Under that system the place would snowball — you would be creating a deliberate anomaly, so that people south of the line would say northerners were getting privileged treatment; but they could share in those privileges by putting their money up there themselves.

Here applies my theory of the greed of capitalism. They wouldn't put their money up there otherwise — Australians won't develop Australia because they think they ought to. They'll only do it if the impulse of greed drives them to think they will get something out of it that their fellow Australians are not going to get.

Penthouse: What has been at the root of the disagreements between yourself and Sir Charles Court?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Hancock: Well, that goes back to the very early days of Pilbara development in 1962 when he tried to stop the formation of Hamersley Iron by asking Japanese iron and steel manufacturers to give first priority to our competitors.

Having lost out there and seen the world's largest mine being established virtually over his dead body, and obviously being branded as wrong — that would rankle in anybody's mind. That I think was the foundation of the trouble and resentment to any scheme that I put up to generate further projects up in the Pilbara. Basically he did not understand the value and importance of what the iron ore industry could be to Australia. You must remember the official attitude, Commonwealth and State, indicated that Australia would be importing iron ore by the year 1965. When a man publicly makes such a faux pas, it is obviously going to rankle and I think that was the beginning of it. But it doesn't really matter what I think of Sir Charles Court, or what Sir Charles Court thinks of me.

Penthouse: How would you compare his approach to government with that of Joh Bjelke-Petersen?

Hancock: I think it is a great tragedy that Joh Bjelke-Petersen is not Prime Minister of Australia. He is the only politician in Australia who is far-reaching in his attitude, is prepared to get something done.

He'll get behind anything that has any chance of going. He is very forthright and he stands up for what he thinks is right. He has come up through hard work and he understands that you get nothing for doing nothing — that there's no such thing as a free lunch. He is right on the ball in quite a number of things and you can see this by the resentment the Press bears to him. I'm all in favor of more Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

Penthouse: He is a supporter of your scheme for a railway between the Pilbara and Queensland, to exchange Pilbara iron ore for Queensland coal and thereby enable a steel manufacturing industry to be set up at either end?

Hancock: Yes, he is the most positive supporter of the railway, and he is the first to come out and support my idea that it should be financed by private risk capital and not the poor unfortunate taxpayer.

My idea is to give a grant of land either side of the railway to the people who put up the money. I'm not proposing to give away part of Australia even though it's desert, but I did propose that anybody who put up risk capital should be given mineral rights, or first go at them, for 50 miles either side of the railway. Mr Bjelke-Peterson has announced he would do that as far as Queensland is concerned. If you give these sorts of rights, there may not be anything there, but you will get the west and centre of Australia opened up and searched for all kinds of minerals.

You will get the railway built at no cost to the taxpayer, and as an added incentive I have suggested this scheme too be made income-tax free with a re-investment clause of 40 percent. That would cost the Treasury nothing because that area's not yielding anything at the moment. If it did bloom, and they found gas and oil and all sorts of minerals out there, the indirect taxes flowing from that would far outweight income tax from that area.

The Treasury would gain, Australia would gain, development would be enormous and the railway would help defence-wise.

The Prime Minister promised last year he would arrange a feasibility study of the railway. It appears this is one of the few promises the Liberal Government is going to keep because he has now announced a feasibility study. How far it will get, I don't know.

Penthouse: Quite a few of your schemes over the years have not been taken up. Is this because of cowardice and bloody-mindedness by governments or is it also a refusal by the public to support you?

Hancock: Well, the Australian public don't know, and they are not allowed to know, the extent of the wealth in their country and just what needs to be done to develop that wealth. In communist countries, in dictatorships and in Australia the minerals belong absolutely to the Crown. As such they're quite useless because nobody in government understands them, nobody there has the ability. Nobody in departments and no ministers for mines have ever in their lives discovered a mineral, managed a major mine, built a major railway or a major port, raised millions on the international market to develop such projects.

At some stage you have to make a transition from government ownership to private risk capital. You've got to make the climate right for risk capital, whether it's Australian or overseas doesn't matter. Governments have to define rights, to set rules and not change those rules once the ball has bounced. People who risk their money must know that their titles are not going to be robbed from them; that if they make a success of it they aren't going to be faced with a resources tax and all other forms of robbery with which the government is so happy, and that the government will not repudiate such things as an export licence, which shouldn't exist anyhow. The standard case was the beach sands over at Fraser Island, where they repudiated overseas contracts and they repudiated an export licence, which gave Australia a bad name right throughout the world.

Penthouse: Fraser Island was a conservation issue, and you are always pretty hard on conservationists. You coined the term 'econuts', and you hint that they're part of a conspiracy to hinder Australia's economic growth. Whom do you think the conspiracy originates with?

Hancock: I blame the econuts for not realising they are being led absolutely, and financed by overseas money. A fairly classic case is this fellow in Libya, Colonel Gaddaffi, who claims quite openly that he spent 75 million pounds sterling to subvert Great Britain. We know it was Gaddafi's money, probably $230 million of it, that went in and helped to subvert Iran along with the Russians. He has openly stated that wherever terrorists and that arise, he will support them.

Penthouse: But what have conservationists got to do with terrorism?

Hancock: What they do is use well-meaning conservationists as a front and they haven't got enough sense to see it. If they carry their argument to the logical conclusion there is only one thing they can do, and that's freeze in the dark.

The perfect ecologist was the Australian blackfellow. He didn't till, he didn't mine, he didn't manufacture, he just lived on what nature provided. A million years ago, when the population got too great at the waterhole, the elders of the tribe got together and hit the piccaninnies on the head. That was perfect birth-control, and perfect ecology — they could only have a population equal to what nature itself would provide. On that basis Australia could support 400,000 people instead of 14 million.

As long as I'm not one of the blokes who got hit on the head that's not so bad, but I don't know how the ecologists feel about it — whether they would like to be hit on the head.

Penthouse: You really feel we are in danger from conservationists? Most opponents seem to regard them only as irritating cranks.

Hancock: I believe the greatest threat this country faces is the internal threat from subversive elements who control the environmental movement.

You have seen what happened to America. America has gone from an exporter of oil to an importer, and when an economy of that size becomes a buyer the price of oil just has to go up. The OPEC countries have taken advantage of this and you can't blame them for it. The price of oil has gone up fourfold.

There is no justification for this whatsoever. If you reverse the environmental laws and controls they have managed to exert in the United States, particularly in Alaska, the United States would be self-sufficient in oil for 200 years. But the conservationist lobby has delayed the Alaska pipeline for five years, they stopped drilling on the North Atlantic seaboard, they put all sorts of restrictions on coal mines, they spread objections to nuclear power which is the cheapest and safest and cleanest power of the lot.

Penthouse: Back to your word 'conspiracy'; do you claim a Communist conspiracy is behind all this?

Hancock: Yes — well, whether you call them communists or not doesn't matter. The people in control are subversives of various types. They believe that if they

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can destroy our system, the capitalist system, and replace it with some form of socialism they would then have the power. They don't seem to see that they're getting it now, with two or three people controlling the trade unions. There wants to be a very firm line of demarcation drawn between the two or three agitators, professionals, that are running some of these key unions and the poor worker who is quite happy to work but is forced out on strike simply to disrupt our present set-up — a set-up which allows everybody to have a rising standard of living and all the goodies that capital has been able to invent.

Penthouse: All in all, you sound pretty pessimistic about our prospects. Do you think Australians will be able to — or deserve to — carry on controlling their own economic and political destinies?

Hancock: No, I don't think they will be able to, in any shape or form and if they won't work they don't deserve to. I think a more virile nation will, by force of circumstances, come in here. All these latent minerals that we've got; if we deny them to the world, the world won't be denied because they will come and take them.

Penthouse: Which nation do you think will be likely to move in?

Hancock: Well, that doesn't matter. I've advocated, that if we develop the region north of the 26th Parallel, we would make nations dependent upon us for very survival. Instead of being dependent now upon one nation, Japan, we should make ourselves indispensible to several of the great nuclear powers — then each one would make certain the other didn't come and grab us for itself. The free world is already losing the great mineral fields of Africa to communism, which is a far bigger loss than Iran or Afghanistan. Rhodesia is the latest example of that. The Free World powers should be brought to realise that when Africa goes out, their very civilisation would depend on Australia and its minerals.

We have got more than America ever had, and we could eventually become the number-one nation — the wealthiest nation in the world. We would have to import foreign risk-capital to get started, but once we snowballed to the growth rate which I think is possible, it wouldn't be very long before we became an exporter of capital. Then Australians would spread their wings all over the world, and control or own half the world, just the same as Americans do now.

Penthouse: But only, in your view, if Australians develop more energy and more guts?

Hancock: Oh yes, they've got to have energy, guts and leadership — and we haven't got any at the moment.

Penthouse: Talking of personal rather than national wealth; you have always regarded your own income, which is quoted at between three and five million dollars a year, as being a private matter. Do you still feel that way, and why?

Hancock: I don't think I can gain anything for the nation by talking about my private income. It's a fleabite compared with what the nation really needs and there's nothing to be gained by it. It might make people envious about it, but I would say to them the world's your oyster — there's no earthly reason why you can't do the same if you can get rid of government controls.

Go out and help yourself — there is every opportunity in Australia to develop these raw materials. But I do say this — if you find one it should be on the basis of full rights to the discoverer — first go to the discoverer, whether he might sell it for a bottle of beer, a loaf of bread or millions and millions of dollars.

He should be given that absolutely divine right. If he can bring in capital, he should be protected right through to the production stage, with no government power to confiscate it from him.

> Australians have got to have energy, guts and leadership — and we haven't got any at the moment.

Penthouse: You're nearly 71 now, and have all the money you or your family could need. What drives you to carry on working so hard? What more do you want to achieve before you retire, or die?

Hancock: First of all, I think it is essential to protect my family's interests, and my grandchildren's interests, and the best way to protect them is to protect Australia. I would hate to see them hounded out of Australia to go live somewhere else, and that is always on the cards. One or two of the more militant trade union leaders don't disguise from me or anybody else that their aim is not to better conditions of the rank and file — they're not concerned with them at all, they are concerned with the power to destroy.

So one of my aims would be to point out on any occasion I can these things that should be obvious to everybody. Also, I carry on because nobody else is preaching or acting Free Enterprise, and this doesn't matter which government is in. Without detracting from Malcolm Fraser or from Charlie Court or anybody else, they're talking it but they're not doing it. I want to carry on as a spokesman for Free Enterprise — I think somebody should, and every little bit helps.

Penthouse: Do you expect to retire, or do you reckon you will die in harness?

Hancock: I don't expect to retire, because there are so many things left to be done. I might as well keep on and keep trying to do them, or some of them — keep battling as long as I can.

Penthouse: You've nominated your only daughter, Gina, to take over your empire when you die. She'll have to combine it with being a mother to her two children. Do you think she's capable of both jobs, and will she carry on with your policies?

Hancock: Well, so far she's of an independent turn of mind. She went to Sydney University with my blessing, but of her own volition she threw that in because she could see the Communist influence in it, and she could see the only way of getting through that university successfully was to endorse Galbraith and all the socialist beliefs.

One day I found her back in the office. She sat down here and put her nose to the grindstone without any pressure or asking from me. When you get a willing horse like that I naturally don't stop her. I'm hoping she can more than carry on with what I've been doing, but if her inclination clashes with loyalty to her family I would expect her to look after her family first.

Penthouse: As good a man as you are, really — a chip off the old block?

Hancock: I think at her age she is better than I was.

Penthouse: A lot of your critics would say you were hopelessly out of date in your thinking — 25 years out of date plugging unlimited industrial expansion, 50 years out of date urging secession for Western Australia and 100 years out of date in opposing social welfare. How would you reply to that?

Hancock: Quite often in my career I've been criticised for being too far in the future. I was when I advocated making the Pilbara the Ruhr of South East Asia. I was told 'You can't build railways and mines in that country — it's blackfellow country'. From those critics, who were adamant there was no iron ore in the North West, we have come now to supply Japan with half her ore requirements, to major railways and to three harbors there each of which is exporting a greater tonnage than Sydney. From that point of view, I think I was 25 or 30 years ahead of people instead of years behind.

The same thing with nuclear power. I am basing my conviction that this is the safest form of power for our grandchildren on 25 years of safe performance in other countries. So I think I am looking forward, not back — that I am in front rather than behind with my thinking, and that it is Australia which needs to catch up with the rest of the world. ○

Murderer or trade union hero?

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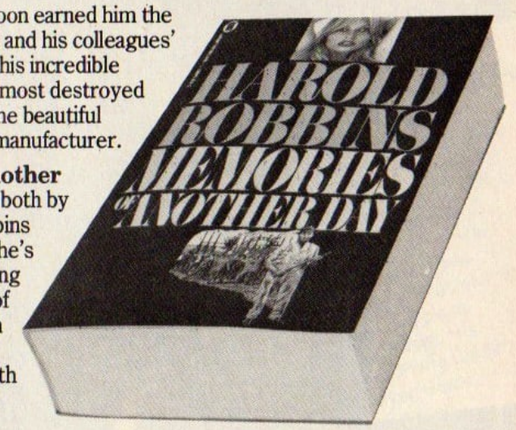
At 14, Huggins laboured 69 gruelling hours a week in a mine for $7, experiencing first-hand the motivations behind the strikes and growing trade unionism. Sickened by the violent clashes between employers and strikers which left many maimed or dead, he became a union organiser in the days when risking death was part of the job.

Huggins' integrity soon earned him the workers' love and respect and his colleagues' envy and hatred. Despite his incredible success, his career was almost destroyed by his sizzling affair with the beautiful daughter of an anti-union manufacturer.

'Memories of Another Day' has been acclaimed both by critics and by Harold Robbins himself as "the best book he's ever written". It's a riveting study of the violent birth of the unions — and of a man who achieved power and wealth, yet still burned with a deep hunger for justice.



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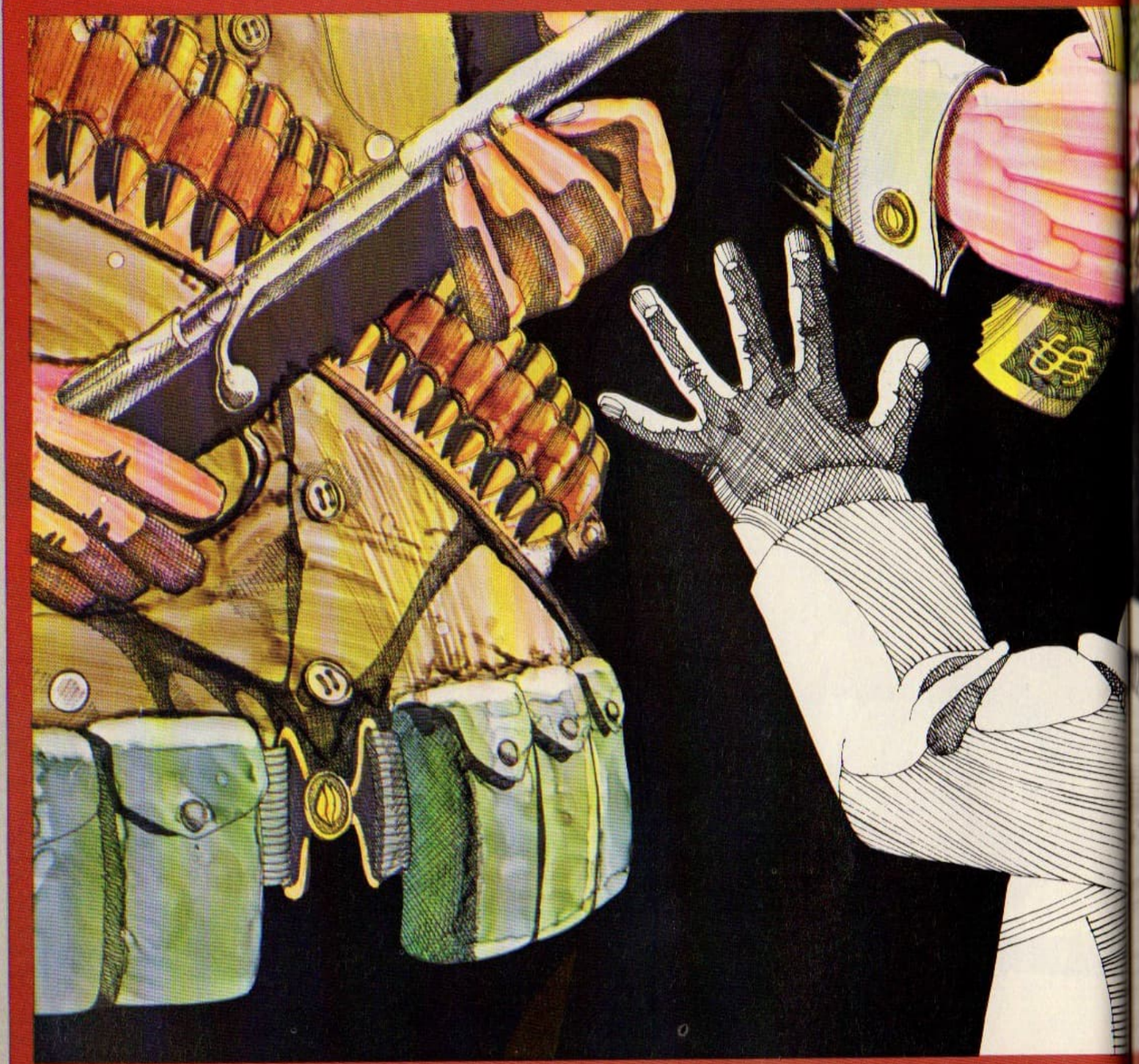
Left: His turquoise linen trousers by Zutti, $48, from Lodge, Brogue, Keiths, Cove Toggery, Sydney; Take Six, Village Gate, Perth. Green cotton shirt by Suave, $40, from leading stores. Cream linen jacket, $160, from Trent Nathan boutiques. Turquoise Lycra one-piece swimsuit by Speedo, $19, from leading stores. Blue Brian Rochford one-piece, $24, from Sportsgirl stores. Above: His blue polished cotton suit by Pierre Cardin, $240, from Ron Bennett, Myer, Grace Bros, Sydney; Tony Barlow, Miller Anderson, Adelaide; J. B. L'Uomo, Brisbane; Gentlemen's Outfitters, Perth. Linen shirt from Trent Nathan boutiques. Her Lycra camisole by Rose-mary Lakiss-Smith, $60, from Dressing Room, Coco, Sydney.

Fashion assistant, Elizabeth Hearn; location, Gazebo Hotel, Sydney; hair, Joanne from Lloyd Lomas; telephone, Executive Presents; TV, Sony; accessories, Nice Things.

Left: His purple polished cotton jacket by Christian Aujard. Black trousers by Christian Aujard, $160. Cotton T-shirt by Christian Aujard, $95. All available from Five Way Fusion, Sydney. Her Brian Rochford bikini, $25, from leading stores. Above: His black linen evening suit by Yves St Laurent, $300, from leading stores. Red T-shirt from Modern Man, Avalon, Sydney. Her black and white one-piece by Gideon Oberson, $70, from David Jones, Mark Foys, Denaville, Sydney. Cowboy hat from Vic Cooper, Sydney.

Above: His ochre linen suit by Pierre Cardin, $240, from Ron Bennett, Myer, Grace Bros, Tony Barlow, Sydney; Miller Anderson, Tony Bennett, Adelaide; Just Men, J. B. L'Uomo Brisbane; Gentlemen's Outfitters, Perth. White linen shirt, $60, from Trent Nathan boutiques. Her off-the-shoulder costume by Berlei, $30, from leading stores. Spotted one-piece by Gideon Oberson, from Le Facon, Sydney; It's Georgina, Canberra; Zampatti, Frey, Surfers Paradise; Keri Craig, Brisbane. Right: His grey cotton trousers by Garry Smith, $60. Red L'Coste cotton T-shirt, $45, both from Modern Man, Avalon, Sydney. Pink linen jacket by Zutti, $160. Her pink shirred one-piece by Brian Rochford, $32, from leading stores. One-piece pink and black costume by Speedo, $20, from leading stores. Caps, goggles by Speedo.

→6



A GUIDE TO CONSPIRACY THEORIES

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean someone *isn't* following you.

If you haven't heard at least a dozen theories of a massive conspiracy by a group of ultra-rich power brokers and their master-mind advisors to take control of the world and make us all slaves to a single system of harshly enforced law and order, you are missing out.

It may shock you when you first learn that Malcolm Fraser, Jimmy Carter, Margaret Thatcher and Leonid Brezhnev are all in on the plot to enslave mankind; until you understand the relatively simple basic premise: nothing is as it appears to be. No news reports, no political event, no global crisis — nothing at all. Like sham wrestlers, the protagonists of awesome international flare-ups shake hands and walk away laughing, having brought the human cattle one step closer to absolute domestication through a constant process of fear and confusion. The reason you may not have heard all this is that secrecy is the major weapon of the conspirators. The things you do read, see on the television or hear on the radio are what they want you to read, see and hear. You see, political conspiracy theories render the worst Orwellian nightmares or "big brother" apprehensions as naive concerns. If they have even a shred of truth then civilisation as we known it might very well be doomed.

Conspiracy theories are as contradictory as they are diverse; no two buffs concur on any but the most basic tenets. Paranoia and fertile imaginations obscure the slender threads of known fact. There are convenient conspiracies to explain away any irregularity on the planet, natural or otherwise. In his book *The Cosmic Trigger,* Robert Anton Williams says: "There is endless room for spooky speculation and for pedantic paranoia . . . If you were to believe all the sensational literature, the damned conspirators are responsible for everything wrong with the world, including the energy crises and the fact that you can't get a plumber on weekends."

The single common line in all the theories is that the ultra-rich and super-powerful, having already conspired to control the world over the past two centuries, are now poised for the

final *coup d'etat* — the enslaving or "neat disposal" of all life outside their realm of operation. Or, alternatively, the ferrying of mindless human robots to new, advanced settlements on other planets.

As fantastic, preposterous and radical as such schools of thought may be, they are attracting believers faster than religious cults or UFO theories. One American paperback, *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*, has sold more than five million copies since publication in 1972.

One privately printed book out of Perth, *The Cosmic Conspiracy*, has moved 35,000 copies in two years. However, the attempted unveiling of political conspiracies is by no means a modern day pursuit. One principal text is Professor John Robinson's *Proofs Of A Conspiracy*, published in 1798; 22 years after what is seen as the commencement of the very first significant conspiracy to erode national sovereignty and individual self-determination on the way to establishing an all-powerful "one world government" — a dictatorship of the elite, disguised as a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Prominent insiders have been wont to arrogantly drop inconclusive herrings from time to time, disproportionately inflaming a theory most disadvantaged by an impenetrable wall of secrecy. Certainly the most notable is Benjamin Disraeli, who told a colleague: "The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

Intelligensia plays a key role in every theory. The common scenario is: brilliant but ruthless academicians showing power-mad billionaires how best to use their power to control the world. Promising young men from better families assisted through to higher levels of education with unlimited grants and scholarships from distant philanthropists who command life-long loyalty by arranging highly remunerative positions of seeming importance and easy entry into the most exclusive of all private clubs.

It is this romantic combination of power, wealth and privilege that gives conspiracy tales a dash of storybook charm. This, balanced by a morbid fascination with the possible consequence of an ultimate conspiracy to turn wild human animals into domesticated zombies, trained by fear, habit and boredom to obey any orders.

As the planet fills up, the scenario becomes more probable: the herding of all inhabitants into one subservient caste under a sole elite power structure. Periodic "cullings" to lessen demand on natural resources. Enforced slavery to accomplish the new rulers' development desires. The denial of childbirth rights. And other darker, danker and dimmer depths.

One more induced global crisis to bring us all to our knees, begging for a means to return order to a ravaged existence and, presto, the benevolent bankers have all the secrets to peace and prosperity.

Most current popular theories centre around three major organisations of influential men, operating under a code of strict privacy/secrecy — The Council on Foreign Relations, The Bilderberger Group and The Tri-Lateral Commission. Beneath this daunting trio are other units, with particular spheres of influence — The Club of Rome, The Century Association, The United World Federalists, The Cosmos Club, The Royal Institute of International Affairs and The Institute of Pacific Relations, among many others. These bodies render as inconsequential the traditional "bogy men", like the CIA, FBI, ASIO and the Mafia. This is where the "big boys" hang out, not petty government thugs or feuding mobsters.

Reigning high above them all, conspiracists insist, is the supreme governing force of covert evil, the most insidious cobweb of all — the Bavarian secret order of sedition, The Illuminati. The core from which all groups, commissions, theories or protagonists have branched.

> As the planet fills up, the conspiracy scenario becomes more probable: the herding of all inhabitants into one subservient caste.

Before proceeding further it is necessary to explain one vital key for the understanding of almost all conspiracy theories. It concerns common political terminology — "right" and "left". Though used here in their accepted sense, the words are misnomers, supposedly implanted into 20th Century minds by heavy media conditioning.

To create constant friction between the masses, it was apparently deemed necessary to have two opposing idealogical camps. Therefore "right" became capitalist/fascist and "left" became socialist/communist.

Stanford University's Antony Sutton, in his book *Wall Street And The Bolshevik Revolution*, stated: "... one barrier to mature understanding of recent history is the notion that all capitalists are the unswerving enemies of all Marxists and socialists ... the idea is nonsense. There has been a continuing, albeit concealed, alliance between international political capitalists and international revolutionary socialists — to their mutual benefit."

That which follows is a profile of the history, membership and presumed activity of each major entity, culled from the vast, often contradictory publications of active conspiracists. There is no way of determining, apart from personal evaluation, just how interlocked and single-aimed these events are. It is not inconceivable that there are a bunch of rich guys who like to hang out with other rich guys and play Monopoly with real houses and hotels. Their utopian dreams *might* be as innocent as our dreams of winning the lottery or cracking the Pools. They *may* be as menacing as enthused Rotarians.

THE ILLUMINATI

All history books tell us that 1776 was the year of the American War of Independence. It was also the year that Adam Smith wrote *Wealth of Nations*, the ideological foundation for capitalism and the industrial revolution.

Most history books don't tell us that 1776 was the year a supremely arrogant, Jesuit-raised 28-year-old professor of Canon Law at Bavaria's Ingolstadt University, revived a secret society which had existed in a variety of forms for many centuries (Knights Templar for one). On May 1, 1776, Adam Weishaupt established The Order of Perfectibilists, a title he soon amended to The Order of the Illuminati. He drew upon the structure of the Jesuits and the written code of Freemasonry.

Weishaupt, who has been described as an alchemist, mystic, anarchist, rationalist and Machiavellian amoralist, was not a military man with a large army at his command, nor a gangster leading a gang of thieves. He was an intellectual with the profound self-conceit of the mentally superior, who considered it his unassailable right to run the world and all within it.

His manifesto called for the abolition of: ordered or nationalistic governments; private property; inheritance rights; patriotism to national causes; the social orders of families, sexual laws and moral codes; and all religions based on faith in an unseen God.

Within two years, Weishaupt's order had infiltrated the Masonic Lodges of Europe and was using them as both a cover and recruitment ground. His efforts were wildly successful beyond even his own expectations, and by 1783 more than 600 men of influential position had joined the Bavarian Illuminati. The Masons, like some Zionist bodies, were quite unaware of the activities of Master Mason Weishaupt in their midst.

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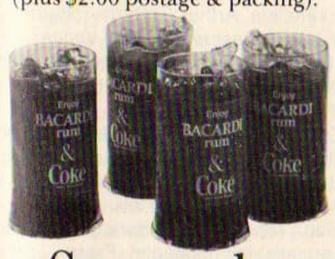

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COMPLETE COUPON ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

E601

and reason all playing a key role in illumination, its tenets and procedures have always been difficult to fully comprehend. It is believed that there were/are six "circles of best influence", each with 100 members, administered by a Round Table of Nine individuals throughout the world. FBI despot J. Edgar Hoover, in one abortive search for the Illuminati, was reported as saying the inner circle of nine was so difficult to identify that it bordered on the supernatural (and he was no hippie).

Weishaupt's original writings expounded: "We must do our utmost to procure the advancement of Illuminati into all important civil offices." This, he explained, would not be difficult for those who attained the exalted degree of *Illuminatis Minor*, for his superiors would: "Assist him in bringing his talents into action, and will place him in situations most favorable for their exertion, so that he may be assured of success."

In 1783, a Bavarian Court of Inquiry began investigating the Illuminati, and much of what we know of the movement today was then revealed. The government outlawed the society in 1785 after discovering a document which called for bloody revolutions; at which point the order went underground.

It is acknowledged that the French Revolution of 1789 was preceded by a long period of intense intellectual agitation in which the very foundations of civilised society were questioned. There is little doubt that it was Illuminati doctrines and methodology which fuelled (if not created) that agitation.

It is claimed that the Illuminati were in fact the League of Just Men who hired Marx and Engels to write *The Communist Manifesto* in 1848. Certainly in terms of idealogy, the book is a reproduction of Weishaupt's tracts.

The Illuminati's role in the French Revolution seems to have been mirrored, 128 years later, in the Russian Revolution. The question of how Russian communism originated and who currently controls it is a fundamental one. Scratch the surface, however, and some remarkable details become evident; assertions which are not met well by the traditionalists of history.

The paradox is that for six decades the communists have been avowed opponents of the super-rich and yet there is seemingly irrefutable documented evidence to show that US capitalists financed the 1917 Russian Revolution and continued to bolster the fledgling Bolshevik union for some decades.

Dr Bella Dodd, a defrocked member of the National Committee of the US Communist Party, claims she became aware of some mysterious super-leadership of the party shortly after World War II, when there was difficulty obtaining instructions from Moscow on vital matters.

She says the American communist heirarchy were instructed that, in the case of an emergency, they should contact one of three designated persons at the Waldorf Towers in New York. On all occasions, directives from these three men were ratified by Moscow. But what puzzled Dodd was that none of the contacts were Russian, or communists — they were leading American capitalists.

Conspiracy theorists insist that a syndicate of western bankers, upholding the illuminist master-plan for a "communist" state to be established and bolstered until it equalled united Christendom in strength (when it was to be "contained", as a balance), funnelled vast sums into the revolution.

In the *New York Journal-American* of February 3, 1949, John Schiff, grandson of banking baron Jacob Schiff (senior partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co) revealed the old man had sunk $20 million into the final triumph of Bolshevism in Russia. In April 1917, Jacob Schiff publicly declared it was thanks to his financial support that the revolution had succeeded.

Also, in the book, *Czarism and the Revolution*, white Russian general Arsene de Goulevitch reveals that Lord Alfred Milner, representing the British arm of the House of Rothschild, arranged for an infusion of $5 million (he also reveals that, after the revolution's success, between 1918 and 1922, the Bolsheviks transferred 600 million roubles in gold to Kuhn, Loeb & Co). This amazing situation of arch-capitalists establishing a communist state apparently did not stop once the capital had been repaid.

According to a report definitely on file with the US State Department, Kuhn, Loeb & Co went on to bankroll Stalin's first Five Year Plan and the Rockefellers stepped into the picture in 1927 when Standard Oil helped put the Russian economy back on its feet by building a refinery there and supposedly arranging a loan of some $75 million (according to *New Republic* September 1957).

For all the confusion which surrounded the Revolution, an observant few were aware of what had transpired. Three years after the event, in February 1920, Winston Churchill (not yet under the influence of illuminism) wrote in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*: "From the days of Weishaupt, to those of Karl Marx, to those of Trotsky . . . this worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious manevolence and impossible equality has been steadily growing."

THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

In the 1870s, while a student at Oxford, Cecil Rhodes became enamored by the lectures of Professor John Ruskin, a Plato

disciple remembered by historians as having a "very low opinion of democracy". Rhodes went on to become a gold and diamond magnate in South Africa and was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony for six years (and founder of Rhodesia), by which time he had a yearly personal income of at least one million pounds. Towards the end of his life, Rhodes allocated a part of his great fortune to a continuing Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford, which would carry on the teachings of his mentor Ruskin. Today the term Rhodes Scholar carries considerable weight and is borne by individuals as diverse as Bob Hawke and Kris Kristofferson.

He also established a secret society of which he had been dreaming for more than 15 years — The Circle of Initiates. This group had but one aim, best explained by Rhodes' biographer, Sara Millin: "The government of the world was his simple desire."

One important member of this group was Lord Alfred Milner, who expanded the clique into the powerful Round Table Group in 1891 — a body which went on to exercise considerable influence at the highest levels of British government. Rhodes' final will left the bulk of his fortune to Lord Rosebury (Rothschild's son-in-law) and these funds were used by Milner in the advancement of Round Table Groups throughout the world.

By 1915 there were groups in seven countries, including Australia, India and Canada. (In 1925 this was superceded by the Institute of Pacific Relations, set up in 12 Pacific-area countries and apparently still existing in Australia.)

After the bonanza for international bankers that was World War I, Milner (who had been a busy little boy in Russia during 1917) took advantage of the political confusion to greatly extend his organisation. A "front" body for the secret Round Table Group was established in the form of The Royal Institute of International Affairs. The RIIA had two distinct branches, the base in England and the Council of Foreign Relations in New York, under the direction of the J.P. Morgan banking house.

The CFR's 25th Annual Report confirmed that the body had been established in and around the Paris Peace Talks; being officially formed in the Majestic Hotel on May 19, 1919. The American host of the CFR-RIIA establishment sessions was the infamous Colonel Edward Mandel House, an extraordinary figure who set the mould for Henry Kissinger by controlling almost every action of President Woodrow Wilson.

While the English arm of the new twin-forked body was to all but fade away as a notable influence on world affairs, the CFR leapt ahead at an amazing pace. J.P. Morgan, the Rockefellers, Kuhn Loeb & Co, Paul Warburg and other banking powers swiftly turned the CFR into an "invisible government"; a training house for politicians and leaders. By the 1950s the Rockefeller family had seemingly taken control of the council, to the point of "donating" a building to house it on the west side of Park Avenue at 68th Street, directly opposite the Soviet Embassy to the UN.

"If it's a divine sign, he's misspelled it."

From 1919 to 1961 only *two* notable reports on the CFR found their way into American publications — both written by council members. The secrecy achieved by the body was simply staggering, considering that the administrations of at least six American presidents have been dominated by its "chosen" and that all but four US Secretaries of State in the past 45 years have been CFR members.

There are rare open admissions of policy. In February 1950, James Warburg, a CFR member, testifying before a US Senate Foreign Relations Committee proclaimed: "We shall have world government whether or not you like it — by conquest or consent." While member Kingman Brewster Jnr, in an essay "Reflections of our National purpose", wrote "our national purpose should be to abolish our nationality".

Richard Nixon stacked his administration with 110 of the 1400-1500 members. Likewise, Lyndon Johnson filled all of his strategic positions with members. Both claimed not to be members themselves, but it has been proven that Nixon had his name taken off the rolls when his membership became an election issue in 1962; while still remaining an active participant behind the scenes.

With no concern for party affiliation, CFR ranks include or included Eisenhower, Kissinger, Humphrey, the Kennedys, Adlai Stevensen, Robert McNamara (now head of the World Bank), Henry Cabot Lodge, Alger Hiss, John Lindsay, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Rockefellers, Arthur F. Burns (chairman of Federal Reserve), Cyrus Vance, Andrew Young and John Foster and Allen Dulles. Kissinger, at one point, was a paid staff member.

Details of any Australian participation in the CFR are simply not forthcoming, though there is no reason to doubt that it does exist. The closest link is an unconfirmed report that, during his last American visit, Malcolm Fraser spent some days inside the Park Avenue CFR building, "in conference".

THE BILDERBERG GROUP

At the end of the 1940s, the conspiracists tell us, the Illuminist conspirators having subjugated the political structure of the United States with the CFR, moved to establish the second of their three secret societies still operating. This body effectively extended Rockefeller influence and control to Europe and England, the birthplace of the original CFR/RIIA. While Nelson helmed the CFR, David devoted his energies to this new organisation.

Dr Joseph Retinger, a Polish philosopher settled in London, accepted CIA help and joined with Prince Bernhard of Holland (a leading figure in Shell Oil) in 1952 to establish a high-level policy group which has convened yearly ever since. The first meeting was at the Hotel de Bilderberg, Oostebeek Holland in May 1954, giving birth to the name — The Bilderbergers.

Around 120 Bilderbergers attend the annual "closed door" gatherings, held in every corner of the globe. The membership embraces heads of government, powerful union leaders, industrialists and mega-bankers. Some of the more notable participants are Kissinger, Ford, Mondale, Vance, NATO, Schmidt, d'Estaing, Callaghan, Wilson, Rusk, Pompidou, Duke of Edinburgh, IT&T, Brandt, Heath, Brzezinski, Thatcher, David Steel (Dunlop), Scheel, Powell and assorted other ministers and chancellors.

The bills are apparently footed by the Rockefeller, Ford and Carnegie Foundations and both David and Nelson Rockefeller figure prominently at each three-day meeting. A tight security screen is maintained throughout, with a brief press statement issued at the end. The British Foreign Office even denies that any body or meetings exist at all.

Ostensibly, the pow-wows are private "think tanks" to analyse and solve global problems, bring about world peace and invent a better mousetrap, and it does appear that big wheels do turn immediately after certain meetings. The Treaty of Rome, which established the European Economic Community, was signed just 18 months after the second Bilderberger meeting (at Garmisch, Germany) talked of a "closely-knit European common market".

Not everyone who attends a Bilderberger meeting is an "insider". Only select members attend the private meetings following the general sessions, and Bilderberg policy is planned exclusively by a steering committee of 24 Europeans and 15 Americans — all 39 being also members of the CFR. Within this core is another core — the Advisory Committee, comprising at least seven men and including former CIA director general Walter Bedell-Smith.

Claims that the Bilderberg Group selects and ensures the success of candidates for public office, just as the CFR does so expertly in America, are commonly centred around the swift ascension of Margaret Thatcher — a Bilderberger of long-standing — to the English prime ministership.

Predictably, one of the few public statements issued by the group was a lightweight effort to dispel sinister rumors. "Don't get the impression that these men in any way try to plan the future of the world," insisted secretary-general Professor Ernst van der Beugel in 1974.

"This is not a club of rich men nor power maniacs. But privacy *is* the key."

Such is the "privacy" that the American Senate is unable to secure details of proceedings.

Even when top government officials (such as former Navy Secretary Paul Nitze) are placed under oath and interrogated, nothing of significance is ever revealed. Some participants have actually resigned from highly-paid posts rather than talk.

At this year's meeting, David Rockefeller indicated that he would be reducing his leadership role in the Bilderberger steering committee. There is speculation that if he attends next year's meeting it will be to recruit new members for his younger organisation — The Tri-Lateral Commission.

> Conspiracists claim that Carter was hand-picked by the Tri-Lateral Commission in 1973 to be president.

THE TRI-LATERAL COMMISSION

The conspiracists next assert that, with the emergence of Japan as a major industrial power after World War II, it became increasingly important for the Rockefeller-led power brokers to embrace the Japanese in their global endeavors. The CFR had the cuffs on America and The Bilderbergers and RIIA were moving that way in Europe and England, but the Far East needed to be brought into line.

So in July 1973, David Rockefeller inaugurated the Tri-Lateral Commission and filled it with 290 distinguished individuals, many of whom were already aligned with The Bilderberg Group and Council on Foreign Relations. An official document described it as: ". . . a policy-orientated organisation. Based on analysis of major issues facing North America, Western Europe and Japan, the commission seeks to develop practicable proposals for joint action." Like the Bilderbergers, they meet yearly in different parts of the world and have a stated policy of "co-operative efforts to secure a more equitable world order".

After the disgrace of Nixon and ensuing turmoil-inspired scrutiny of outside influences on American government, the CFR was forced to soft-pedal its activities and, indeed, hand a portion of them over to the TLC.

Now, instead of a Nixon administration stacked with CFR members there is a Carter administration stacked with TLC members. Stacked is not exaggeration — of 85 North American TLC members, at least 25 are now in senior government positions. One member, Republican presidential candidate John B. Anderson, was actually audacious enough to publicly chastise Carter for "dipping too deeply into the commission and taking far too many good people". Anderson failed to appear at this year's TLC gathering in London.

Conspiracists claim that Carter was hand-picked by the TLC in 1973 to be president and that the Georgia governor joined the group at the personal invitation of David Rockefeller.

After being groomed by Zbigniew Brzezinski (who was later sent along to the White House to keep an eye on things), he was pitted against Bilderberger Gerald Ford (a conspirator from way back, as a member of the Warren Commission into the JFK assasination) in a race where the "insiders" stabled both runners.

However, this election year is proving somewhat disastrous to the manipulators. For the first time, the secrecy veil has been rent and the Tri-Lateral Commission has become a significant election issue, generating copious media coverage.

David Rockefeller's plans of propelling his chosen candidate from obscurity to the presidency in "Carter style" has been brought undone by the media-alarmed Republican Party, who have endorsed Ronald Reagan, a candidate who publicly deplores the TLC for "its undue influence on the Carter administration". Rockefeller didn't luck out entirely though; his boy, George Bush, scraped in at the 11th hour as Reagan's running mate and, presuming a Republican victory, will no doubt ensure at least some high-level "insider" influence in the White House.

The fierce anti-TLC climate has been sufficient to draw comment from the normally tight-lipped David Rockefeller. "You know," he sighed, "these statements are so unrelated to reality that it's hard for me to even comment on them. When you examine the facts, the charges fall to the ground immediately. People who talk about the Tri-Lateral Commission as a great conspiracy have no idea what the commission is or does."

He then refused to answer further questions on the subject.

The TLC is helmed in Tokyo by Takeshi Watanabe of the vast media-industrial Watanabe family empire. Its North American membership includes the president and former executive director of the CFR, the president of New York University, numerous American senators and State governors, the president of the United Steelworkers of America, John D. Rockefeller III (the quiet one), Paul A. Volcker (president of Federal Reserve Bank), Kissinger (natch), the president of Honeywell Computers and a few newspaper editors. Henry Kissinger is viewed by the conspiracists as the Rockefellers' number one stooge in the political arena.

Secrecy may have been shot to shreds in North America, but over in England all is well under control. In March this year, 180 Tri-Lateralists descended upon London's luxurious Carlton Tower Hotel for four days of closed-door discussions. Their mostly-financial deliberations were carried on just three days before the British budget was announced.

After meeting all day Sunday, the participants were officially received that evening by Prince Phillip (a Bilderberger) — with not a word about it appearing in Monday's newspapers.

THE CLUB OF ROME

While the CFR, Bilderbergers and Tri-Laterals appear as an industrialist or banker's interpretation of illuminism, the Club of Rome has emerged over the past decade as a more pure offshoot of the original Illuminati concept. Formed in 1968 as an extension of the European "Top Ten Club" and primarily bankrolled by The Volkswagen Foundation, this body separates itself from other high-level summits by virtue of its official announcement of formation and continued high profile.

A great many other aspects render the Club of Rome unique among supposed conspirators, not the least of which is the title; reviving the old imperial concept of Rome being the centre of civilisation, sending its influence out into the provinces. *Time* correspondent John Wilhelm, in the August 21, 1972 issue, made this comment: "The intriguing idea about the Club of Rome is its incredible sophistication as a prestige structure. They finesse the whole power situation by not even trying to go for power. They say — 'We're going to show you in our computers that disaster is ahead for us. However we happen to be just sitting here cornering the market on disasters and so we're ready when you want to buy disaster control; we'll solve the planet for you'."

Limits To Growth — The First Report to the Club of Rome, published in 1972 by the 75-member club of scientists, economists and academics, was a terrifying doomsday prophecy which contended that the world could only be saved by stopping economic and population growth cold some time before 1990.

The report conceded that a no-growth world would have extreme difficulty providing either social justice or freedom and that in any case growth could not even be substantially slowed without a world dictatorship.

The report figured that intellectuals are so hungry for a form of Earth order that they will be willing to abandon democracy and accept a world federal state in lieu of annihilation.

Mankind at the Turning Point — The Second Report to the Club of Rome appeared in 1975, prepared by two eminent professors of engineering and systems analysis. A definite back-pedal, it offered alternative "scenarios" to avert catastrophe and spoke of "a dawn, not a doom, a beginning not an end".

The report figured that intellectuals are so hungry for a form of Earth order that they will be willing to abandon democracy.

By 1978, five major books have been published by the membership, one of which was *Confronting The Future* by Professor Charles Birch a member (along with Governor-General Sir Zelman Cowan) of the Australian Club of Rome.

Be they misguided or prophetic, the Club of Rome inspire less apprehension than other conspirators, being refreshingly bereft (we assume) of the greedy mega-bankers and industrialists who control other bodies.

Who knows, they might very well be benevolent, concerned intellectuals with no motive ulterior to saving our skins . . . then again.

In the wake of the major conspiratorial bodies comes a fleet of secondary organisations, individuals and theories. These are the most significant.

The Rockefellers. Despite their predominance in any conspiracy body worth its salt, many see the Rockefeller brothers as an individual conspiracy . . . and not without good reason. It was crusty Walter Cronkite who said: "The Rockefellers are the epitome of the nation's permanent establishment: governments change, economies fluctuate, foreign alliances shift — the Rockefellers prevail."

America's royal family of finance, descended from John D. Rockefeller I (who once proclaimed "competition is a sin"), are estimated to control half the US oil business, a fifth of both US banking and industry, and at least a quarter of US investment in the third world. Wars, coups or revolutions have rarely seen their refineries bombed or holdings nationalised. Of brother Nelson, America's only unelected vice president, *Time* magazine said: "As de-facto head of the American establishment . . . for him the presidency would be a demotion."

In his 1962 book *The Future of Federalism,* Nelson reinforces the "insiders" line to the hilt: ". . . the nation-state, standing alone, threatens, in many ways, to seem as anachronistic as the Greek city-states eventually became in ancient times . . . I think the answer is some free-world super-national political being, with the right to tax."

Gary Allen, the often-tedious flag waver who probably started the whole modern conspiracy movement with his book *None Dare Call It Conspiracy,* has also authored *The Rockefeller File* — a book so brutal and libellous that his continued existence on this planet is either a modern miracle or corporate oversight.

In it he accuses the brothers of infiltrating the US education system and assisting the Soviet arms build-up. But perhaps his most interesting assertion is that The Rockefeller Brothers Fund actively finances abortion centres throughout America.

The Century Association of America. In the Bavarian branch of the Illuminati it was decreed that a "circle of best influence" would contain only 100 members and the ultra-ultra-secret Century Association of America has just that. Its major membership is based in New York and all are believed to be members of high standing in the CFR, TLC or both.

The Cosmos Club. Again, precious little is known, except that its members are also linked to the CFR, TLC, Rand Corporation, Bilderbergers and Century Association.

The Gemstone File. Not an organisation but a document which, over 1000 pages that nobody seems to have sighted, attempts to explain the role of the Mafia, Rand Corporation, World Bank and (primarily) Aristotle Onassis in American politics of the past three decades. Circulating freely is a 21-page typed "Skeleton Key" which gives detailed and often outrageous answers to such questions as: "Who killed Kennedy?", "Who runs the Mafia?" and "Why did Jackie have to marry Onassis?"

Authorship is claimed by an American called Bruce Roberts, who says he has sent copies to China, Russia and igloos in Alaska since 1969. There is no way of knowing if it is staggering fact or a giant put-on. Very likely it falls somewhere in the middle.

The Cosmic Conspiracy. In his public lectures, mailed cassettes and book *The Cosmic Conspiracy*, American physicist Stan Deyo, an expert in Electro-Gravitics, profers a scenario for the overthrow of established Earth order by advanced scientific means. His theories embrace and explain a great many common UFO mysteries and, as such, have been adopted by many space freaks. His scenario unfolds something like this.

Research, started in the 1920s, to prove the existence of anti-gravitational forces, began to yield significant results — on both sides of the iron curtain — around 1956-57. In 1956 *Intel* magazine predicted "profound implications for the entire human race", while another publication announced that the US Air Force was encouraging research into the subject. A year later, a senior design executive for the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Company disclosed: "Unlimited power, freedom from gravitational attraction and infinitely short travel time are now becoming feasible."

Just as a major breakthrough was imminent, around the early 1960s, all anti-gravity research stopped cold and all publicity (of which there had been much) ceased. Reports due to be published failed to appear, and involved scientists refused to comment further on the subject. The Russians dropped a veil over it at the same time.

However, far from abandoned, work on the almost-perfected technology continued under the direction of interlocking secret societies and certain world leaders. These figures perceived a time when the awesome potential of this force could be used to secure a bloodless take-over of our battered planet. Scientists not willing to participate were eliminated by death or discredit.

Space craft, flying saucers if you prefer, are being built here on Earth, taking advantage of the new technology. While one contractor in one part of the world manufactures secret part AX31-423 for delivery to a secret location, another contractor manufactures another odd component. None but the elite are party to what is actually being constructed.

Concurrent to this is the assisted collapse of current social orders. The "insiders" suppress engines that run on water, natural cures for cancer, alternative energy sources etc; while inflaming skirmishes in a multitude of countries. All this is setting the stage for a mock invasion of peaceful "brothers and sisters" posing as representatives of a super-human culture.

Once artificially-induced climatic calamities (Cyclone Tracy *may* have been a test run at destroying a city by weather control) wreak their awful havoc, hangars in desert locations open and fleets of spaceships go up and straight back down again — appearing as benevolent beings from the planet Zot or wherever.

Alternative 3. In 1977, British and Australian television screened a one-hour special which was labelled as a poor man's *War of the Worlds. Alternative 3* was an extraordinarily convincing documentary which claimed that there had been secret space missions, including a manned Mars landing, that predated the Apollo projects by many years. Following the telecast, in both countries, a sedate announcer made clear it was all a huge hoax and we shouldn't think another thought about it. Undoubtedly most viewers complied.

Many James Bond tales include references to organisations and deeds that are remarkably close to the bone.

A year later, a paperback of the same title appeared, in which the show's "devisers" disassociated themselves with the disclaimer and insisted that everything in the telecast was absolutely correct. Just after publication, in what could very well have been a clever PR stunt, all copies of the book disappeared off bookshelves, as if to suggest that some powerful body had ordered the mass purchase to stop us from discovering the foul truth. A year or so later, fresh stocks appeared and were snapped up feverishly.

Universally dismissed by serious conspiracists as a clever and highly entertaining stunt, *Alternative 3* has become a cult concept, with an army of followers who dismiss the Illuminati as too fantastic!

As more and more theories emerge, many of them exploitive adaptions of established conspiracy plots, the issue becomes more difficult to fathom.

If there is indeed a unified "one world government" conspiracy, its perpetrators must both fear and welcome the new waves of attention.

Though the situation is slowly changing, the anti-conspiracy camps wage their "battle to save mankind from serfdom" (their words) from the media outfield. Most of the books are privately published, their lectures are heard on mailed cassettes or alternative radio stations and the basic concepts are passed along by word of mouth.

Hollywood has occasionally flirted with the issue, though more often than not as a means of antagonising Masons. In the Seventies' movie, *Brotherhood Of The Bell,* a college professor played by Glenn Ford, loses his job, family, friends and sanity when he opts out of a secret fraternity of powerful brothers who wield unstated political and social power across America.

Novelist Ian Fleming, a former British Navy intelligence officer, was a keen student of international conspiracies and many James Bond tales include references to organisations and deeds that are remarkably close to the bone. The evil SMERSH organisation apparently does actually exist and the plotline of the recently-filmed *Moonraker* bears a remarkable similarity to the *Alternative 3* theory.

Liberty Lobby, a fanatical right-wing pressure group in Washington DC, publish a weekly newspaper called *The Spotlight.* If you are willing to wade through gauche ads for knives, guns, tax evasion schemes, get rich quick systems, defensible mountain retreats, gold bars, silver pendants, coinage, and drugs to ward off old age; along with assertions that no Jews were gassed in Germany, Anne Frank did not write her diary, welfare recipients should be virtually left out on a hill to die and "the major effect of Carter's plans to draft girls will be to supply sexual cannon fodder to negro rapists throughout the armed forces", you will find some fierce attacks on the CFR, TLC and Bilderbergers. Their facts are revealing and often unavailable elsewhere but the enduring of their bigotry and intolerance is almost too high a price to pay. If they are the alternative society you may want to opt for the conspirators.

Be they the manifestation of chronic paranoia or the revelation of chilling truth, theories on international political conspiracies are not going to go away. In fact there is every indication that they will proliferate at a rapid rate. In many ways they've not yet made their play for the big league — a Hollywood movie, six-part TV mini-series or serialisation in women's magazines.

Only a supreme optimist would believe that this massive wave of evil intent, if a reality, could be stemmed or stopped by illuminated (sic) conspiracists. Read the books, confide in concerned friends and then . . . eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow . . . who knows?

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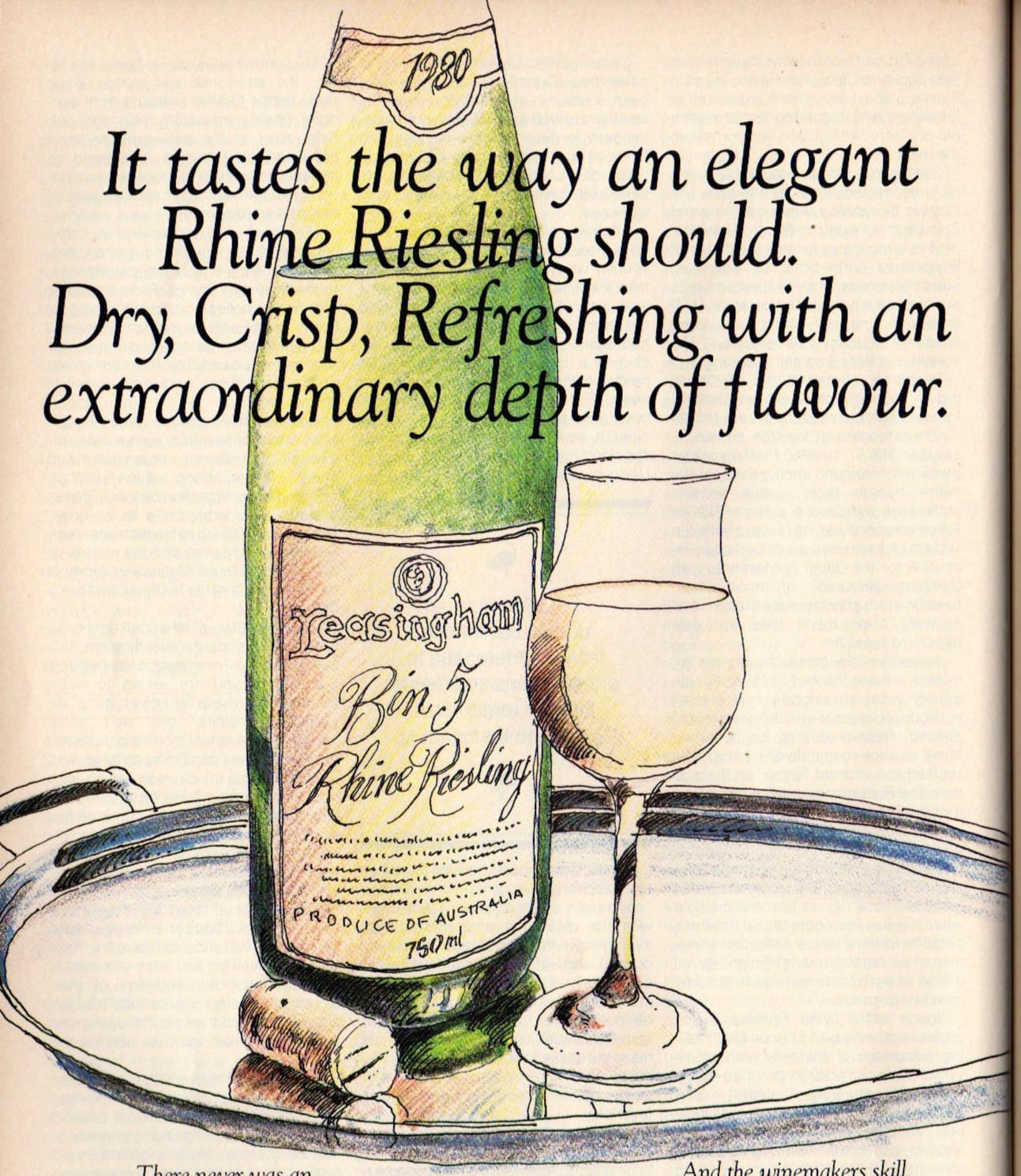

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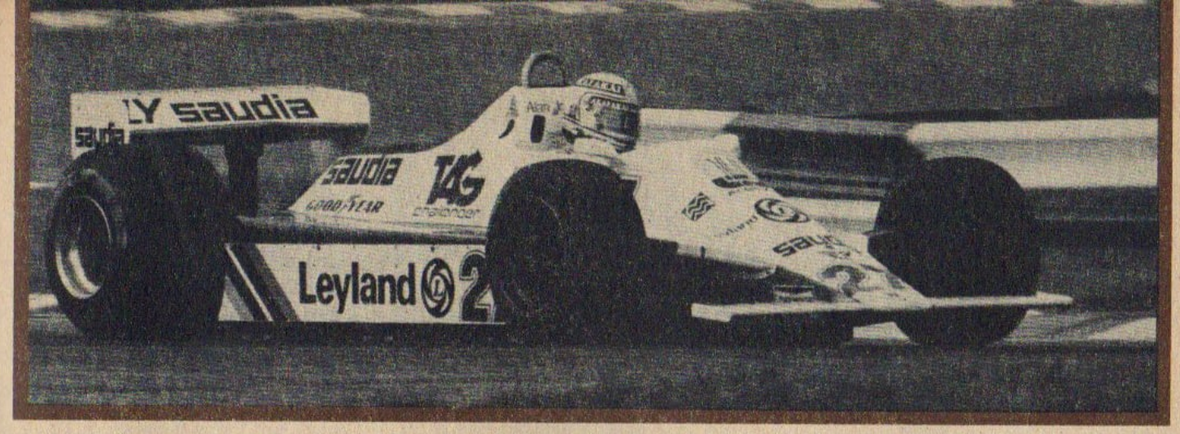

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ALAN JONES

BY DEV DVORETSKY

With six weeks to go and three races to run in the 14-round 1980 Formula One world motor racing championship, points leader Alan Jones shut himself off from the outside world. Australia's best contender to take the multi-million dollar series since triple-crowned (now Sir) Jack Brabham, dropped all outside public engagements, refused to give interviews, barricaded the doors, wouldn't answer the phone and spoke with no one outside his immediate circle.

Victory in F1 motor racing — apart from the necessary multi-million dollar budget — is mostly car, a lot of skill, some bravery and a mighty proportion of concentration and luck. To succeed, let alone survive, a driver cannot afford to give less than ten-tenths of himself in any of these spheres.

"Ay-Jay" lacks none of the first three. His spring-skirted Patrick Head-designed road-sucking Williams, backed with a multi-million dollar boost from a strange combination of sponsors in Saudia Airlines and British Leyland, has been way ahead of the field since the British Grand Prix last year. Jones notched up eight of the 10 wins the marque scored since then, with four wins and two second places this year. His ability and bravery are unquestioned. His dogged determination is matched with an equally-envied professional approach. He is, as they say, a great guy, a great driver, a great pro — but robbed of a win and nine points (the Spanish Grand Prix) earlier this year when the race was disallowed in an internecine row between the sport's ruling authority (FISA) and the constructors (FOCA), he could be forgiven for thinking Lady

Luck might be on the verge of deserting him.

Extremely annoyed over a disqualification which was not his fault, he promptly went on to score another two wins and a couple of second places to add to his points total. With four races to go and an 11-point lead over his nearest rival — the Brazilian Nelson Piquet, who drives a Brabham for FOCA boss Bernie Ecclestone — the dawning of the multi-million dollar prize glowed, if not on the horizon, then certainly over the sandhills of Zandvoort, a seaside town in Holland.

A win there could increase his points lead to perhaps 20, or at the very least 14 — a very handy buffer with only three races to go — but Jones lost concentration for a fraction of a second and damaged the "skirt" which gives a vacuum cleaner type of ground-holding effect to the $150,000 projectiles. Arch-rival Piquet won, putting him only two points behind Jones with three races to go for the world title.

But one thing is certain. Win or lose, Alan Jones, probably Australia's second world champion racing driver, will be in Australia in November to show off his prowess in the Australian Grand Prix this year at Calder. It's a race he wants to win, just as his father did before him.

Penthouse: Could you give us what you might term your basic specifications — a rundown on your life and times to date?

Jones: I was born in Balwyn (a Melbourne suburb) then moved to East Ivanhoe when I was about 11. I went to Xavier College in Kew. I wasn't a very good scholar. I hated school. I wasn't enthusiastic — I was too occupied with motor racing. My father, Stan, was a popular Victorian racing driver and Holden dealer who raced a fabulous Australian-built single-seater called the Maybach Special.

I married my mother's hairdresser, Beverly Wheeler, on March 17, 1971. Bev and I and our son Christian, now two, have homes in Palos Verde, Los Angeles, one in Vichy just outside Geneva towards Lausanne, and I have an interest in a farm near Yea in Victoria.

Penthouse: When did you decide to become a racing driver?

Jones: It never really occurred to me, it was more a natural progression. I'd been hanging around racing tracks with my father since I was knee high to a grasshopper. I knew that as soon as I got my driving licence, that was what I was going to do.

Penthouse: Did either parent object?

Jones: My father was fairly neutral. Obviously he helped me and co-operated to get me on to the track. My mother

was definitely against it and didn't want me to go racing at all.

Penthouse: When did you first learn to drive a car?

Jones: I can remember sort of steering cars seated on my father's lap when I was about five or six, and I certainly think I drove a car by myself before I reached double figures.

Penthouse: When did you have your first competitive race?

Jones: My first competitive outing as such was in a soap box derby in Balwyn — a once a year thing down a big steep hill. They used to pitch two "cars" side by side and you raced each other to the bottom of the hill.

Penthouse: How did you progress from soap boxes?

Jones: Well CAMS (Confederation of Australian Motor Sport) states you must have a current road traffic licence before you can apply for a competition licence. As soon as I was 16 I went across to Adelaide and got a road licence and immediately applied for my competition licence, which I got. Then we bought up a Mini from a wrecker's yard in Camberwell.

My first competition outing in that car was at the Geelong sprints. From there I did some hillclimbing at Templestowe and so forth, and some sprints at Calder.

Penthouse: Your father was a popular racer and car dealer. Was it intended you should follow in his footsteps and sell cars?

Jones: Well yes, I suppose it was. Because he had a fairly large Holden dealership it was fully intended I finish my schooling, then go into the business. But, of course, that never came about. Because of the credit squeeze and what have you, there was no business to take over!

Penthouse: You've been quoted as saying you were pissed off with your father, for squandering the family fortune.

Jones: You see, it is all very good me sitting here in the lounge room of my English home in London 1980 with 20-20 hindsight. But obviously I'm not pissed off with my father at all. He made the money and it is up to him to spend it the way he wanted to. I'm a little bit disappointed, because I think he should have at least left me a block of land or something ... something to start with. So, okay, he didn't. I'm not bitter. Maybe I would be if I was sitting here having not made it in Formula One and was back in Australia digging roads!

Penthouse: What about your own stable of cars? Do you regard them as an investment or, as someone described them recently, as your toys?

Jones: I've never really lost money on cars. Every car I've bought, I've invariably got out of it on top. Of course I've lost on one or two, but on average I'd say I was well ahead. The Ferraris I bought were to have been an investment. They were, up to the present recession, appreciating in value every year. A Daytona you could have bought in 1971 for $10,000, now you get $36,000, so that's appreciating, I think.

Having said that, I am now in the process of selling off most of my cars and I'm putting it into property, because I think it is a far safer commodity, a more easily manageable investment for my family.

Penthouse: What is in the stable right now?

Jones: The cars I have at the moment are a 3.2 Turbo Porsche, a Jaguar XJ and a Mercury Zephyr station wagon in LA. Here in England I have a 928S Porsche and the four Ferraris, an old MG TA and a Rover — and we've got a

> My father should have left me something to start with, but I'm not bitter. Maybe I would be if I was back in Australia digging roads.

left-hand drive Jaguar XJ in Switzerland. But I intend getting rid of all of that and concentrating on having a nice Jaguar or something for my own use and a Rover for Bev wherever we happen to be.

Penthouse: You've bought a farm. Your father also owned one once. What gave you the idea to do the same?

Jones: My father did have a farm at one time — I think mainly for taxation reasons — but that went the way of the business, I think. He probably sold it to inject some capital into a failing business. The reason I bought a farm is because I believe eventually one of three things may happen: there will be a world recession much worse than we have it now, or there will be a major food shortage, or there will be a major world war. I believe if you have some interest in property in either Brazil or Australia that you can go to, you won't be doing too badly. On the other hand, if we don't have a major disaster of any sort, if things go along nicely, you have an appreciating asset and somewhere you can go and relax. I have my interest in my farm simply for that reason. I am not interested in tax dodges or tax losses or anything like that.

When I retire from racing I want to try and organise my life in such a way to make sufficient money to enable me to live in Australia for about 10 months of the year and then, perhaps, come to Europe for two months of the year to see my old mates, perhaps go to a few grand prix and just generally have a look around.

Penthouse: Who were your first motor racing heroes — Brabham, Moss, Fangio?

Jones: I suppose Moss and maybe Fangio, when I was a small boy. I remember I used to think they were the ants pants. Later on I thought Jimmy Clark was pretty fantastic. Not one of them influenced me, as such. The person that influenced me was my father.

Penthouse: Was that influence good or bad?

Jones: I believe it was very good. My father gave me some very sound advice. For instance, that tyres were designed to go in a straight line, not sideways. In other words, he was always drumming it into my head to be very smooth, to put the power on gently and not broadside the car, to hold the steering wheel lightly and to feed the car and let it have its own head. Looking back on it, it was excellent advice.

Penthouse: When did you have the idea of coming to Europe?

Jones: I first came to Europe in 1967 as a tourist. I bought a motor home and went round to a few grand prix and so forth. I went back to Australia and in three-seconds flat I realised that if I wanted to be a professional racing driver, Europe would be the place where I would have to live. I mean, there was no such thing as a "professional" racing driver in the late Sixties in Australia, where you were still getting a Gloweave shirt and a pair of sox for first place. So, if I wanted to do it on a professional basis, I would have to come to Europe.

Penthouse: Were the family behind you in your wish to come to Europe?

Jones: My family, in particular my mother, really spurred me on. She thought it would be good for me.

Penthouse: Where did you raise the money for that first trip to Europe in 1969?

Jones: I didn't raise any money. My father sent me off because at that time he was experiencing some fairly embarrassing moments business-wise and I think he thought it would be better for me if I wasn't around.

Penthouse: So whose idea was it to start the boarding house when you first came to London?

Jones: I had a friend of mine who was running a boarding house for Australians and New Zealanders and I could see how easy it was and how relatively little work you had to do to make reasonable money.

So it was a question of finding the right property, then going getting bunks and advertising in Australia House and places like that and waiting for them to arrive at the door and hand over the money to sleep in the bunks. It also had the added advantage that after the breakfasts were cooked the day was my own. That meant I could go and buy and sell the odd car, or go to Brands Hatch testing. In other words, I never had to ask a boss for time off to go and do something. It worked out very well. We did that for a couple of years.

Penthouse: Did you get a drive in any cars in the first 12 months?

Jones: No, not really, in the first 12 months I don't think I had a drive at all. I didn't have any money for one thing. Most of the racing was confined to the streets of London.

Penthouse: Did the fact you were Stan Jones' son help or hinder you when you first came to London?

Jones: Neither. It was only the true enthusiasts who had heard of my father. It helped me to talk to a few people, but it didn't really influence anything either way.

Penthouse: When did you really think you had a chance to make the big time?

Jones: I suppose it really depends on what you think the big time is. It changes. What was big time in 1971 doesn't appear to be big time now. I thought driving the Surtees was big time, which goes to show how wrong you can be.

Penthouse: Were there times when you felt you should toss it all in and take Bev back to Australia and settle down?

Jones: There were plenty of times I got really dejected, very down in the dumps, when I really did not know what I was going to do. But I was determined I was not going to return to Australia until I had driven a Formula One car. I was determined I would do anything toward that end.

Penthouse: You had an obvious struggle to survive those years. How long was it before you felt you'd achieved anything before getting your first GP drive in Spain in 1975?

Jones: I had driven a works Formula Three, possibly the last Formula Three works driver to be paid as opposed to being a young Brazilian coming over with a bag of gold. I was paid $4000 retainer to drive a GRD. Then from 1973 until I drove Formula One I was actually paid to drive. I was racing fairly competitive cars and was being paid to do it ... I felt at least I had achieved that.

Penthouse: Did the Australian press give you any cover at that time?

Jones: They gave me no promotion at the time ... they didn't know who Alan Jones was. Even when I won the curtain-raiser at the British Grand Prix in 1974 in a Formula Atlantic race, if I'd been Brazilian or any other nationality it would have been substantial press coverage back home. Most of the Australian press didn't really come near me until three years ago.

Penthouse: Who sponsored you in your first Formula One racing, and why did that sponsorship suddenly cease?

Jones: It was a man named Harry Stiller, a Bournemouth businessman who used to race Formula Three himself. He had been very successful in business and wanted to get back into racing, so he decided he'd sponsor cars. I drove for him in Formula Atlantic and it was him who did the deal for me to drive the Hesketh. Because of taxation problems he went to California, and therefore obviously had to withdraw his

> If I'd been Brazilian or any other nationality, it would have been substantial press coverage back home.

sponsorship. It was at that time I took over Rolf Stommelen's place in the Embassy Hill team after Rolf had a shunt in Barcelona.

Penthouse: You joined the John Surtees (former world motor cycling and motor racing champion) team in 1976 and obviously weren't happy. What went wrong?

Jones: Basically I had a very bad working relationship with John. I would suggest things I wanted done to the car which he would not do. It wasn't until I'd grazed my knuckles and gone through about four sets of driving gloves that he decided to put a bubble in the right hand side of the cockpit so I could change gear properly. Up until that time he said that it would spoil the look of the car. As I said, 'let's spoil the look and go a bit better'. It was things like that ... it was just a very frustrating time for me.

Penthouse: We seem to remember you put on weight about that time and were not exactly partial to anyone suggesting you might lose it?

Jones: Well, it was probably the way it was suggested. I may have put on a bit of weight driving for John. I can't really remember, to tell you the truth. I'm up and down like a bloody lid with my weight.

But I am open to any suggestions: it's not what you say, it's the way you say it

Penthouse: So you'd got an attempt in Formula One and you hadn't done as well as you dreamed ... were you frustrated?

Jones: No. Given the equipment I was given, I knew why I wasn't doing well. With the exception of the Hesketh, and I simply wasn't ready to be a competitive front-runner at the time I had the Hesketh. What I would have liked to have done was to have driven the Surtees when i had the Hesketh and then had the Hesketh when I drove the Surtees ... but there you go.

I still managed to qualify at Monaco in the Hesketh and that was in a year when they only had 16 starters, so I didn't do too badly.

Penthouse: Do you still have a weight problem? What do you weigh now?

Jones: I weigh 12 stone four (78kg) at the moment and I do have a weight problem. I have to watch it. If I eat and drink what I like, when I like, obviously I put it on — I feel, a little bit easier than most people — but then most people with a weight problem feel that.

Penthouse: What do you do to keep fit? Are you fanatical about it?

Jones: I'm not fanatical. I think jogging is really boring. I play a lot of tennis. I play some occasional squash. I like to swim. But mainly it's just watching the diet.

Penthouse: Did Frank Williams ask you to join him, or did you ask if you could join Frank?

Jones: Frank and I started talking to one another mid-way through 1977. He approached me and I said, as I did to all the constructors, yes I would be available, but I was keeping all my options open as just about every driver does. I had other options open to me, but it was really after I'd been mucked about by Ferrari that I decided to join Frank.

Penthouse: How did you cement the deal?

Jones: I met Frank at a layby one Sunday and he took me up to the factory and showed me all through it, Patrick Head was there. I was very impressed with the tidiness and the very organised layout of the factory, but the thing that impressed me most was talking to Patrick for about 2½ hours and seeing the design of the new car, which was to be a very simple, lightweight little car with good engines ... the fact we had the Arab sponsorship and so forth, it was obviously going to be a good set up for me. It proved to be that

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way, too. In fact i think I really should have won one race in that car but we had a lot of bad luck in 1978. But we learned a lot.

Penthouse: When did Frank explain to you his desire to abide by the religious and political overtones of his Saudia clients on alcohol and, for instance, not having the Ford logo on his cylinder heads? (Ford had been blacklisted by the Arabs and, though tied in with Egypt, were still not acceptable to the Saudis and the rest of the Arab world).

Jones: Frank explained to me about Saudia and the different beliefs involved. We decided not to have the champagne on the winner's rostrum because all the grand prix are filmed for the Middle East and because of their religion they are forbidden to handle or drink alcohol. It would seem a bit strange to see their driver, the driver their company sponsored, up handling alcohol. So it was really out of deference to them that we decided not to touch it. The request to me from Frank didn't worry me because after he'd explained I fully agreed with him. I never had to sign any agreements over it — I never sign any agreements with Frank. We have gentlemen's agreements.

Penthouse: How do you get on with your sponsors?

Jones: Very well. I find them very well educated and very polite. One is about my age and we get on very well and have a lot of good times together.

Penthouse: Have you ever been to Saudi Arabia?

Jones: No, not yet. I believe I may be going at the end of this year, though we have planned to go the end of the past two years.

Penthouse: There were rumors that the Saudis would sponsor and promote a F1 world championship event — was it just a rumor?

Jones: I honestly don't know. I have heard it mentioned many times, but I haven't heard anything personally about it.

Penthouse: Are they demanding sponsors? Do they make special requests? Do they attend all race meetings or just a selected few?

Jones: They are certainly not demanding sponsors. They never interfere with the running of the team and in that repect they are excellent. They don't attend every race — just a few like Long Beach, Monaco, etc.

Penthouse: And Leyland?

Jones: Leyland as sponsors are very good. They don't put any special demands on the team. I think they are getting excellent value for money. They are associated with a team that has won 11 out of the last 16 grand prix. They had their name on the car that won the Monaco Grand Prix in front of 850 million people. They won the French, the British which with Monaco are the most prestigious to win, apart from those in America. I think the relationship between Leyland and Williams is excellent.

Penthouse: Up to the time you joined Frank Williams, how much do you reckon you had earned motor racing?

Jones: I don't know, to be honest.

Penthouse: Did the amount cover what you had put in?

Jones: I think it possibly did, but, time — how do you put a value on time? It is a gamble. It's not like serving an apprenticeship, where you know at the end of it you are going to be qualified and will earn "X" amount. In motor racing you can spend four, five, six or seven years trying to make it to the top, then through no fault of your own you don't and all that time and money you've invested is finished, wasted.

Penthouse: How much do you reckon you lost by not winning the championship last year?

Jones: I don't know how much I would have made, or lost. I can only go on what I'm told and some people tell me a few million dollars, others say a million dollars. It is something I hope to find out.

Penthouse: Your "nice guy" attitude and your accessibility — present circumstances excepted — and an obvious desire to do well by the people who sponsor you and your patron Frank Williams, has apparently led to a conflict of pursuits. Do you really believe in modern motor racing it is possible to work a schedule that allows you the time to give, shall we say quid-pro-quo, to your sponsors, your patron, your car's development . . . apart from your wife and family?

Jones: I would have answered you a year ago by saying you can do all of that, no problems. But it is amazing, I'm sure there are some journalists around who say, perhaps, that Alan Jones has become big-headed and inaccessible just because he'd leading the world championship. But the fact that Alan Jones has had so many more journalists asking him these questions since he's been leading the world championship has altered things. Obviously you get to a stage where you can only answer so many questions, talk to so many people and there comes a time when you simply have to put your hands up and say: I'm sorry, I just can't at the moment, I'm doing something else. Whenever you do that, of course, you always disappoint some people and . . . well, it's the same old story: you can't please all the people, all the time.

Penthouse: Are you ever self-critical of your driving? For instance, when you overran the kerb at the Zandvoort.

Jones: Yes I am self-critical. The mistake I made at Zandvoort was totally my own fault. It was a loss of concentration and you know, it's one I hope I won't be able to look back on and say it cost me the world championship.

Penthouse: You obviously realised quickly what you had done. What was your immediate reaction? Did you blast yourself? Worry that Frank and your mechanics would feel you'd let them down? What did they say?

Jones: My immediate reaction was to try to maintain my position and get into the pits, because I thought it might have been a skirt that had sucked up as opposed to one that had been ripped off. We might have been able to unstick it quickly and get back into the fray. But of course, whenever you want things like that to happen they don't, and it couldn't have happened at a worse time.

Penthouse: You obviously have some superstitions. Do you still have those holy red underpants it's alleged you wore on one of your first outings, and still wear?

> They allow themselves to be bullied into maintaining an outdated and uninteresting formula.

Jones: I still have my original ones from my first race. I don't wear them now, but I carry them around in my helmet bag just as a sort of good luck thing.

Penthouse: Apart from the first time you took the chequered flag for a win, what do you regard as your greatest racing achievement?

Jones: Gee, I don't know. I suppose the British Grand Prix — it was the race I've always wanted to win.

Penthouse: Your most exciting race?

Jones: I suppose that has to be Montreal 1979, where I sat very close behind Villeneuve for most of the race and had to pick the right time to get past him and we rubbed wheels in doing so. It worked, that's what made it exciting and very self-satisfying.

Penthouse: Your most disappointing race?

Jones: That has to be the Formula Three race in 1973 when the engine started misfiring and I lost the European Formula Three championship by one point.

Penthouse: And your most scary race?

Jones: I don't know. I suppose the wet race at Mt Fuji in Japan in 1976.

Penthouse: You are one of probably fewer than 10 Australian racing drivers since 1950, and the start of the world championship series, to have made the grade in Formula One. Do you think you would have had a better chance had CAMS drummed up more effort and adopted a more positive approach to world motor racing instead of continually limiting Australia to a national and libre formula?

Jones: I think CAMS have a responsibility to adopt a better formula for bringing on possible drivers to Europe than what they have at the moment.

They consistently allow themselves to be bullied into maintaining a formula which is outdated and uninteresting. To my mind I think they should adopt a formula young people can afford, like Atlantic, organise a proper Tasman series and then we could see how Australians could fare against other drivers.

A younger guy could afford to buy a Formula Atlantic and run it, but it is harder to run a big F5000 car. If one shone, say like Matich did or whatever, this could be a reason to promote that kid or send him over to Europe.

Penthouse: Do you think it will ever be possible (maybe with the new formula in 1983) for Australia and CAMS to start from scratch again and become part of the world racing scene, if only in a small way at the start, but putting everything into getting a world championship Australian Grand Prix?

Jones: I'd love to see Australia get a world championship race. I really cannot see any reason, apart from a logistic one, why they can't. I keep using South Africa as an example. If they can afford to stage a world championship grand prix, surely Australia with its 14 or so million can have one.

Penthouse: Do you and Bev ever argue, and if so, what about?

Jones: One of the major arguments I have with her is how much of our private lives I should divulge to the press . . . so I better not cause another one now.

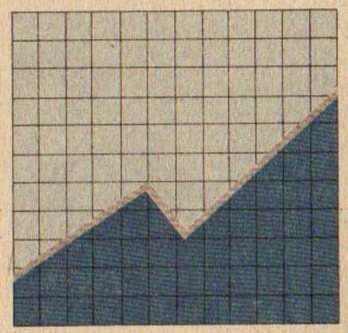
Penthouse: Are you looking forward to driving at Calder?

Jones: Looking forward, yes, for many reasons — two in particular. My father won it in 1957 and I would very much like the opportunity to win it myself and to make it a father/son type of deal. I should have won it four years ago but I unfortunately jumped the start.

The jump start eliminated me down to third spot. That was the only time I've competed in the Australian Grand Prix, so I would very much like to win this time.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

DO YOU LIKE TO COMPETE?



Twenty questions to see if you, like professional footballers, thrive on competition.

Once upon a time it was easy to pick the professional footballer in a crowd. He was the one who drank lots of beer, liked girls with big boobs, and had trouble spelling his name right on the first try.

These days, when more and more athletes are going on to successful careers in law, business, medicine and entertainment, the differences aren't as apparent, but they are still there. It's said that you can't tell the players without a program. Well, today you can't tell the athletes without a psychological questionnaire.

The athlete (to make things easier we'll call him a footballer), psychologists have found does indeed have a mind set — an approach to life — that differs from other men's. This psychograph can give you an idea of whether or not you share his outlook.

You don't have to be particularly athletic to answer these questions. The difference between footballers and the non footballers is in the mind as much as in the body. While researchers have focused on footballers in their search for a distinctive footballer personality, the traits they've isolated describe any man who thrives on competition — who peaks at the right moments, whose adrenalin rushes into his system at the precise instant it's needed. Why do you think so many corporate bosses spend their weekends transfixed by televised football games? They're not merely enjoying a sporting event; they're watching an instant replay of what they do all week: the split-second timing, strategy, and decision making under pressure are all there, just as at the office.

One of the most striking things about the footy mentality is its very distinctiveness. It appears to be so strong that it overcomes most influences and patterns of upbringing.

Don't deliberate over your answers. Your initial response to a question is likely to be the most accurate.

1. Which of the following statements is more characteristic of you?
   (a) I like a good argument. It's a test of wills. When I get into an argument, I'll do everything I can to win it.
   (b) I try to avoid arguments. It's easier to let people think they've won an argument than to fight it out with them.

2. If you could use only one word to describe your basic political philosphy, which would it be?
   (a) liberal
   (b) conservative

3. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) For most problems the tried and true solutions are best
   (b) Today most problems demand new solutions. Times and conditions change; answers that worked in the past won't necessarily work now

4. How do you feel about kinky sex?
   (a) We should explore all sorts of sexual areas. Nothing should be out of bounds as long as the people involved are consenting adults
   (b) Believe me, I enjoy sex, but a lot of the kinky stuff you hear and read about is wrong

5. This is a judgemental question, but try to answer it accurately: In relation to other people, how would you say your ability to tolerate pain compares with theirs?
   (a) I'm about average
   (b) I'm less sensitive to pain
   (c) I'm more sensitive to pain

6. Imagine that you're running a marathon. (If you've never done any long-distance running, imagine any sort of tiring, physical, repetitive activity you have experienced.) You've run for kilometres and are exhausted. Your body feels as if it's going to collapse, but you're determined to finish. Which of the following mental strategies would you be more likely to utilise to make it through the ordeal?
   (a) I'd try to forget about the pain and exhaustion. I'd focus on anything that would take my mind off what I was doing. Maybe I'd think about the last girl I'd gone to bed with or about the last good movie I'd seen. The one thing I wouldn't do is think about the hell I was going through at that moment
   (b) I'd probably pay *more* attention to my body than normal. When you're that close to exhaustion, you have to pay really close attention to whatever signals your body gives you. I'd listen to my breathing; I'd analyse how each leg felt; I'd think about which muscles were or were not hurting and why

7. If you had to choose one of the following activities, which would you select?
   (a) reading a book
   (b) taking a walk in the park alone
   (c) going to a party
   (d) fishing
   (e) bicycling

8. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) People who are deviants and crazies are a danger to society. A lot of these people shouldn't be out running around but should be locked up
   (b) A healthy society should be able to live with its share of nuts and deviants. As long as someone isn't violent or dangerous, he should be allowed his freedom

9. How do you feel about this statement: "No matter how much you say about 'liberation', it's unmasculine for men to do things like taking care of kids, cleaning the house, and talking about their feelings with other people"
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. When you're faced with a high-stress, competitive situation, how are you most likely to react?
    (a) I'm relatively calm both before and during the competition
    (b) I'm relatively calm before the competition but feel tense during it
    (c) I'm tense just before the competition, but once the action starts, I calm down
    (c) I'm tense before the competition and remain that way throughout

11. Would you say you get depressed easily?
    (a) yes, I think I get depressed more easily than most people
    (b) I suppose I get depressed about as often as most people
    (c) no, I rarely get depressed

12. If you've worked closely and easily with someone for a long time on your job and he (or she) leaves, how is your own work performance likely to be affected?
    (a) I'd probably be disoriented. If you're on a successful work team, everybody's performance suffers when a key member leaves
    (b) I'd carry on without much trouble. People come and go on a job, and you have to learn how to get along without becoming dependent on them

13. Does it bother you if you feel you've been left out of a crowd and ignored?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) no, not much

14. Do you worry a lot about whether or not you'll be successful in your career?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) some, but probably no more than anyone else
    (c) no, not much at all

15. Would you say you're an exhibitionist? Do you like people to pay attention to you, to single you out in a crowd?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. If you were buying a house and money was no object, would you choose:
    (a) a new house built in a traditional style
    (b) an extremely modern house
    (c) an old house

17. Which of the following statements comes closer to characterising your feelings?
    (a) the world is basically a cold, hard place, and you've got to be tough
    (b) the world isn't all that tough a place. You don't have to be a ballbuster

18. When you're with people whom you don't know well, are you more likely to feel
    (a) fairly relaxed and comfortable
    (b) fairly awkward and unsure of yourself

19. If you had to choose one or the other, would you rather read
    (a) a news magazine like *Time* or *Newsweek*
    (b) a novel

20. Take a look at a place (like your office, bedroom, or private study) that's completely your own. Is it
    (a) very orderly
    (b) fairly orderly
    (c) a mess

ANSWERS

Here are the answers most likely to have been chosen by the man with a fully developed footy mentality:

1. a	6. b	11. c	16. a
2. b	7. c	12. b	17. a
3. a	8. a	13. b	18. a
4. b	9. a	14. c	19. a
5. b	10. c	15. b	20. c

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that agree with those listed above.

If you scored 70-100 points:

You are a supersport, and, as such, you have your good points and your bad points. Psychologists have found that many of the old cliches about footballers appear to be valid. They love to party for example, because they're more sociable and talkative than non players. They also (true to the conventional wisdom) test out as somewhat less intelligent than other men. But their strong points compensate for any intellectual deficiencies. Men like you tend to be enthusiastic and tough-minded. They don't give up without a fight. They view the world as it really is and go after what they want. They also have a strong drive to dominate others.

If you're in this group, you are likely to be physically adventurous but intellectually conventional. You might go hang-gliding off a gut-twisting cliff, but you're scared to death of taking an unpopular political position. Men like you lead comfortable, pleasant lives.

36-65 points:

You are an amalgam of both supersport and non player characteristics. If you possess the best traits of both groups, you are indeed lucky. A man who combined the intellectual prowess of the non player with the drive and sociability of the footballer could be expected to succeed at anything he chose to do. Of course, if you're stuck with the worst of both worlds, you'll end up being a neurotic dullard. Chances are, though, that you're a mix of both the good and the bad. You probably have a wide variety of interests. You buy a newspaper to read the sports page and the editorials. The range of your interests may make you feel a bit schizophrenic. You may have trouble concentrating in any one area because you're drawn in so many directions.

0-30 points:

You probably couldn't distinguish a cricket ball from a hand grenade; but you don't consider that a grave deficiency. Men in this category lack the easygoing approach to life that characterises the footballer, but they still have a lot going for them. A psychologist compared athletes with non athletes as they entered adulthood. He concluded that non athletes: "(a) possess more of the qualities which lead to status, (b) are more conscientious and responsible, (c) possess greater tolerance, (d) are more capable of independent achievement, (e) have greater intellectual efficiency, (f) are more interested in the psychological needs of other people, (g) are more adaptable in their thinking and social behavior."

The bad news: some studies have found that non athletes tend to be more neurotic than other men. But, hell, you can't have everything, can you?

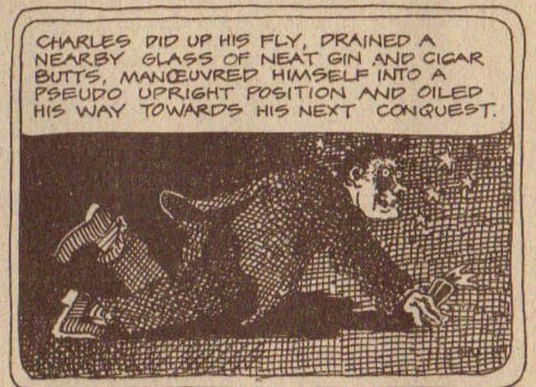
GOOD TIME CHARLIE

TONY EDWARDS.

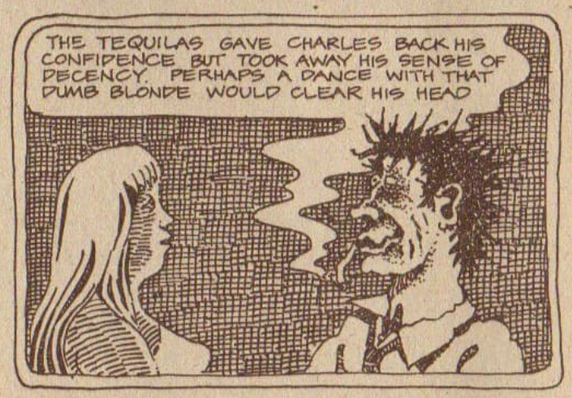
CHARLES LIT A CIGARETTE AND SURVEYED THE PARTY. THE ROOM APPEARED TO BE FILLED WITH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN JUST WAITING TO BE VIOLATED.

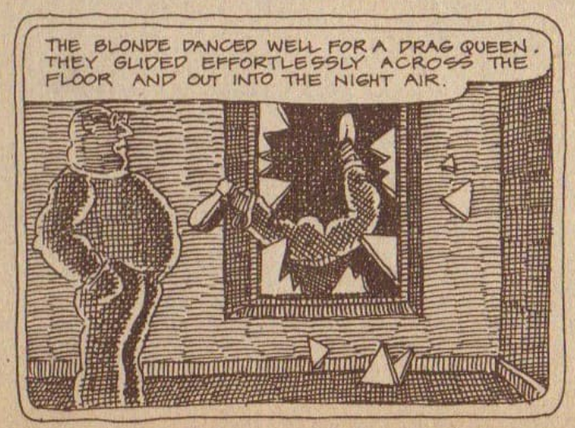
HE CAREFULLY POURED HIMSELF ANOTHER TANKARD FROM AN UNMARKED BOTTLE AND LURCHED TOWARDS THE NEAREST AND LARGEST SET OF TITS.

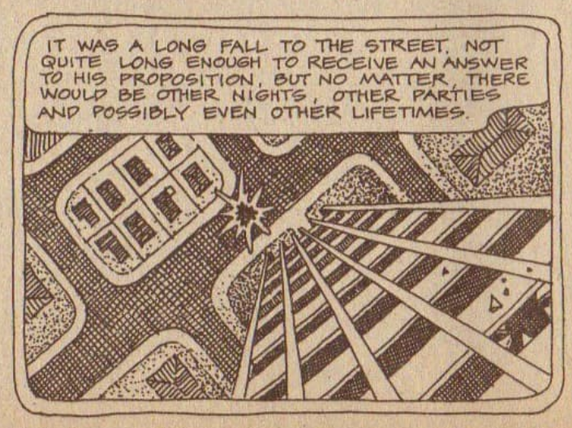
THEIR OWNER WAS NO MORE IMPRESSED BY CHARLIE'S GENIUS THAN THE BRUTISH HULK WHO APPARENTLY HAD EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO HER ENTIRE BEING.


CHARLES DID UP HIS FLY, DRAINED A NEARBY GLASS OF NEAT GIN AND CIGAR BUTTS, MANŒUVRED HIMSELF INTO A PSEUDO UPRIGHT POSITION AND OILED HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS NEXT CONQUEST.

THE DIRECT APPROACH WOULD HAVE WORKED LIKE A CHARM HAD SHE NOT SPEARED HIS TONGUE WITH HER STILETTO HEEL. STILL, HE WOULD FEEL NO PAIN UNTIL TOMORROW


THE TEQUILAS GAVE CHARLES BACK HIS CONFIDENCE BUT TOOK AWAY HIS SENSE OF DECENCY. PERHAPS A DANCE WITH THAT DUMB BLONDE WOULD CLEAR HIS HEAD




IT WAS A LONG FALL TO THE STREET. NOT QUITE LONG ENOUGH TO RECEIVE AN ANSWER TO HIS PROPOSITION, BUT NO MATTER. THERE WOULD BE OTHER NIGHTS, OTHER PARTIES AND POSSIBLY EVEN OTHER LIFETIMES.

Fine cigars and a penthouse go hand in hand.

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HENRI WINTERMANS.
The nicest cigars in the world.

Car sound systems have come a long way from the tranny jammed on the dash.

STEREO TO GO

BY WAYNE ELMER

All hi-fi enthusiasts like to show off their new gear — you know how the conversations go: "Hey, Bob! Just bought myself a new sound system. Wanna see it? She's a beauty. Hundred watts per channel; AM/FM stereo tuner; Dolby cassette deck — with metal tape capabilities, of course; four, yeah four, speakers and a five band graphic equaliser. Pretty impressive, huh?" And you have to admit it is. But there's one item he forgot to mention which is essential to his new super system: his car keys. For the system described above does not grace a living-room — it sits neatly in the dash and doors of the family car. Such has been the development of in-car sound systems in the past few years that, at its best, it can challenge many domestic systems with its quality sound. And it was not so long ago, after all, that an AM radio with a single in-dash speaker was considered to be the final word in car entertainment (listening entertainment, that is). But then came the cassette boom and more recently the microtechnology boom, and together they have lead to amazingly proficient car music systems, with prices that can often approach the $2000 mark. For that sort of money you'll get a mightily impressive system, capable of not only leaving your own ears ringing but those of the driver in the next lane as well. In the relatively small confines of the average car, even a 20 watts per channel amplifier coupled to a highly efficient, high quality speaker system is often capable of producing greater sound pressure levels than all the most robust domestic systems. So when a respected manufacturer warns that his product is capable of producing sound levels loud enough to lead to permanent loss of hearing activity after long periods of exposure, he's really not

kidding! Of course, ear-splitting volume does not necessarily mean accurate sound reproduction. And car systems still have some way to go before they are a match for quality home systems. The problem is simple: for the deepest, most accurate bass response, you'll invariably require a fairly hefty bass driver. It is obviously an engineering impossibility to mount a 12-inch woofer (common to domestic units) in the confines of an automobile. The compromise: a smaller speaker, with a more limited bass response is, for now, the answer.

Once you have accepted the limitations of car-fi, you'll probably be hooked for good. And that's where the fun begins — you'll be greeted by as many as 100 manufacturers, all vying for your consumer dollar in this $100 million a year (and growing) industry. And while the market for $1000 video cassette recorders remains comparatively sluggish, the demand for $1000 car sound systems is soaring. But that's not to say that you have to spend a cool grand to fit your car with a decent system. In fact, an acceptable system can be yours for around a couple of hundred bucks.

System 1. If you're after a system that simply plays cassettes and aren't too fussed about extravagant sound levels and the ultimate frequency response, there is a wide variety of good basic systems to suit your needs. All you'll need is a standard cassette player and a pair of speakers. The Clarion PU855 cassette player, featuring fast forward and auto eject coupled to a pair of Clarion CTD-2010 6-inch speakers would do the job nicely. Alternatively, a Mitsubishi combination comprised their GX-41E cassette player with fast forward/rewind and auto reverse and the SG-2R4 speakers would be worth a listen.

System 2. Assuming you want to listen to the radio as well as tapes, your best bet is to opt for a combination AM/FM radio-cassette player. There are literally dozens, possibly hundreds, of such units available, with prices ranging from under $200 to three and four times that amount. Marantz, a new entrant into the car-fi arena is currently offering two combination units at under $300, while a little further up market is another newcomer, Concord which has two units around the $400 mark. For this price you'll get AM/FM reception, Dolby noise reduction and metal tape handling on both models. Also available at around $350 is Mitsubishi's RX7 unit, featuring noise reduction circuitry and auto reverse/eject. Further afield are the $500 Alpine 7206 and the Jensen 430. The Jensen, costing just under $900, features electronic touch dialling/switching and a separate remote 30 watts per channel power amp.

At their most rudimentary, combination units will offer tuning, volume and tone controls, plus the usual tape transport mechanisms. But the more you are prepared to pay, the more sophisticated the features.

If you have decided on a unit in the $300 to $400 range, simply hook it up to, say, a pair of Clarion GS515, three-way speakers, or for a little extra outlay, a pair of the new Jensen Coax-II speakers.

System 3. Up to this point you have a good, solid system with tape and radio capability and possibly a touch of sophistication in the form of Dolby noise reduction or pre-set push button tuning. Such a system is only capable of fairly modest output, but some won't be satisfied with anything less than a 100 watts per channel monster.

This means having to move into the land of separates. And this is where sound motoring really comes alive.

Stick with the radio/cassette combination (separate tuners and cassette players are available, but going this route means having to find space for two pieces of equipment rather than one) and connect it to a booster amplifier. Such amps are made by any number of manufacturers and come in a wide range of power outputs. Pioneer has a range of three amps — the GM12 (a 6 watt per channel unit), the GM40 (20 watts) and the GM120 (60 watts). Roadstar is currently offering an amp which, at 45 watts per channel, fits neatly between the top end Pioneer units.

> You should check to see what equipment your car can accommodate before handing over your money.

But if you really must have the biggest and, for the moment, probably the best amp available, you have little choice than to turn to the Fosgate Punch 2100 power amp/preamp combination. This magnificent beast pumps out 100 watts per channel of clean, distortion free sound (manufacturer's figures: 0.05 percent distortion from 20-20,000Hz — that's the kind of spec that leaves most home amps in its wake). The preamp of the Punch 2100 features LED power output read-outs that allow you to monitor the power levels being fed to the speakers — an important device considering that all but a few speakers could handle the Punch's full power. Fosgate only makes car amplifiers, and at present the range consists of three units, the 2100 (100 watts per channel), the 250 (50 watts) and the 220 (20 watts).

Fosgate's supremacy could, however, come under challenge in the near future with the proposed introduction to these shores of the Linear Power range. Linear Power is a Californian audio manufacturer that markets a line of five power amplifiers and an accompanying pre-amplifier. The 40A, a 20 watts per channel unit, is the least powerful model and will sell for under $200. At the other end of the scale is the mammoth Linear Power 300, a 150 watts per channel brute that will retail for around $700. It is expected that the 45 watts per channel Model 90, which will sell for about $290, will be the most popular unit in the range. Of course, to all of these power amplifiers, you'll need to add a preamplifier — the unit available from Linear Power will sell for just over $100.

Whatever make of amplifier you settle on, you'll have to be certain that your speakers can handle the power. For many years now, Jensen has had a reputation for building quality car speakers. Their new Triax-II continues that reputation and is capable of handling almost anything thrown at it.

The Pioneer TS 202 also features a hefty 20 ounce magnet and high power handling capabilities. These speakers are two-way units. Also from Pioneer are the TS-1600 Cross-axial speakers which are specifically designed for rear shelf positioning. Cerwin-Vega, renowned for their sturdy professional and domestic loudspeakers are one of the latest entrants into the car market, with a range of speakers capable of soaking up high power outputs. The CS15, for example, is able to handle up to 75 watts and sells for around $170 a pair.

Of course, if all of this mix and match seems like too much hard work, you could find a ready made solution in the amplifier/speaker package from Bose. Comprised of a 50 watts per channel amplifier and four Bose speakers — with the direct/reflect philosophy of Bose's domestic loudspeakers — the system needs only to be matched to a quality tape/radio and, presto, a super system.

To save disappointment, you should check to see what equipment your car can accommodate before handing over your money to the car-fi salesman.

If you are the sort of person who can't tell a soldering iron from a screwdriver, go to a professional car stereo installer and let him take care of the situation. He'll be able to advise you on the type of equipment that will best suit your car as well as take care of the installation. If you intend to spend $1000 or so on your system, why risk fouling things up for the sake of another hundred or so.

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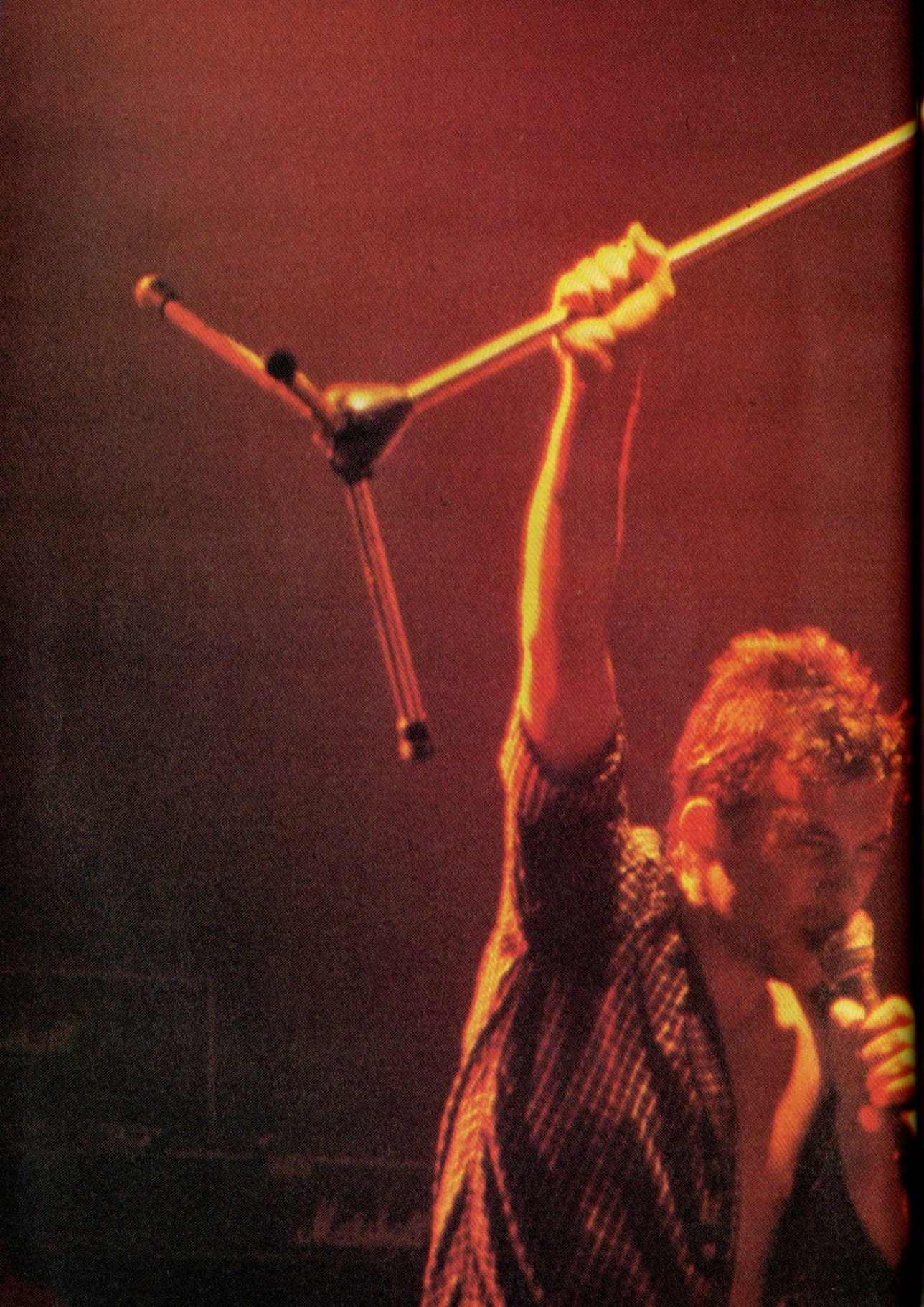


Photograph by Steve Rapport

Rock'n'Roll Renegade

Cold Chisel's Jimmy Barnes is the kind of guy who'd pull the wings off a fly, give it a pair of crutches and then stomp on it.

BY ANDREW McMILLAN

It's Sunday afternoon, and in one of the dozen aqua-green canvas tents that enclose the backstage compound, Cold Chisel's singer, Jimmy Barnes, is holding court. Flanked by five translucent shadows, he's hunched over a rickety table stacked with guitar cases, coiled leads and frayed sports bags. Nursing a half-full bottle of Jack Daniels, his fashionably short hair is as mussed as a loaded ashtray, his jowls plastered with a three-day growth and, at 24, his eyes are as lined as battered pillow cases. Kicking his combat boots in time with the music blaring through the concert PA

outside, Jimmy Barnes is priming himself for the gig. Regarded by many as the hardest hitting rock 'n' roll band in the land, Cold Chisel have been riding high for just over three years, vying for premiership honors in a scene that has difficulty supporting more than three or four top-line touring acts at any given time. And because many of the conservative programmers who dominate Australian radio have deemed much of Chisel's recorded material too raunchy for airplay, that's the direction they've been forced to take.

For three years, they've slogged their guts out with gruelling coast-to-coast tours of the pubs, clubs and halls of Australia, often working five or six nights a week and earning up to $5000 a show.

Now, having gone about as far as they can here without stagnating, Chisel have their sights set on gaining a foothold in the lucrative American market. To survive, they need the incentive of an overseas break right now, something that's really come to a head with the uncompromising attitude of some material from their latest album, *East*.

As Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons complete their well-earned encore, Jimmy Barnes throws back the heavy tent flap and steps outside. Emblazoned with the legend "Speed — Breakfast Of Champions", his T-shirt is starting to sag beneath the growing weight of a slight paunch. Glancing around, he makes a move toward three of his colleagues, Liverpool-born drummer Steve Prestwich, bassist Phil Small and keyboards player Don Walker. Suddenly Barnes reels back into the shadows. The late afternoon sun has caught him. "Faaark" he moans, beating a hasty retreat to the tent. "That'll get on me skin!"

Afraid of losing their control on stage, most of Jimmy's peers refuse to indulge in more than one or two drinks before they perform. Throughout *his* career, though, Barnes has taken the opposite approach. He's always tried to avoid that kind of control because it leads to a predictable, calculated performance. And that, he figures, would be boring — both for him and the audience.

During last year's *Breakfast At Sweethearts* tour, four members of the band reportedly ran up a booze bill in the region of $20,000. And then some.

During that long and grinding three-month jaunt around the country, the band's original leader and chief songwriter, Don Walker, kept well away from the booze and other associated mind-benders. A softly spoken Capricornian in his late twenties, Walker gets his lift from pots of tea and the occasional joint.

"I've only tried working on speed once," he says with a grimace. "And then I spent four days flat on my back. But Jim can do anything. He's got an amazing constitution."

Born in the North Queensland town of Ayr and raised in Grafton, NSW, Walker put Cold Chisel together in late 1973 while he was working at the Defence Department's Weapons Research Establishment in Adelaide. A year later, after adding second degree honors in quantum mechanics to his University of New England science degree, he filed his papers in a drawer and devoted most of his time to the band. Then, in 1977, after banging out their repertoire of hard rocking heavy metal covers around Adelaide for a couple of years, they made the move to Sydney.

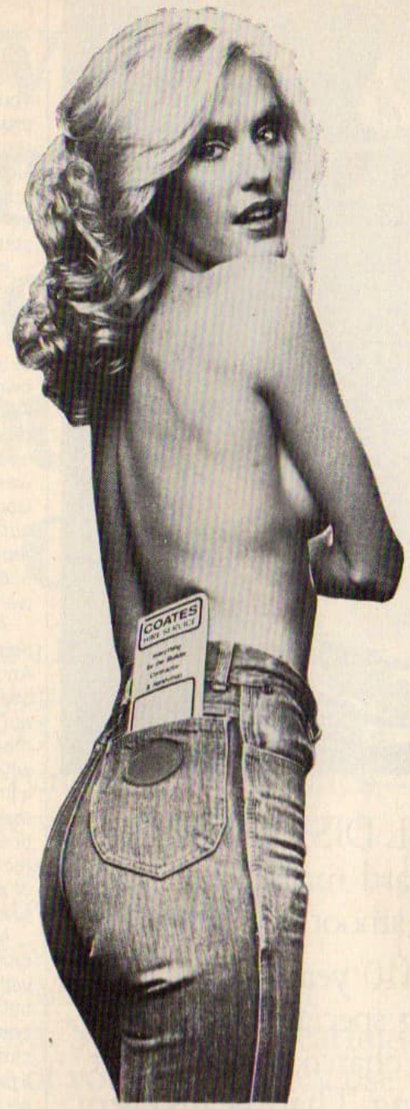
Since then, Walker's been living in the palpitating heart of Kings Cross. The room he pays 30 bucks a week for is little more than a cubicle one floor above the street. The furnishings are light; a sink next to the bed and a wardrobe and desk stacked high with Dylan and Rolling Stones tour books, Vampirella comics, obscure but hip novels and heavy science texts. The walls are devoid of telltale decoration, the window's iron barred and the carpet threadbare. There's no room for a piano, but at least it comes with a blind to kill the harsh light of day. And when your average day grinds to a shuddering halt at dawn, that helps.

Within a year of moving to Sydney, the band had scored a recording contract and released their debut album, the highly acclaimed *Cold Chisel*. Almost overnight, Walker was heralded as perhaps the most important songwriter Australia had produced since Skyhooks' Greg Macainsh. And the song that really helped him out there was Khe Sanh, his shell-shocked lament for a Digger searching for a new life after Vietnam. For the first time, a songwriter had come to grips with a subject most of us preferred to forget.

But if that lyric stirred a few hearts, it's Walker's material from the band's latest album, *East*, that's really raising the hackles. Walker approached the album as though it were his last. He's determined to make one last impression and he's driven straight for the edge with some of his most devastating and controversial social commentaries to date.

With *East*, he's broken away from his Springsteenian overview and started swinging at the specific problems facing Australia's youth today. Star Hotel deals with last year's riot in Newcastle, while Standing On The Outside comes through with the sentiment that if you've been stuck on the dole for a couple of years

"And another thing, Dr Fitzmervin . . . I've never heard of a heart check in stereo."



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CO42FPC

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London 1914 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Liège 1905 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

and no one's giving you a break, then you've got every right to take on the TAB with a sawn-off shot-gun.

Other songs, like Four Walls and Tomorrow, deal with prison life and the prospects of an escapee on the verge of recapture. And in a country where the lucky kids score a job and the others graduate from school to a survival course on the dole, Cold Chisel, with their oft-stated, do-or-die attitude, are on time.

In this country, their staunch legion of fans' identification with the band, and Barnes in particular, is quite unique. And it's that kind of support Cold Chisel have been intent on fostering. They run their own time slot and they don't give a damn who knows about it. When the Federation of Australian Radio Broadcasters banned Khe Sanh and I'm Gonna Roll Ya, and warned programmers about the lyrics to Goodbye (Astrid Goodbye), Chisel took out half-page ads in the rock papers, reproducing the Federation's circulars under the heading "If PEOPLE say it . . . we'll FUCKIN' sing it".

All publicity's good publicity — especially when it involves controversy. And that's something Chisel have never been afraid of. Last year, when they set out on their *Set Fire To The Town* tour, there was outrage over the tour posters which depicted a couple of hands flicking a lit match. This band is promoting arson, cried the papers. So the band went overboard with its second run of posters, featuring a Buddhist monk in the process of self-immolation. The shit really hit the proverbial fan over that one.

Meanwhile, their record company was distributing publicity photos of the band with Don Walker wearing a terrorist's balaclava and Barnes holding a shot-gun. Later in the tour, those photos struck closer to the bone when Chisel had to hire a pair of armed bodyguards, one of whom was put on the payroll specifically to keep Barnes out of trouble. The usual assortment of furious fathers and irate hotel managers were getting a little too close for comfort.

As the band's manager steers a uniformed policeman away from Chisel's backstage tent, the mood outside the perimeter is starting to turn ugly.

Since noon, just over 13,000 kids from Sydney's arteriosclerotic Western Suburbs have filed through the gates. Loaded up with eskies, rugs and UV cream, they've come out to take advantage of the winter sunshine and some of the best rock 'n' roll Australia has to offer. But now, as the sun tumbles behind the low-slung grandstand and the chill sets in, the whole scene is beginning to take on the twisted, nightmarish proportions of a Peckinpah wet dream. Beneath the moth-eaten blanket of dust that cloaks the arena, thousands of the refugees are stumbling blindly through the debris in

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search of some action. The less hardy are too wasted to move. The cops are getting nervous and in places the shit's really starting to come down.

With the afternoon sun's ultra-violet rays out of his way, the Glasgow-born Barnes emerges from the tent and wanders toward the centre of the backstage clearing with a fresh cup of booze in one fist and a Dunhill smouldering in the other. The show's running late, Chisel's guitarist Ian Moss hasn't arrived and even the promoters are starting to worry about Jimmy's state. A roadie assures them Barnes can keep it together.

Even in the early days of the band, Jim's propensity for raging and his disregard for the finer points of self-preservation had his contemporaries worried.

"When we were in Adelaide," Walker remembers, "the other musicians around town used to look at Jim and say: 'He's not gonna last. He'll burn himself out before he's 20. We're gonna keep it together now and rage when we hit the eastern States'.

"Now, the guys here are saying the same thing. 'Barnes is burning himself out in Australia'," he mimics, "He'll never make it overseas. We'll keep it together here and rage when we hit the States."

But these days, even his older brother, John Swan, is starting to worry about Jim's health, saying: "If he doesn't slow down, he'll wreck his voice." And that's coming from a singer who shares his brother's love for Scotch.

While promoters, managers and roadies check their watches and make frantic phone calls in an effort to locate the missing guitarist, the scene in audience land is getting heavy. Fuelling by beer cartons, shredded blankets and discarded clothes, dozens of huge bonfires erupt around the ground as a tape of Warren Zevon fractures the night with a crippled air of defiance. It's the music of a last ditch stand; a desperate call to arms that bottoms out so badly you're tempted to just pull the pin and blow it all away. The son: Send Lawyers, Guns and Money. It suits the oppressive mood perfectly.

Surrounded by empty flagons and crushed beer cans, kids as young as 11 and 12 are lying comatose in the dust. Others stumble blindly through the debris, failing even to negotiate the rugs rumpled in the dirt. If someone happens to be in a horizontal condition beneath the trampling blood-streaked feet, that's their bad luck. Besides, there's a damned good chance they won't feel a thing anyway.

Oblivious to the scenes of teenage wasteland being enacted outside, the members of Chisel are still safely inside the compound, engaging in small talk with a close circle of friends. There's still plenty of booze.

As his close friend (and one of his favorite singers) Allan Roberts once said: "James is the kind of guy who'd pull the wings and legs off a fly and then he'd feel sorry for it. So he'd give it a pair of crutches . . . and then he'd stomp it."

That's an analogy that struck home at a party one night when Barnes came across a guy with an artificial leg. And in that particular incident, Jimmy's sense of humor was really taken at someone else's expense. When Barnes showed interest in the artificial leg, the guy took it off and handed it to him for closer inspection. Jim promptly filled the cavity with booze and started drinking from it. The guy's protests were cut short when Barnes, pausing between mouthfuls of liquor, turned to him and said: "Shuddup! You haven't got a leg to stand on!"

And if there's anything the singer can't handle, it's people complaining or telling him what to do. Certainly, he'd rather defy the voice of authority than bow to it. His favorite actor is Brando, and when his Taurean tolerance is finally pushed to the limit, you'd better get the hell out of his way. He rarely breaks, but when he does the bruises take ages to heal.

And right now he's getting riled.

Outside, the tension's mounting and fights are erupting, flickering and dying like Redheads. Through all this, rumors

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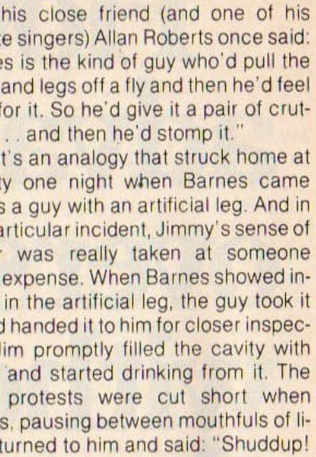

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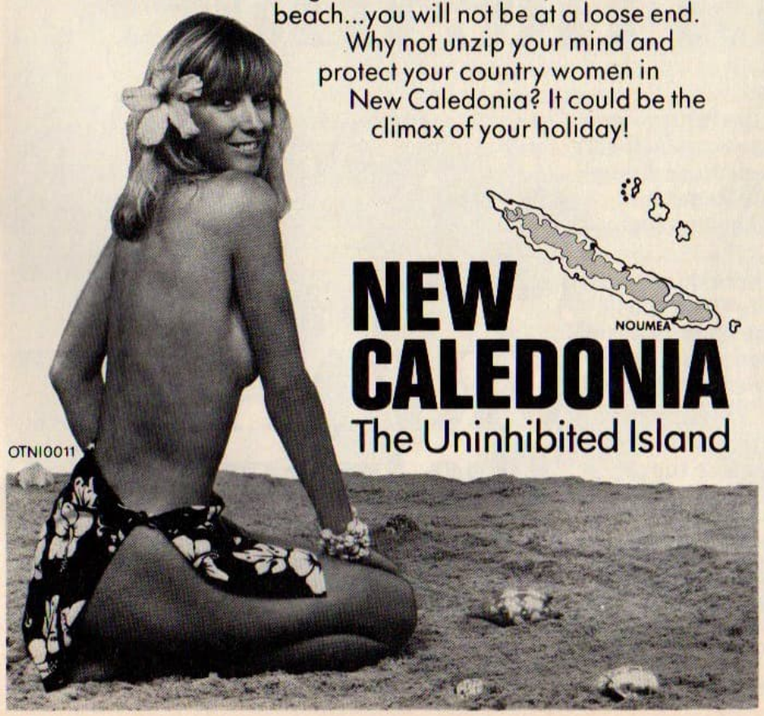

NOUMEA

NEW CALEDONIA

The Uninhibited Island

OTNI0011

that the cops are trying to close the gig are running rife. Cold Chisel are already 15 minutes late and meetings between cops and promoters are hastily convened backstage. The message is simple: if the show doesn't go on, all hell's gonna break loose. And no one can afford that.

At last, the missing guitarist wanders in, blissfully unaware of the tension that's built up in his absence. His explanation for his late arrival is, as always, delightfully vague. "I guess I must've been on another planet."

Although he's spent the past seven years living in the city, it's easy to get the impression that he'd be quite content passing his time daydreaming back home in the Alice. The Alice . . . Alice Springs, that pretty little government/tourist town in the middle of no-man's-land where Nevil Shute's novels line the windows of every bookshop and the people all seem to drive Commonwealth registered Holdens painted with ochre dust or left-hand drive Pontiacs. With the Pine Gap communications base planted in the wastelands out past the Aboriginal towns, adulterated American accents mingle uneasily with the broadest strine. During his school holidays, Moss often worked at Pine Gap as a gardener. Then, at 17, he followed his fretboard and his education south to Adelaide, where he ended up in Cold Chisel. These days, his

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daydreaming is interrupted only by a vicious habit — his love for playing Space Invaders.

When the band's second album, *Breakfast At Sweethearts*, (which has now clocked up a highly respectable 55,000 sales) first broke into the national top 10, Ian phoned the news through to his mother. Unfortunately, the heartening success story was lost on Mrs Moss. She just wanted to know if he was wearing shoes yet.

Members of the road crew have already tuned his collection of guitars and Moss is immediately directed to the steps leading to the stage.

Amid the deafening, surging chant of "chiiiselll chiiiselll", the band climbs on stage. Cigarettes are stomped into the boards, guitars are plugged into the Marshalls and the band swings into Daskersine, one of their earliest compositions. Suddenly the tension that's been building up over the past couple of hours is released. And the band's swinging like a fence paling in a brawl.

Drummer Steve Prestwich is hammering away at full tilt, pounding the hell out of his skins. Once known as the meanest drunk in the business, he now reserves his aggression for the kit with a frenzy of flailing sticks that drives the band off the rostrum.

Bassist Phil Small holds it all down with loping runs and rivetting patterns. The archetypal bass player, he's shy and reserved off stage and rarely gets into raging, preferring to return home to his girlfriend and the comfort of their Potts Point flat. On stage, he fires, laying Prestwich's beat down while Ian Moss rides over the top with playing that's earned him the respect of such heavies as Kevin Borich. His playing is fluent, gliding through the smoke screen with wailing finesse.

Taking another slug from a bottle, Barnes leans into the mike stand and peers through the batteries of lamps that suck the sweat from his flesh. For 20 metres, the dirt-caked faces are fused together in a seething blur. Beyond that, the darkness betrays nothing but the glow of bonfires and Bics held high in rock 'n' roll's show of respect.

As the band drops the pace for the intro to Conversations, Don Walker pulls out a few notes, chilling and sharp, that are reminiscent of Kraftwerk, the German industrial beat band he claims never to have heard.

Some guy down the front is waving a pair of crutches in the air, trying to swing them to the building beat. But his sense of rhythm's shot. Badly. As the band drop back for the third verse, Jimmy swaggers to the edge of the apron and takes the crutches in his hands. Spinning around, he returns to the mike. With a crutch lodged under each shoulder, he grips it in his fists and opens up.

Now it's just another Tuesday morning / Billy's wrapped up tight against the chill / The busker packs his birds beneath the awning / Billy's got his eyes upon the till . . .

Barnes's vocal is twisted with desperation, emerging from some place you'd never want to be.

He could get a ticket out of here from a local easy lawyer / The busker's half-way home, Billy's loungin' 'round the foyer . . .

It's a crippled cry that takes it all out with such panic-ridden loneliness it doesn't even leave a receipt. He's hanging on for grim life, leaning into the crutches. They're slipping out, sliding across the boards. Still he grips the mike as he slips to the foor, buckling to his knees.

Love so easily dies when there's nothing' left to conquer / One small break is all he needs and life ain't gettin' longer . . .

Screaming into the mike with a throat that's been shot to the shit with excess, the crutches finally give way and Barnes pitches forward, crashing those last couple of feet on to the boards.

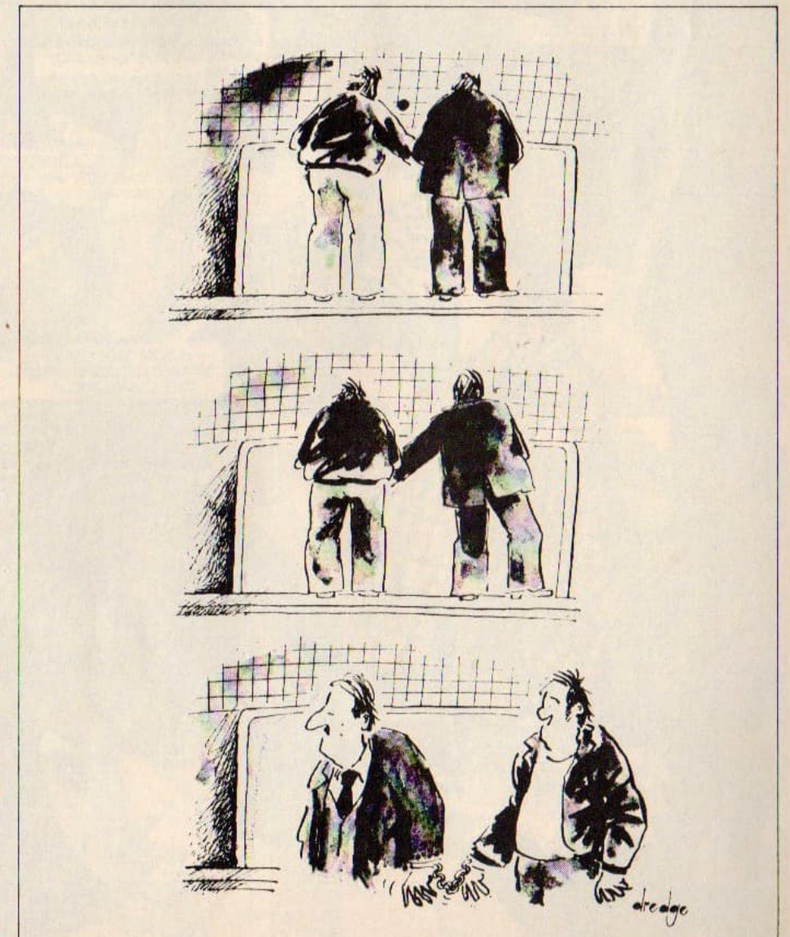
The effect is devastating; a brilliant slice of rock 'n' roll showmanship. Pandemonium erupts and the night is his. He caps it off with a teetering rumble across the top of the PA stacks, a bare shadow against the night sky. But by then it doesn't matter. The crown is his.

Hours later, when all but the true casualties from the apres gig party have slipped home, Jimmy Barnes is left lying on a couch.

The weather-beaten leather jacket is draped over his frame and he holds it as protectively as Schultz's Linus grips his security blanket. Steve Martin has stepped off the turntable and failed to deliver yet another punch line. The inane, stoned giggling has wafted out the door. The tele's on, the sound's turned down and Barnes can taste nothing but the roots of his teeth as he reaches into his pocket for another Dunhill.

And as the first rays of sunlight dribble through the blinds, Jimmy decides that maybe it's time to go to bed. He pulls the jacket closer.

Lyrics from Conversations. by Don Walker, Rondor Music.



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MOSTRESS! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

IT WAS TOO HORRIBLY GROTESQUE!

ME TOO! I'M FED UP TO THE BACK TEETH WITH THE PAST AND SICK OF THE PRESENT!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY SOMEWHERE UNTIL THIS NONSENSE IS ALL OVER!

NOT THE PAST, BOO'FUL! I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF THAT ROTTEN OL' TIME MACHINE — AN' ROTTEN OL' BORING HISTORY!

WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE, MOBTRESS? HAVE YOU GOT THE COURAGE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE?

IF ANYTHING SMELLS LIKE TROUBLE THIS DOES!

HAVE YOU GOT THE COURAGE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE? IT CAN'T BE MUCH WORSE THAN THE PRESENT — CAN IT? FIND OUT NEXT MONTH!

Motorcycles are enjoying a new surge in popularity, and one reason is the variety of exciting new models.

BORN-AGAIN BIKES

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

You know all about motorcycles, right? They are dangerous and/or noisy, cold, wet, only ridden by lust-crazed hoons with a death wish, uncomfortable, dirty — and they annoy the bejesus out of you when they sail past in traffic while you sit and suffocate for an hour or so.

It's a funny thing: with so many points against them, motorcycles are experiencing a sales boom likely to give any new car dealer a severe case of the glums. If you want to see a car chap cry, tell him new motorcycle sales rose by 45 percent in the year to June 1980. With few exceptions, his market is so flat he might slice his cars down the centre and try selling them two wheels at a time.

One obvious reason for the renewed interest in bikes is the cost of motoring but another is the very broad range — the three Japanese makers represented here have between them 105 separate models — available and the continued appearance of exciting new models.

Much of the dramatic recent rise has come from the small to mid-range capacity road machines.

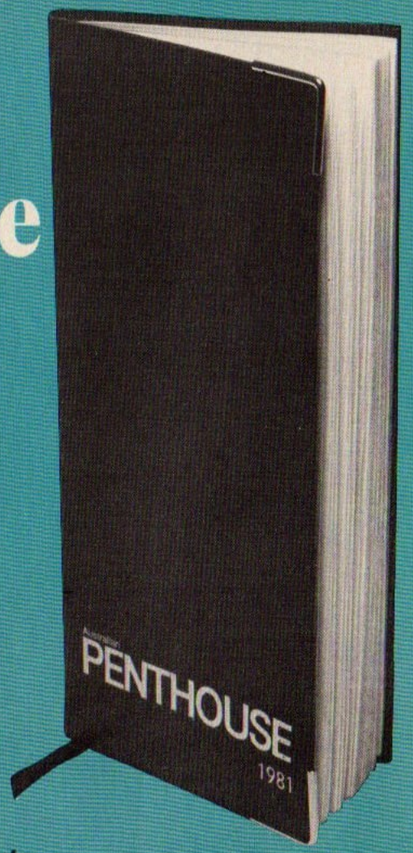
A prime example is the number of single-cylinder, 250cc road bikes to hit the market recently. When the Japanese swept the world with their multi-cylinder approach to motorcycling in the 1960s, among the first casualties were a host of outdated bikes around this size.

But singles, both two and four-stroke, dominate the off-road scene. When demand for economy inspired a new, small, single-cylinder road bike — yet one which could keep up with the traffic — it wasn't such a difficult trick to put one together.

You couldn't imagine anything further from the lumbering

Clockwise from top left: The Suzuki GSX1100 ($3650), swift and strong four-cylinder, 16-valve motorcycle for serious riders, worthy scion of a family tree littered with agile machines. The Yamaha XJ650 ($2799), a compact-shaft driven all-rounder which could well become the mid-range standard by which others are judged. The BMW R100RT ($6395), from the people who have been doing it right for so long they don't know how to do it wrong. The Honda CB250RS ($1550), four-valve (hence twin pipes) rebirth of a format which doesn't take the thrill out of being thrifty.

New! 1981 Penthouse Diary and Good Living Guide



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quarter-litre one-lungers of the Fifties and early Sixties than the new Honda CB250RS. A 200cc Triumph I once owned would have had apoplexy if it had been asked to rev out past 4500rpm; the Honda red-lines at a shade over 9000.

Behind that simple statement lies the shards of one engineering concept and a whole new world of high-technology engineering artistry. Motorcyclists these days swing their legs over highly-advanced power plants the equal of anything in the world.

In some instances, the advances marry successfully with older concepts. The Honda, for instance fires the spark plug with a magneto capacitor discharge system. There's nothing new about magneto ignition, but combined with modern "breakerless" circuits it adds up to a simple, maintenance-free system.

One link with the past is unchanged. The 250RS is not equipped with an electric starter and has to be kicked over — a rarity on Japanese road bikes these days. Even here, something has been added — a kickstarter-actuated compression release. Once common on larger bikes and usually operated with a handlebar lever, the idea is to hold the exhaust valves open briefly to reduce the effort needed to start the bike, and to avoid shin-shattering "kickbacks".

The Honda's relatively high compression ratio of 9.3:1 and the four-valve head make the automatic compression release a useful device, as long as it doesn't jam open. Those extra inlet and exhaust valves endow the motor with the ability to make the best use of each fuel charge, meaning you get as much power as possible for as little petrol as possible — one reason I was able to get 4.36 litres/100km (64.78mpg) from the 250RS over a hard-ridden test.

Low-end torque is the price you pay for sophistication. Under 3000rpm it's non-existent and chain snatch becomes a real problem. It's not a serious fault, simply a matter of adjusting your riding

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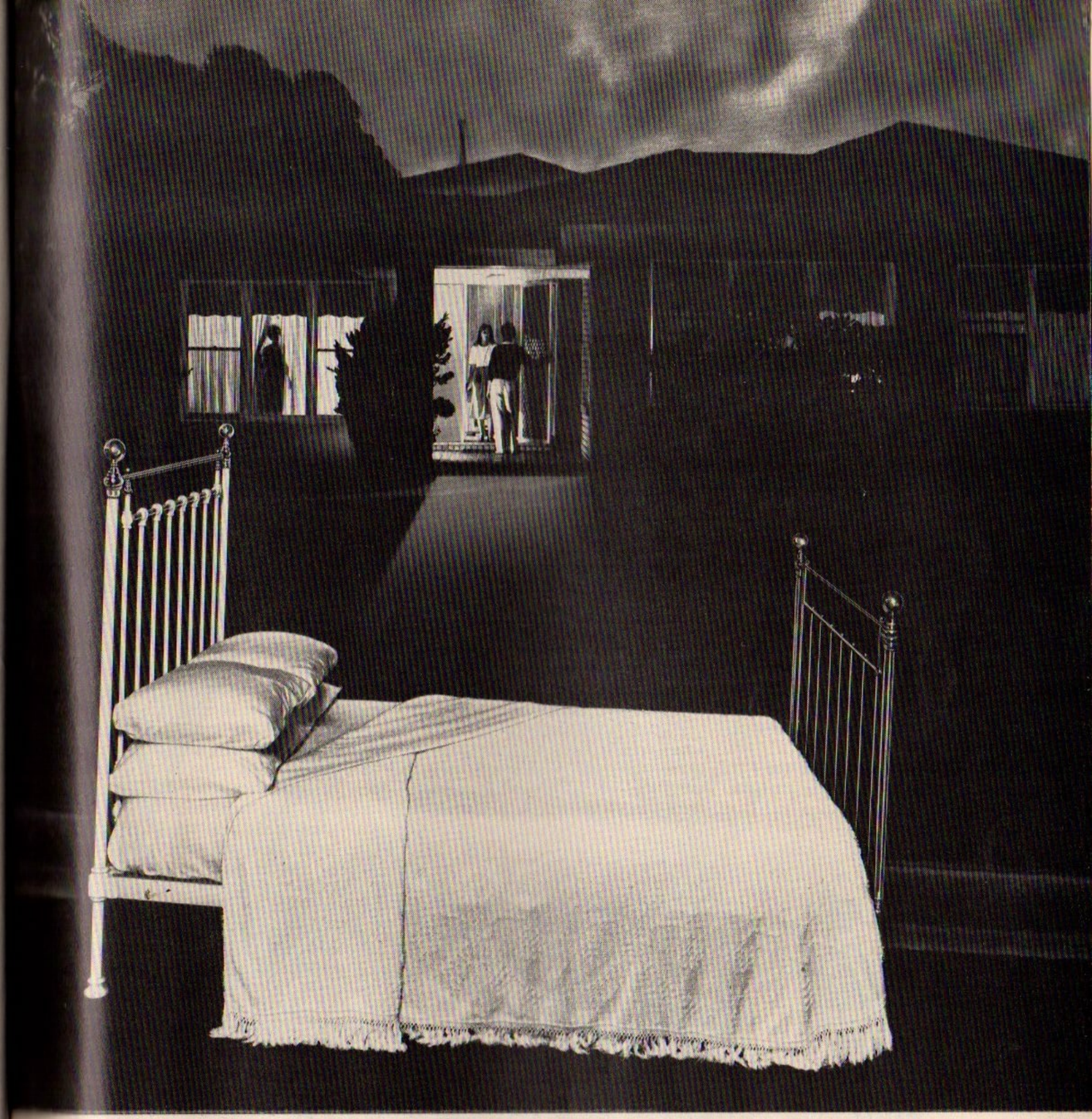

THE TR-7 AS HER MOTHER SEES IT.

Sports cars have always gone over rather well with attractive young ladies.

They have not, however, gone over particularly well with their mums

The TR-7 is no exception.

The styling hardly suggests you're the sort to settle down. And the fact that you almost have to lie down to sit in it only confirms a mother's worst fears.

The TR-7 also looks like it costs an indecent amount of money.

But at around $12,000, it obviously doesn't. Despite the superb radio/cassette sound system, sports steering wheel, 5-speed gearbox, and the James Bond touch of pop-up headlights.

It also looks like it would chew through petrol. But figures of 9.4 litres per 100km (30mpg)* from its lively 2 litre OHC engine prove otherwise.

But don't try to explain any of this to your girlfriend's mum.

Mothers of girlfriends are not noted for their understanding.

*The fuel consumption you obtain will vary with where and how you drive and your car's condition and equipment. LAS27TAPE/TPH

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habits. The vibration inherent to single-cylinder engines is well damped, so there's no strain about keeping it running at efficient revs.

The experienced rider of bigger bikes moving down to take advantage of the cheaper running, registration and insurance costs of the 250, as well as the newcomer to bike commuting looking for something sensibly within his capabilities, is likely to find fun is still part of the picture as the light, nippy Honda satisfies more prosaic transport needs.

There's nothing prosaic about the way the new Suzuki GSX1100 satisfies transport needs. It's a fine example of all the lessons the Japanese have learned about turning out big multi-cylinder road bikes.

The most eye-catching convenience feature is the check panel, just under the tacho, with its bike outline marked with signal lights for headlamp, tail and brake light, brake fluid and battery function. If a light stays on after you start up, something's wrong.

The check panel is the most visible manifestation of the bike's sophisticated electronics, but the transistorised ignition is the most significant in terms of performance. In combination with Suzuki's TSCC ("Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber") head design, which helps use to full advantage the four valves per chamber, it makes the GSX1100 power plant one of the strongest and smoothest on the road.

This is a true double-ton machine. A little over 4000rpm in top has you travelling over the legal highway limit, yet the bike red-lines at 9000. The word "breathtaking" gains new meaning as you crank it through the gears, especially as you come on to peak torque at 6500rpm.

The power makes 300kg-plus of bike and rider feel like a feather, but it *is* a big bike and for that reason the hard-ridden fuel figure of 5.98 litres/100km (47.2mpg) is quite acceptable.

There isn't a point to fault about the way the bike — with its 20-setting rear and air-adjustable front suspension — goes, stops and turns corners. The only fly in the ointment is the standard Bidgestone rubber, which doesn't come up to the bike's abilities — a point brought out by comparison with the Pirelli Phantoms fitted to the Yamaha XJ650.

The shaft-driven Yahama, named the 1980 Bike of the Year by *Two Wheels* magazine, had the right answer with the Pirellis, and there are other excellent tyres. But the best tyres in existence can't give a poorly-balanced bike champagne handling, and that's what the XJ650 showed on some track tests.

In the new style, the seating is low and forward. Apart from giving people with short legs a break, this does good things to centre of gravity and weight distribution and encourages the desire to fling the bike around. It can be cranked over to quite amazing angles, as the road-scarred footpegs show.

Yamaha has had plenty of practice at turning out four-cylinder engines willing to rev out till the cows come home, and this one's no exception. The engine-gearbox package is unusually compact, and the slim line is enhanced by the big round, rather than oblong, halogen headlight.

The XJ650 has earned a lot of kudos for its most obvious design innovation, those curved-spoke alloy wheels, as well as maintenance-saving features like the shaft drive and transistorised ignition.

It's a shame, then, that with so many impressive attributes it should exhibit a clunk in the front suspension. Even allowing for the hard use handed out to the test bike, other reports suggest the problem has surfaced in more than one XJ650.

The Yamaha is most definitely a performance machine, and when ridden hard will use more than 6 litres/100km (under 50mpg). Using it hard comes naturally, what with peak power arriving at 9000rpm and the red line only 500rpm later, but it is perfectly happy to don the guise of mild-mannered weekly commuter bike until you open it up.

In technical terms the BMW R100RT is not a new bike, yet we mention it here because the presentation is new — and, while intended to appeal primarily to the long-distance rider, it has a most curious alter-ego as a fine town bike.

The key word is relaxed. The almost "sit-up-and-beg" seating position is extremely comfortable, with the handlebars swept far higher and further back than the R100RS sports version.

Of course, the fairing is the most impressive visual feature about the top-of-the-line BMWs and much careful design work has gone into both the RS and the larger RT fairing. It was my privilege to remain warm and dry on the RT during a spell of very cold and occasionally wet weather, but it's really on the highway that the fairings come into their own with their positive aerodynamic attributes.

Unlike the RS, the RT's larger cockpit accommodates a lockable glovebox under each handgrip and the top half of the fairing can be adjusted to suit the rider's height. It is also fitted with ball-type fresh air vents, and the quartz clock and voltmeter common to all one-litre BMWs.

Many people assume the BMW is heavy because it looks big. Not so. Even the RT, as the heaviest at 214kg dry weight, is actually lighter than some smaller bikes and with the very low centre of gravity provided by the flat-twin motor — and with the wider bars — it is very easy and light to manoeuvre. In combination with the Metzeler tyres and long-travel suspension, it displays a rock-solid feel and smoothness not given to many machines.

The dealer who supplied the bike described it as a "gentleman's motorcycle", and that's a fair description for a machine which does it all, cleanly, quietly and without fuss, for the rider who eschews the traffic-light drags.

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COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Laurie Oakes

Convent girls

Marty Feldman

The First Australian Pet of the Year — The winner of the richest glamor prize in the southern hemisphere ($60,000 at last count) features in a 14-page pictorial. Lillian, Debra, Tracey or Linda? The votes are in and next month you'll know.

What Convent Girls Are Told About Sex — Ever wondered why Catholic girls shower wearing bathers? Or why they won't go out with men who polish their car seats? Former good Catholic girl Louise Zaetta reveals all in a fascinating extract from her book *For Christ's Sake!*

The Opinion Maker — Political journalist Laurie Oakes became an overnight sensation (after only 15 years in the business) when the contents of the 1980 Federal Budget were leaked to him, but Oakes and the other influential political correspondents spend their entire lives seeking out information they're not supposed to have. It's a game that combines equal parts of alcohol, adrenalin and political intrigue. Phil Jarratt reports on the reporters.

Leunig's Christmas Gift Guide — If you were Vasco Pajama, what would you want for Christmas? Madcap cartoonist Michael Leunig thinks aloud in hand-drawn pictures.

Violet and Bruce Roberts — While a campaign for their release gathers momentum in NSW, the convicted killers of Eric Roberts are sadly resigned to serving their time. Ian McMinn looks at the mother and son who were driven to murder.

Marty Feldman Interview — The cross-eyed comic has come a long way from his first job as assistant to an Indian fakir. The star of *At Last The 1948 Show, Young Frankenstein, Silent Movie* and *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* now lives in California, where Richard Kleiner interviewed him for *Penthouse.*

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Datsun Sunny. Sanyo FT 360M
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Honda Civic. Sanyo FT 320M
Toyota Corolla. Sanyo FT 210M
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